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JULY



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MacLean's Magazine

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY - - - JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Pres.

EDITED BY FRANK MACKENZIE CHAPMAN, B.A.

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Since Our Reductions, 18 Makes Cost You More Than Goodyears

The facts are these:

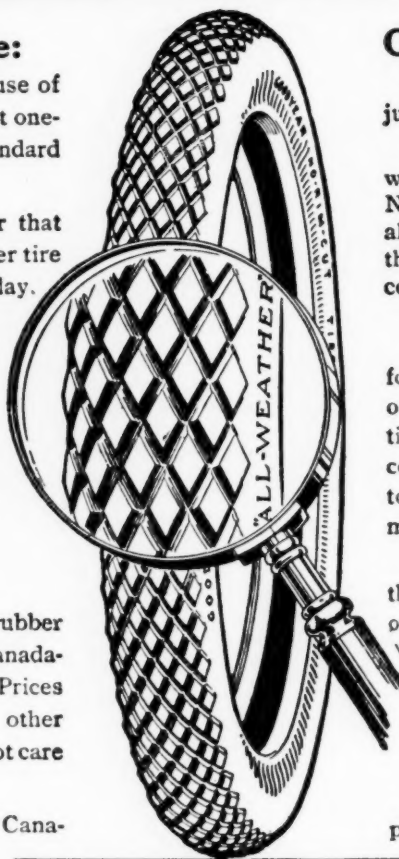
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GOOD YEAR
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MACLEAN'S

TORONTO MAGAZINE CANADA

Vol. XXVII

JULY 1914

No. 9

The Education of the Camp: By COL. WINTERS Military Secretary to the Minister of Militia



THIS is the day of the anti-militarist and the preacher of peace. The ancient but reprehensible practice of settling disputes by actual combat, whether between individuals or nations has, they tell us, fallen into disrepute. In its place we are to have arbitration, a lever, say its disciples, which is to hoist the millenium into being a few thousand years ahead of its accepted time.

In times such as these, then, the advocate of military training for the manhood of the nation must do his advocating with a difference. "Let us not prepare for war and we will not have it," seems to be the accepted doctrine of those who believe that human nature can be altered by legislation and a thousand inherited instincts exercised by the magic that lies in the stroke of a pen on official parchment and a few red seals to it all. Soldiers are the result, not the cause, of war, but these people would seek to eradicate the cause by removing the effect. Military training, they would urge, fits man to fight where

man should be fitted for peace, and therefore they will have none of it.

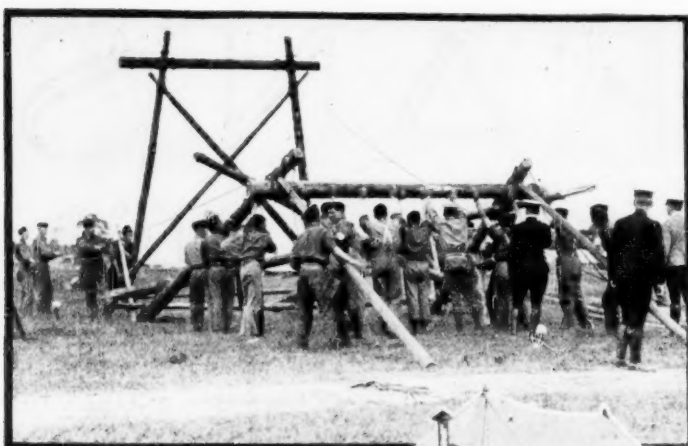
Well, the soldier even here can meet them on their own ground. If I were asked to prescribe the training best calculated to produce a man of peace I would say: Let him become a soldier. Let him glimpse the red horrors of actual war if such be his fortune; for the man who sees most of war wants least of it. But should he never taste the smoke of conflict—and in the proportion that he and others of his kind are the more prepared, in the same ratio I say they are less likely to have to do so—then he is still the better man of peace for his military training.

The athlete who spends two hours in his gymnasium is the better able to spend ten hours in his office. A military training goes deeper than athletics. It goes as deep as discipline and experience and the

broadest kind of education. The soldier learns to command himself and command others. He learns

it in drill, on parade, on the ranges and at camp. And it is perhaps in camp that he learns most. Canada spent over a million dollars on military camps last year and surely few expenditures are likely to bring larger returns. What is the value of a nation's health, capitalized? The scientists would tell us that we could scarcely place the figure too high. Pre-eminently a military camp is a school of health. Last year 45,984 officers and men spent from twelve to sixteen days at the sixteen military camping grounds that Canada possesses. Where a corps was not too far from its camp it marched there and when it arrived it spent its two weeks, more or less, in steady field training and parade movements which improved its appetite, removed its surplus flesh and taught it to sleep soundly at night. Incidentally it found conditions very much as it would find them in actual warfare, trained under the same circumstances and solved the same problems.

There are, as stated, sixteen military



A lesson in bridge-building. Military training leads to the acquirement of much valuable information.

A view of cook fires in a military camp at Niagara.



camp sites in Canada, at Goderich, London, Niagara, Barriefield and Petawawa in Ontario; at Three Rivers, Farnham and Levis in Quebec; Sussex and Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island; Halifax and Aldershot in Nova Scotia; Sewell in Manitoba; Calgary in Alberta; Vernon and Sidney in British Columbia. Most of the camp sites are, from the viewpoint of one who glimpses the requirements and possibilities of this feature of military training, far from large enough and are capable of use, in fact, practically only for drill movements. Petawawa is the only ground we have in Canada available for artillery ranges and as a consequence units have had to be assembled thereon from the far east and the far west of Canada. Canada needs larger camps and many more of them. The need is imperative at present and will become more pressing as her active militia expands. There should be a camp for every division. Better than drill, better than parade movements, better than mere range shooting, is the training the recruit receives in camp for it is there he approximates most closely to actual service conditions.

Both Canada's small permanent force and her active militia go to camp each year. All available troops of the mobile units of the permanent force we assemble at Petawawa for four weeks' annual training. From the permanent force we also draw instructors, officers and N.C.O.'s to assist militia officers in handling their men in camp without assuming any of the actual responsibility for the training of the units. The capacity of the permanent force at present, in fact, is being taxed to its utmost to supply such instructors. It is the duty of these trained men to give the benefit of their experience

where it is needed, for the period spent at camp being short, there is little time to unlearn mistakes.

In the training of men at military camp the primary problem is to get them there, a matter which in-

transport and supply parks and columns, transport in the field, and a score of other such minutiae of administration. Thousands of men must be fed and forage must be found for their horses, and both must be done quickly. And in addition to providing for these necessities, instruction is carried out, embracing various practical schemes worked out in the vicinity of the camps in order that corps may be trained to fill their roles as field units in active service. Take it all in all, the Army Service Corps finds little time lagging on its hands.

The system of training at camps of instruction may be divided broadly into two parts, drill and field training. Under drill we include the teaching of skilful handling of arms and the power to move in formed bodies. It is pre-eminently but an auxiliary to field training in that it produces discipline and cohesion and the habit of obedience in the recruit. On the other hand, field training comprises the tactical or war training of units to fit them efficiently to take the field against an enemy. Troops must learn how to communicate with each other, how to receive and carry out orders in the field; to march, camp and bivouac under all conditions; protection both on the march and at rest; to obtain information by scouting and reconnaissance; and, finally, attack and

defence, which in turn involves the consideration of many factors, such as fire tactics, the use of ground, and co-operation of all arms toward a common aim.

The period devoted to drill is as brief as possible, having regard both to the limitation of the period of the annual training and the superior importance of field movements, to which as much time as possible is devoted. In general it may be said that such instruction always commences with the training of the smallest formation—that is, the troop or section—and gradually progresses to the training of higher formations, culminating in the combined training of all arms. It is like the trying out and piecing together of one huge, intricate machine.

THE BRANCHES OF SERVICE.

The training, of course, varies with the branch of the service which receives it. Cavalry, for instance, must share with infantry the necessity of learning to shoot, scout, attack and defend. But where the man on foot must learn to march, his mounted fellow soldier must learn to ride, to move rapidly, cover long distances, combine surprise and attack to the best advantage; while individually

volves the transportation of various units from different distances. This is the first lesson of the military camp, that of effective mobilization, for the assembling of the man from their homes to the various common centres with the least possible delay is precisely the first problem of war. Regiments which are comparatively near their objective points are sometimes sent to them on foot, as was the case last year, when troops marched from London to Goderich, doing practical field work all the way. Others go by train. In this respect the mobilization of city regiments is a comparatively easy problem, but to assemble the various companies composing a rural regiment, when these companies are located fifty or a hundred miles apart, presents its difficulties. A meeting point must be chosen and the various companies picked up by train till the regiment is complete and ready to go to camp.

Camp reached, a separate arm of the service, the Army Service Corps, comes into play. Theirs are administrative duties in respect to the provision of supply and transport to the camps. This sounds simple, but involves such matters of detail as the formation, organization and maintenance of field butcheries and bakeries, storing of supplies in depots, organization and conveyance of regimental supply, organization of what are known as



each man must be able to find his way across country and to spare his horse and keep it in condition. Artillery must learn to handle their ordnance with the maximum of accuracy, to observe the enemy's fire, to take advantage of better ground, and to learn to drive and manoeuvre generally.

Then there is that most efficient arm of the service, the engineers. Their duty it is to assist other troops in the passage of rivers, improvement of roads, placing of localities in a state of defence, assisting cavalry in the interruption of the enemy's communications by the destruction of bridges, railways and telegraphs, and establishing communication for their own units by fitting up telegraph offices and lines, or wireless stations if necessary. There is the Corps of Guides, to whom we look for a mounted body of officers and men skilled in reading a map and who know what to report and how to report it, either verbally or in writing.

Under the camp signaling officer, men are selected from the various units to become instructed in signaling, whether by flag, semaphore, heliograph or lamp. And finally, there is rifle shooting, reduced to a highly scientific form of training in which no novice is allowed to fire a single round of ammunition until he has been taught first how to hold a gun, use its sights, and how, even, to pull a trigger.

ACTIVITY IN THE CAMPS.

The fact that all this instruction must be compressed into sixteen, twelve and sometimes eight days, means that the soldier's life in camp is a busy one. Morning and afternoon sees him drilling, gaining rifle practice, or carrying out some simple tactical scheme of field work, while at night he may have to play his part in outpost duty. Any one of Canada's sixteen military camps in use is a veritable cross section of war in itself. There is the uniform movement of infantry across country, the dashing of cavalry from point to point. Engineers are building



Practical field work. Troops receiving a lesson in taking advantage of cover.

bridges across rivers, the structures springing up with marvelous celerity or being demolished even more rapidly; or they are laying cable lines for telegraph communication. Wireless machines are fingering the atmosphere for sympathetic currents with their sensitive antennae, while, from neighboring hills, waving flags or dazzling flashes of the heliograph tell that the Morse code is annihilating distance by another expedient. And camp fires are blazing where perspiring cooks hang anxiously over the roasting meat and the boiling coffee that are to furnish the next meal of the day.

STAGING A MIMIC WAR.

A practical variant of the straight camp which approximates even more closely to active service conditions is the sham campaign extending over a period of days, such as is sometimes conducted. The training of No. 1 division, which has its headquarters at London, Ont., was, for instance, last year divided into two parts. The rural regiments trained at Goderich camp as in past years, but in August there was carried out, over a large area of country, a series of army manoeuvres participated in by city regiments of infantry and cavalry, together with detachments of heavy artillery and all necessary auxiliary corps. The troops

were divided into opposing forces, Blues and Reds. The Blues constituted the attacking force, the Reds the defending army, and the object of attack was the City of London.

The Blue force was taken by train half way between Windsor and London, while the Reds marched out of the streets of London that same night. The two forces then commenced to look for each other under every condition of actual warfare. Marches averaged from eight to ten miles per day, stops being made at irregular periods to test the powers of the commissariat department, whose duty it

was to prepare a meal and get it over and finished within half an hour. And nobly did the camp cooks do their part, as blazing fires and the savory odor of cooking food within a few minutes of the calling of halt gave testimony.

Night marches were made and the clerks and factory employes, who composed the city regiments, were required to sleep in the open, sometimes in a drizzling rain, to go on outpost duty, scout and reconnoiter. To prevent surprise, careful guard was necessary, which meant that cavalry and guides on both sides were constantly active. And yet these same city boys came through it all but with one case of illness, and bore the fatigue and strain as though it were all part of their daily scheme of things.

The third night out found the two forces in touch, with but half a mile between, and with outposts in close proximity guarding every road and lane. Camp fires winked at each other in the darkness, and between the camp ground and the outposts the lamps of the signalers flashed their messages back and forth.

The Red defending army was on the inner line between the enemy and London, and its commander planned a night attack on the Blues. The Blue commander, however, not to be caught napping, employed a ruse which has won battles before

Continued on page 131.



The first day at camp—putting up the tents.

On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

How Riel Incited to Combat.---Article 1

By REV. R. G. MacBETH, M.A.

Author of "The Making of the Canadian West," etc. and formerly Lieutenant No. 1 Company,
Winnipeg Light Infantry

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The accompanying article is the first of a series prepared by Rev. R. G. MacBeth for MacLean's Magazine, in which he will present interesting facts and reminiscences of that stirring time when the new Dominion of Canada faced its

greatest crisis. Many of the incidents to be cited in this series have never before been made known to the public, so that Mr. MacBeth's work will have a distinct historical value. As one of the men who fought against Riel, he is writing from first-hand knowledge.

LOUIS RIEL, who had the unique but doubtful distinction of leading two western rebellions in a decade and a half, was not himself a fighting man. This is not saying that he was lacking in courage, for there are many things to evidence that he was no coward. But he had no capacity or desire for things military. His power lay in a remarkable talent for making effective inflammatory appeals to his compatriots. He did not fight himself, but he could put others into the fighting mood. Lacking the moral greatness, the consummate artistic skill, the mental force of Demosthenes, this

Western outlaw must have possessed the Greek orator's intensity and his strange power to move others to action. For it will be remembered that an incomparable testimony to Demosthenes was given in the words: "We hear others speak and admire the beauty of their diction; we hear Demosthenes and we all cry out 'Let us go and fight Philip.'" Riel had a wonderful capacity for uttering philippics. Despite his extravagant, vain, erratic and mercenary characteristics, he could at any time set the French half-breeds of the West into excitement and violence as easily as he could set the autumn prairie on fire with his flint and steel.

And besides sending them on the war-path against impossible odds, he succeeded, for his own purposes, in the amazing task of turning them against the priests of the Roman Catholic Church, in which they had all been cradled and to which they had always been deeply devoted. In the second rebellion he assumed priestly as well as kingly authority, in token whereof he amended his name into Louis "David" Riel, Exovede, and, for the time, he persuaded his followers not only to fight the Dominion of Canada, but their Church as well. He made them believe that he was both civil and ecclesiastical head.

In this connection, of course, some



A picture of Riel's first council, reproduced from an old photograph. Riel is the centre figure in the group.

things ought to be remembered as explaining his success. To begin with, Riel was in the real sense of the term a "born"

REFUSED COMMISSION.

Early in 1870 my father, Robert MacBeth, of Kildonan, received a large, blue envelope, containing a Magistrate Commission, signed by Louis Riel, President, and Louis Schmidt, Secretary of State, of the so-called Provisional Government. The old Highlander, whose forbears had been soldiers, took it back to Riel and told him he had no desire for such a document. He said to Riel that he did not recognize him or his government as having any authority to make appointments. Riel was much annoyed and threw the paper off the table, but did not dare to arrest or interfere with one so widely known.

agitator. His father, generally known as "the Miller of the Seine," near St. Boniface, was a fiery revolutionist who all his life long inveighed against the Hudson's Bay Company and any other authority that prevailed in the country. The rebel leader grew up in the atmosphere of the revolutionary spirit, and in that regard he was a rebel to the manner born. He had early learned how to play upon the emotions of men. Then it should not be forgotten that the young rebel received a good education, for one in his station, in the city of Montreal, so that when he returned

West, at the very time the country was discussing proposals to enter Confederation, he sprang at once into the leadership of his uneducated and easily influenced fellow countrymen.

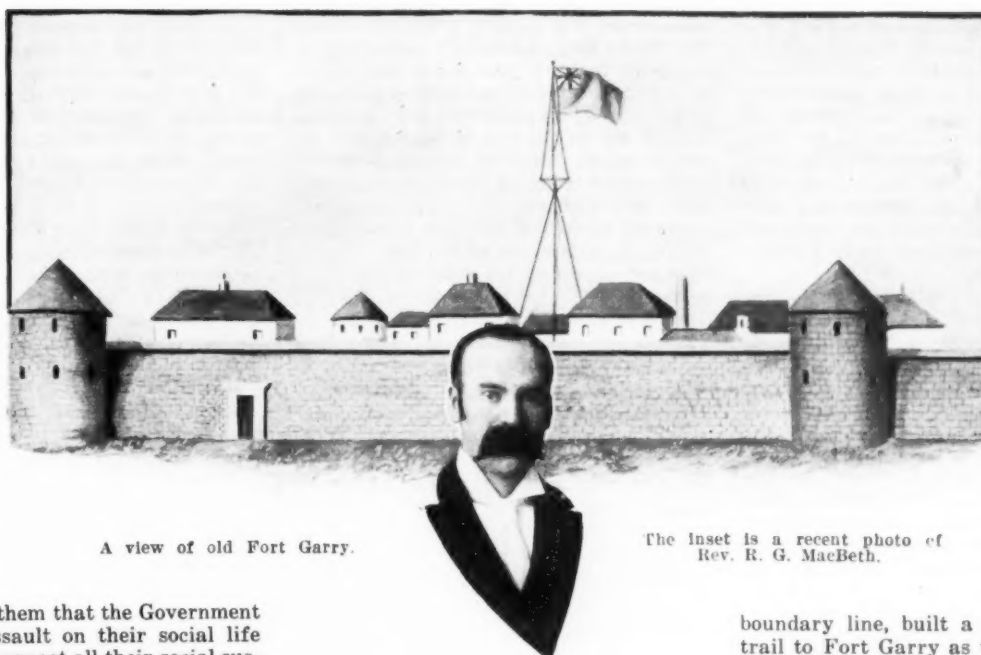
Moreover, the fact must not be overlooked that considerable blundering on the part of the Canadian authorities gave Riel his opportunity. Some blundering was more or less excusable, because even public men of all parties in Eastern Canada were blissfully ignorant of Western conditions. There was little communication between East and West except what percolated through the United States, and a good many Eastern men were under the impression that, outside of the Hudson's Bay Company employees, the land was occupied chiefly by Indians and coyotes who did not need to be consulted. So the Canadian authorities bought the West from the Hudson's Bay Company and started in to take possession. And Riel could make out a good case when he told the people, whose ancestors had been there nearly a century back, that their rights were to be taken away.

This was in 1869. Later on, in 1885, Riel was dealing with the same class of people and the same family connections, when he ignited and fanned the discontent of the South Saskatchewan half-

breeds into the flames of rebellion. These people wanted to live on narrow farms bordering on the river as their ancestors and relatives had done on the Red, Assiniboine or the St. Lawrence. But the Government said they must accept the rectangular survey and settle on square farms. And Riel lashed them into

fury by telling them that the Government was making assault on their social life and intended to uproot all their social customs, and when, added to this, he could remind them of the delays of local officialdom in regard to their land patents, the philippic of the agitator was complete and his followers were ready to fight.

Perhaps the most desperate and potentially dangerous act of Riel's career was the effort he made in 1885 to arouse the Indians and let them loose on defenceless settlements, with the horrors of the scalping knife and the torture. He knew the deadly possibilities of an Indian uprising. He knew that wars between the Indian tribes were not so far in the past, but that the warrior spirit was still easily stirred, and he knew that once the young traves were out for a taste of blood there was no limit to what they would do. No one knew better than Riel did the fearful result of the Indian uprisings in the Western States, and the same story might easily have been repeated on this side of the line. He knew well that a general hostile movement of the Indians would take perhaps years to quell. We know what trouble three or four chiefs made. What would it have been if the revolt of the savages had been widespread? Fortunately the influence of the missionaries laboring amongst them, the presence of a few mounted police here and there, and



A view of old Fort Garry.

The inset is a recent photo of Rev. R. G. MacBeth.

the swift rally of the Canadian troops, headed off what might have been an indescribable orgy of slaughter.

Moreover, Riel knew that all Governments had treated the Indians well and that they had no reason to revolt and bite the hands that fed them. Their reserves were "fair as gardens of the Lord," and the intention of the Government was to provide for every proper want of their wards. But here again it must be admitted that certain agents did not carry out the wishes of the Government and that the conduct of some agents was such as to make it easy for the runners of Riel to send the Indians, through the frenzy of the sun-dance, out on the path of murder and theft.

And so we go back to our first position and repeat that Riel had a perfect genius for getting other people to fight, while keeping strictly out of the fire zone himself. And hence in both rebellions he had his fighting man.

In 1869 there was no real fighting done, but Riel had his "adjutant-general," for, of course, the rebels were organized and well armed from the outset. This "adjutant-general" was Ambroise Lepine, a French half-breed, and one of the finest

specimens of physical manhood I ever saw. Six feet two in his moccasins and built in splendid proportion, straight as a pine, and a leader of acknowledged prowess on the plains, Lepine had all the natural accessories of a soldier of fortune. He was in command of the mounted men who rode down to the

boundary line, built a fence across the trail to Fort Garry as visible intimation to Governor McDougall that he was to keep out, and stayed there to see that he turned back and started for Ottawa. Then, as the winter was coming, Lepine, desiring quarters, rode at the head of his men to Fort Garry, which was defenceless, and took possession of this historic Hudson's Bay post, where these plainmen helped themselves to everything in sight. A few days later Lepine directed the movement against the few loyalists who had gathered in Dr. Schultz's house nearby, and by overwhelming numbers compelled their bloodless surrender. Farther on there was a counter movement by loyalists who rendezvoused at Kildonan, and the aim of whose movement was to secure the release of the prisoners held by Riel. After some negotiations, this release was understood to be promised, and the loyalists from the Assiniboine started home, making a detour on the wintry prairie to avoid Fort Garry. Lepine with a body of his mounted men went out to intercept them, plunging through the snowdrifts with a dash which the rebel newspaper, *The New Nation*, said was characteristic of "the finest horsemen in the world." The loyalists were poorly armed, had hardly any ammunition, and were generally un-



Reproductions from paintings by Paul Wickson, used as illustrations in F. Douglas Reville's novel, "A Rebellion." They show scenes during the campaign against Riel. The inset is a drawing of Lepine, Riel's lieutenant.

prepared for any attack, and so they concluded that their leader, Major Boulton, was right in counseling non-resistance in the interests of possible peace. But, to their surprise, Lepine took them all prisoners and brought them to the fort. From personal conversation with some of these loyalists in after years, I am safe in saying that had they known they were to be taken prisoners, with the deplorable results that followed, they would have resisted to the death.

In the party thus arrested by Lepine were Major Boulton and Thomas Scott, both of whom were shortly afterwards sentenced to death by Riel's court-martial. Boulton's alleged crime was his leading of a movement against the rebel chief. Boulton's life was spared, partly at the request of Donald A. Smith (afterwards Strathcona), who had arrived from Ottawa as Commissioner from the Canadian Government, but chiefly at the intercession of Mr. John (afterwards Senator) and Mrs. Sutherland, of Kildonan, whose son had been shot by one of Riel's spies near the loyalist rendezvous a few days before. But all efforts to save Thomas Scott were unavailing, though the same parties tried, and, in addition, the local Protestant clergy, especially the Rev. George Young, the Methodist minister who attended Scott up to the last, he being a member of that Church. Scott was a young Irish-Canadian from Ontario who had been working on the Dawson Road. He was athletic and somewhat jocular, because it is remembered that he took part in ducking a contractor who was inclined to be overbearing. It is said Scott used to throw some of Riel's guards

about when they came in with the rations; but he was just an ordinary light-hearted, energetic lad who was ready for a bout at any time. Riel determined on his death and nothing would alter his decision, though up to the last it was hoped he would relent. But he expected Scott's death would terrorize the community, and so on the 4th March, 1870, this young man was shot by a half-drunken firing party outside the front gate of the fort. Lepine does not seem to have relished his share in this dark tragedy, but the will of his chief was law. The effect of this murder was to completely estrange from Riel all but his abject followers..

A somewhat curious illustration of what Carlyle calls "the irony of fate" comes in connection with this part of Riel's career. Major Boulton, who escaped death by "the skin of his teeth," as above recorded, was, fifteen years later, the leader of Boulton's Scouts, and the first to meet Riel's forces in the battle of Fish Creek. And Captain George Young, of Winnipeg, the son of the man who had pleaded in vain with Riel for Scott's life in 1870, was in 1885 placed by General Middleton in command of the escort that took Riel to Regina, the place of his scaffold.

From what I knew of Ambroise Lepine, I think it quite likely that he would have made a stand against Wolsley in August of 1870 if Riel had given the word. But the rebel chief realized that discretion was the better part of valor, and so he was across the Assiniboine and on his way to the international boundary line ere Wolsley reached the rear gate of old Fort

Garry. It can be said to Lepine's credit that he did not run away, but after a few days' absence went home to his farm up the Red River. Shortly after Wolsley's coming a warrant was sworn out for his arrest for complicity in the murder of Scott. Two men went to arrest him at his house at night. The redoubtable plainsman took a look at them and said he could knock their heads together, but that they were only doing their duty and he would go with them. He was put on trial before Chief Justice E. B. Wood, and, though brilliantly defended by Chapleau, of Quebec, was convicted and sentenced to be hanged.. This sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for a term, with the permanent forfeiture of his civil rights. And so Riel's adjutant-general subsided into comparative obscurity.

Meanwhile, Riel had gone to Montana, and was found there fifteen years later teaching in an industrial school, when the discontented half-breeds of the South Saskatchewan sent for him to come back and help them secure the rights which they felt were in jeopardy. The inordinate vanity of the man was flattered by this attention. He came, and almost immediately counseled violence, assuring his followers that they could sweep the Mounted Police and the Government and the Hudson's Bay Company out of the country. And here again he found in the famous buffalo hunter, Gabriel Dumont, a fighting man, with genius for guerrilla leadership and with the prowess and personality that could attract a devoted following. Our next article will study the astonishing sequel.

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many cases to be in the direct employ of the MacLean Publishing Co.

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Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective

1.—The Man With Nine Lives

By HUGH C. WEIR

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER



Madelyn picked up the sixth sheet of smudged paper. "We have here the fingerprints of Wendell Marsh's murderer!"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—For some time the exploits of Madelyn Mack have served as the most popular of all themes for the "movies." Hundreds of thousands of people have been stirred by the feats of this beautiful young private detective. So popular did Madelyn Mack become that a demand was felt to put her into print and to Hugh C. Weir fell the task. Mr. Weir has succeeded in preparing a series of stories that promise to duplicate the success of the famous Sherlock Holmes series. And MacLean's Magazine, with characteristic enterprise, has succeeded in purchasing the serial rights. The Madelyn Mack stories will be a regular feature of MacLean's in all forthcoming issues.

famous Niegel dry-goods firm. I sometimes think that this first case, and the realization which it brought her of her peculiar talent, is Madelyn's favorite—that its place in her memory is not even shared by the recovery of Mrs. Niegel's fifty-thousand-dollar pearl necklace, stolen a few months after the employment of the college girl detective at the store, and the reward for which, incidentally, enabled the ambitious Miss Mack to open her own office.

Next followed the Bergner kidnapping case, which gave Madelyn her first big advertising broadside, and which brought the beginning of the steady stream of business that resulted, after three years in her Fifth Avenue suite in the Mad-dox Building, where I found her on that—to me—memorable afternoon when a sapient Sunday editor dispatched me for an interview with the woman who had made so conspicuous a success in a man's profession.

I can see Madelyn now, as I saw her then—my first close-range view of her. She had just returned from Omaha that morning, and was planning to leave for Boston on the midnight express. A suitcase and a fat portfolio of papers lay on a chair in a corner. A young woman stenographer was taking a number of letters at an almost incredible rate of dictation. Miss Mack finished the last paragraph as she rose from a flat-top desk to greet me.

I had vaguely imagined a masculine-appearing woman, curt of voice, sharp of feature, perhaps dressed in a severe, tailor-made gown. I saw a young woman of maybe twenty-five, with red and white cheeks, crowned by a softly waved mass of dull gold hair, and a pair of vivacious, grey-blue eyes that at once made one forget every other detail of her appearance. There was a quality in the eyes which for a long time I could not define. Gradually I came to know that it was the spirit of optimism, of joy in herself, and in her life, and in her work, the exhilaration of doing things. And there was something contagious in it. Almost unconsciously

NOW that I seek a point of beginning in the curious comradeship between Madelyn Mack and myself, the weird problems of men's knavery that we have confronted together come back to me with almost a shock.

Perhaps the events which crowd into my memory followed each other too swiftly for thoughtful digest at the time of their occurrence. Perhaps only a sober retrospect can supply a properly appreciative angle of view.

Madelyn Mack! What newspaper reader does not know the name? Who, even among the most casual followers of public events, does not recall the young woman who found the missing heiress, Virginia Denton, after a three months' disappearance; who convicted "Archie" Irwin, chief of the "fire bug trust;" who located the absconder, Wolcott, after a pursuit from Chicago to Khartoom; who solved the riddle of the double Peterson murder; who—

But why continue the enumeration of Miss Mack's achievements? They are of almost household knowledge, at least that portion which, from one cause or another, have found their way into the newspaper columns. Doubtless those admirers of Miss Mack, whose opinions have been formed through the press-chronicles of her exploits, would be startled to know

that not one in ten of her cases have ever been recorded outside of her own file cases. And many of them—the most sensational from a newspaper viewpoint—will never be!

It is the woman, herself, however, who has seemed to me always a greater mystery than any of the problems to whose unraveling she has brought her wonderful genius. In spite of the deluge of printer's ink that she has inspired, I question if it has been given to more than a dozen persons to know the true Madelyn Mack.

I do not refer, of course, to her professional career. The salient points of that portion of her life, I presume, are more or less generally known—the college girl confronted suddenly with the necessity of earning her own living; the epidemic of mysterious "shop-lifting" cases chronicled in the newspaper she was studying for employment advertisements; her application to the New York department stores, that had been victimized, for a place on their detective staffs, and their curt refusal; her sudden determination to undertake the case as a free lance, and her remarkable success, which resulted in the conviction of the notorious Madame Bousard, and which secured for Miss Mack her first position as assistant house-detective with the

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you found yourself believing in her and in her sincerity.

Nor was there a suggestion foreign to her sex in my appraisal. She was dressed in a simply embroidered white shirtwaist and white broadcloth skirt. One of Madelyn's few peculiarities is that she always dresses either in complete white or complete black. On her desk was a jar of white chrysanthemums.

"How do I do it?" she repeated, in answer to my question, in a tone that was almost a laugh. "Why—just by hard work, I suppose. Oh, there isn't anything wonderful about it! You can do almost anything, you know, if you make yourself really think you can! I am not at all unusual or abnormal. I work out my problems just as I would work out a problem in mathematics, only instead of figures I deal with human motives. A detective is always given certain known factors, and I keep building them up, or subtracting them, as the case may be, until I know that the answer must be correct.

"There are only two real rules for a successful detective, hard work and common sense—not uncommon sense such as we associate with our old friend, Sherlock Holmes, but common, business sense. And, of course, imagination! That may be one reason why I have made what you call a success. A woman, I think, always has a more acute imagination than a man!"

"Do you then prefer women operatives on your staff?" I asked.

She glanced up with something like a twinkle from the jade paper-knife in her hands.

"Shall I let you into a secret? All of my staff, with the exception of my stenographer, are men. But I do most of my work in person. The factor of imagination can't very well be used second, or third, or fourth handed. And then, if I fail, I can only blame Madelyn Mack! Some day,—the gleam in her grey-blue eyes deepened—"Some day I hope to reach a point where I can afford to do only consulting work or personal investigation. The business details of an office staff, I am afraid are a bit too much of routine for me!"

The telephone jingled. She spoke a few crisp sentences into the receiver, and turned. The interview was over.

When I next saw her, three months later, we met across the body of Morris Anthony, the murdered bibliophile. It was a chance discovery of mine which Madelyn was good enough to say suggested to her the solution of the affair, and which brought us together in the final melodramatic climax in the grim mansion on Washington Square, when I presume my hysterical warning saved her from the fangs of Dr. Lester Randolph's hidden



With a sudden movement she threw open the door before her. From an adjoining ante-room lurched the figure of Peters, the butler. He stared

cobra. In any event, our acquaintanceship crystalized gradually into a comradeship, which revolutionized two angles of my life.

Not only did it bring to me the stimulus of Madelyn Mack's personality, but it gave me exclusive access to a fund of newspaper "copy" that took me from scant-paid Sunday "features" to a "space" arrangement in the city room, with an income double that which I had been earning. I have always maintained that in our relationship Madelyn gave all, and I contributed nothing. Although she invariably made instant disclaimer, and generally ended by carrying me up to the "Rosary," her chalet on the Hudson, as a cure for what she termed my attack of the "blues," she was never able to convince me that my protest was not justified!

It was at the "Rosary" where Miss Mack found haven from the stress of business. She had copied its design from an ivy-tangled Swiss chalet that had attracted her fancy during a summer vacation ramble through the Alps, and had built it on a jagged bluff of the river at a point near enough to the city to permit of fairly convenient motoring, although, during the first years of our friendship, when she was held close to the commercial grindstone, weeks often passed without her being able to snatch a day there. In the end, it was the gratitude of Chalmers Walker for her remarkable work which cleared his chorus-girl wife from the seemingly unbreakable coil of circumstantial evidence in the murder of Dempster, the theatrical broker, that enabled Madelyn to realize her long-cherished dream of setting up as a consulting expert. Although she still maintained an office in town, it was con-

fined to one room and a small reception hall, and she limited her attendance there to two days of the week. During the remainder of the time, when not engaged directly on a case, she seldom appeared in the city at all. Her flowers and her music—she was passionately devoted to both—appeared to content her effectually.

I charged her with growing old, to which she replied with a shrug. I upbraided her as a cynic, and she smiled inscrutably. But the manner of her life was not changed. In a way I envied her. It was almost like looking down on the world and watching tolerantly its mad scramble for the rainbow's end. The days I snatched at the "Rosary," particularly in the summer, when Madelyn's garden looked like nothing so much as a Turner picture, left me with almost a repulsion for the grind of Park Row. But a workaday newspaper woman cannot indulge the dreams of a genius whom fortune has blessed. Perhaps this was why Madelyn's invitations came with a frequency and a subtleness that could not be resisted. Somehow they always reached me when I was in just the right receptive mood.

It was late on a Thursday afternoon of June, the climax of a racking five days for me under the blistering Broadway sun, that Madelyn's motor caught me at the Bugle office, and Madelyn insisted on bundling me into the tonneau without even a suitcase.

"We'll reach the Rosary in time for a fried chicken supper," she promised. "What you need is four or five days' rest where you can't smell the asphalt."

"You fairy godmother!" I breathed as

at us with a face grey with terror. —"You may arrest the murderer of Wendell Marsh, sheriff," she said, gravely.



I snuggled down on the cushions. Neither of us knew that already the crimson trail of crime was twisting toward us—that within twelve hours we were to be pitchforked from a quiet weekend's rest into the vortex of tragedy.

II.

WE had breakfasted late and leisurely. When at length we had finished, Madelyn had insisted on having her phonograph brought to the rose-garden, and we were listening to Sturveysant's matchless rendering of "The Jewel Song"—one of the three records for which Miss Mack had sent the harpist her check for two hundred dollars the day before. I had taken the occasion to read her a lazy lesson on extravagance. The beggar had probably done the work in less than two hours!

As the plaintive notes quivered to a pause, Susan, Madelyn's housekeeper, crossed the garden, and laid a little stack of letters and the morning papers on a rustic table by our bench. Madelyn turned to her correspondence with a shrug.

"From the divine to the prosaic!"

Susan sniffed with the freedom of seven years of service.

"I heard one of them Dago fiddling chaps at Hammerstein's last week who could beat that music with his eyes closed!"

Madelyn stared at her sorrowfully.

"At your age—Hammerstein's!"

Susan tossed her prim rows of curls,

glanced contemptuously at the phonograph by way of retaliation, and made a dignified retreat. In the doorway she turned.

"Oh, Miss Madelyn, I am baking one of your old-fashioned strawberry shortcakes for lunch!"

"Really?" Madelyn raised a pair of sparkling eyes. "Susan, you're a dear!" A contented smile wreathed Susan's face even to the tips of her precise curls. Madelyn's gaze crossed to me.

"What are you chuckling over, Nora?"

"From a psychological standpoint, the pair of you have given me two interesting studies," I laughed. "A single sentence compensates Susan for a week of your glumness!"

Madelyn extended a hand toward her mail.

"And what is the other feature that appeals to your dissecting mind?"

"Fancy a world-known detective rising to the point of enthusiasm at the mention of strawberry shortcake!"

"Why not? Even a detective has to be human once in a while!" Her eyes twinkled. "Another point for my memoirs, Miss Noraker!"

As her gaze fell to the half-opened letter in her hand, my eyes traveled across the garden to the outlines of the chalet, and I breathed a sigh of utter content. Broadway and Park Row seemed very, very far away. In a momentary swerving of my gaze, I saw that a line as clear cut as a pencil-stroke had traced itself across Miss Mack's forehead.

The suggestion of lounging indifference in her attitude had vanished like a

wind-blown veil. Her glance met mine suddenly. The twinkle I had last glimpsed in her eyes had disappeared. Silently she pushed a square sheet of cramped writing across the table to me.

"My Dear Madam:

"When you read this, it is quite possible that it will be a letter from a dead man.

"I have been told by no less an authority than my friend, Cosmo Hamilton, that you are a remarkable woman. While I will say at the outset that I have little faith in the analytical powers of the feminine brain, I am prepared to accept Hamilton's judgment.

"I cannot, of course, discuss the details of my problem in correspondence.

"As a spur to quick action, I may say, however, that, during the past five months, my life has been attempted no fewer than eight different times, and I am convinced that the ninth attempt, if made, will be successful.

The curious part of it lies in the fact that I am absolutely unable to guess the reason for the persistent vendetta. So far as I know, there is no person in the world who should desire my removal. And yet I have been shot at from ambush on four occasions, thugs have rushed me once, a speeding automobile has grazed me twice, and this evening I found a cunning little dose of cyanide of potassium in my favorite cherry pie!

"All of this, too, in the shadow of a New Jersey skunk farm! It is high time, I fancy, that I secure expert advice. Should the progress of the mysterious vendetta, by any chance, render me unable to receive you personally, my niece, Miss Muriel Jansen, I am sure, will endeavor to act as a substitute.

"Respectfully Yours,

"WENDELL MARSH.

"Three Forks Junction, N.J.,
"June 16."

At the bottom of the page a lead pencil had scrawled the single line in the same cramped writing:

"For God's sake, hurry!"

Madelyn retained her curled-up position on the bench, staring across at a bush of deep crimson roses.

"Wendell Marsh?" She shifted her glance to me musingly. "Haven't I seen that name somewhere lately?" (Madelyn pays me the compliment of saying that I have a card-index brain for newspaper history!)

"If you have read the Sunday supplements," I returned drily, with a vivid remembrance of Wendell Marsh as I had last seen him, six months before, when he crossed the gang-plank of his steamer, fresh from England, his face browned from the Atlantic winds. It was a face to draw a second glance—almost gaunt, self-willed, with more than a hint of cynicism. (Particularly when his eyes met the waiting press group!) Some one had once likened him to the pictures of Oliver Cromwell.

"Wendell Marsh is one of the greatest newspaper copy-makers that ever dodged an interviewer," I explained. "He hates reporters like an upstate farmer hates an automobile, and yet has a flock of them on his trail constantly. His latest exploit to catch the spot-light was the purchase of the Bainford relics in London. Just before that he published a three-volume history on 'The World's Great Cynics.' Paid for the publication himself."

Then came a silence between us, prolonging itself. I was trying, rather unsuccessfully, to associate Wendell Marsh's half-hysterical letter with my mental picture of the austere millionaire. . . .

"For God's sake, hurry!"

What wrenching terror had reduced the ultra-reserved Mr. Marsh to an appeal like this? As I look back now I know that my wildest fancy could not have pictured the ghastliness of the truth!

Madelyn straightened abruptly.

"Susan, will you kindly tell Andrew to bring around the car at once? If you will find the New Jersey automobile map, Nora, we'll locate Three Forks Junction."

"You are going down?" I asked mechanically.

She slipped from the bench.

"I am beginning to fear," she said irrelevantly, "that we'll have to defer our strawberry shortcake!"

III.

THE sound eye of Daniel Peddicord, liveryman by avocation, and sheriff of Merino County by election, drooped over his florid left cheek. Mr. Peddicord took himself and his duties to the taxpayers of Merino County seriously.

Having lowered his sound eye with befitting official dubiousness, while his glass eye stared guilelessly ahead, as though it took absolutely no notice of the procedure, Mr. Peddicord jerked a fat, red thumb toward the winding stairway at the rear of the Marsh hall.

"I reckon as how Mr. Marsh is still up there, Miss Mack. You see, I told 'em not to disturb the body until—"

Our stares brought the sentence to an abrupt end. Mr. Peddicord's sound eye underwent a violent agitation.

"You don't mean that you haven't—heard?"

The silence of the great house seemed suddenly oppressive. For the first time I realized the oddity of our having been received by an ill-at-ease policeman instead of by a member of the family. I

was abruptly conscious of the incongruity between Mr. Peddicord's awkward figure and the dim, luxurious background.

Madelyn gripped the chief's arm, bringing his sound eye circling around to her face.

"Tell me what has happened!"

Mr. Peddicord drew a huge red handkerchief over his forehead.

"Wendell Marsh was found dead in his library at eight o'clock this morning! He had been dead for hours."

Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Through my daze beat the rhythm of a tall, gaunt clock in the corner. I stared at it dully. Madelyn's hands had caught themselves behind her back, her veins swollen into sharp blue ridges. Mr. Peddicord still gripped his red handkerchief.

"It sure is queer you hadn't heard! I reckoned as how that was what had brought you down. It—it looks like murder!"

In Madelyn's eyes had appeared a greyish glint like cold steel.

"Where is the body?"

"Upstairs in the library. Mr. Marsh had worked—"

"Will you kindly show me the room?"

I do not think we noted at the time the crispness in her tones, certainly not with any resentment. Madelyn had taken command of the situation quite as a matter of course.

"Also, will you have my card sent to the family?"

Mr. Peddicord stuffed his handkerchief back into a rear trousers' pocket. A red corner protruded in jaunty abandon from under his blue coat.

"Why, there ain't no family—at least none but Muriel Jansen." His head cocked itself cautiously up the stairs. "She's his niece, and I reckon now everything here is hers. Her maid says as how she is clear bowled over. Only left her room once since—since it happened. And that was to tell me as how nothing was to be disturbed." Mr. Peddicord drew himself up with the suspicion of a frown. "Just as though an experienced officer wouldn't know that much!"

Madelyn glanced over her shoulder to the end of the hall. A hatchet-faced man in russet livery stood staring at us with wooden eyes.

Mr. Peddicord shrugged.

"That's Peters, the butler. He's the chap what found Mr. Marsh."

I could feel the wooden eyes following us until a turn in the stairs blocked their range.

A red-glowing room—oppressively red. Scarlet-frescoed walls, deep red draperies, cherry-upholstered furniture, Turkish-red rugs, rows on rows of red-bound books. Above, a great, flat glass roof, open to the sky from corner to corner, through which the splash of the sun on the rich colors gave the weird semblance of a crimson pool almost in the room's exact centre. Such was Wendell Marsh's library—as eccentrically designed as its master.

It was the wreck of a room that we found. Shattered vases littered the floor—books were ripped savagely apart—curtains were hanging in ribbons—a heavy leather rocker was splintered.

The wreckage might have marked the death-struggle of giants. In the midst of the destruction, Wendell Marsh was twisted on his back. His face was shriveled, his eyes were staring. There was no hint of a wound or even a bruise. In his right hand was gripped an object partially turned from me.

I found myself stepping nearer, as though drawn by a magnet. There is something hypnotic in such horrible scenes! And then I barely checked a cry.

Wendell Marsh's dead fingers held a pipe—a strangely carved, red sandstone bowl, and a long, glistening stem.

Sheriff Peddicord noted the direction of my glance.

"Mr. Marsh got that there pipe in London, along with those other relics he brought home. They do say as how it was the first pipe ever smoked by a white man. The Indians of Virginia gave it to a chap named Sir Walter Raleigh. Mr. Marsh had a new stem put to it, and his butler says he smoked it every day. Queer, ain't it, how some folks' tastes do run?"

The sheriff moistened his lips under his scraggly yellow mustache.

"Must have been some fight what done this!" His head included the wrecked room in a vague sweep.

Madelyn strolled over to a pair of the ribboned curtains, and fingered them musingly.

"But that isn't the queerest part." The chief glanced at Madelyn expectantly. "There was no way for any one else to get out—or in!"

Madelyn stooped lower over the curtains. They seemed to fascinate her. "The door?" she hazarded absently. "It was locked?"

"From the inside. Peters and the footman saw the key when they broke in this morning. . . . Peters swears he heard Mr. Marsh turn it when he left him writing at ten o'clock last night."

"The windows?"

"Fastened as tight as a drum—and, if they wasn't it's a matter of a good thirty foot to the ground."

"The roof, perhaps?"

"A cat *might* get through it—if every part wasn't clamped as tight as the windows."

Mr. Peddicord spoke with a distinct inflection of triumph. Madelyn was still staring at the curtains.

"Isn't it rather odd," I ventured, "that the sounds of the struggle, or whatever it was, didn't alarm the house?"

Sheriff Peddicord plainly regarded me as an outsider. He answered my question with obvious shortness.

"You could fire a blunderbuss up here and no one would be the wiser. They say as how Mr. Marsh had the room made sound-proof. And, besides, the servants have a building to themselves, all except Miss Jansen's maid, who sleeps in a room next to her at the other end of the house."

My eyes circled back to Wendell Marsh's knotted figure—his shriveled face—horror-frozen eyes—the hand gripped about the fantastic pipe. I think

Continued on page 132.

Drawing class at work in the Ontario College of Art.



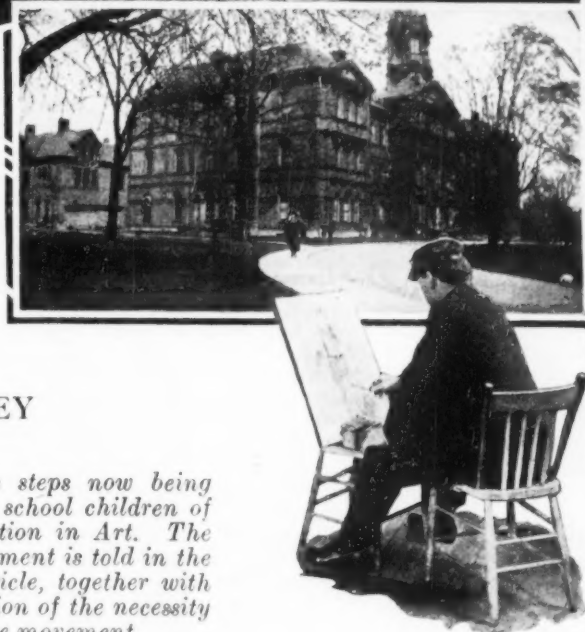
Normal College at Toronto where the College of Art is located.

To Foster Canadian Art

By JOHN EDGCUMBE STALEY

EDITOR'S NOTE. — We have been too busy here in Canada to educate ourselves up to the highest standards of artistic appreciation. And, as a result, we lack something as a people perhaps that a closer acquaintanceship with art would supply. That this lack has been felt is

evidenced by the steps now being taken to give the school children of Ontario an education in Art. The story of this movement is told in the accompanying article, together with a strong presentation of the necessity that lies behind the movement.



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE'S dream of an Imperial dynasty hinged on the capacity of his son, the little King of Rome, to carry on the military programme of his sire. And so, to instil the martial instinct into his son's mind, the Emperor directed that the child's nursery should be hung with martial pictures that he might grow up familiar with the phases and details of a soldier's life.

Art exercises so powerful an influence on the character of the individual and particularly on the juvenile mind, that it must be considered a potent force in the moulding of national characteristics. The youth of ancient Greece derived inspiration to noble deeds from the inspiring words of the Grecian poets and the incomparable works of her sculptors.

Art environment is a factor that must be considered in Canada; for, truth to tell, up to the present there has been no such environment, except in the Province of Quebec.

The Laval Art Galleries in the City of Quebec, and the Montreal Picture Gal-

lery, offer permanent and inspiring charms, but Ontario is singularly lacking in this respect. Sad to say the capital, Toronto, is the only city of its size in the civilized world that has no permanent public Fine Art Gallery!

That there is an insistent demand for remedial measures in art cultivation in Ontario is conclusively proved by the latent art instincts of the people. Wherever temporary exhibitions of the Fine Arts, or Applied Arts, are open to the public they are thronged by delighted visitors of all classes. Last Labor Day, for instance, more than 10,000 people passed the turn-stiles, to view the pictures in the Art Galleries at the National Canadian Exhibition at Toronto.

The contention that the inhabitants of industrial communities, such as Toronto, care really very little for Art per se, is, therefore, devoid of foundation. This can be shown by an incident that occurred in Whitechapel—a portion of London, which, for generations, had an evil fame for depravity and crime. Somewhere in

the nineties a commodious permanent art gallery was erected in the main thoroughfare, where loan exhibitions of works of art succeeded one another. In 1898 the special summer attraction was a display of the works of the present president of the Royal Academy. Right opposite the entrance to the principal room was placed a very beautiful oil painting, entitled, "Horae Serenae." It represented a Neapolitan vineyard, at the vintage season, with Mount Vesuvius in the distance. In the foreground was a group of vine dressers, girls and men, dancing merrily.

Well, one Saturday afternoon when they might very naturally have been wasting their time elsewhere, half-a-dozen young "pearly" costermongers entered with their "donahs"—feathers and all! The party made a bee-line for Sir Edward Poynter's picture, and, after standing silent for a time, involuntarily, as it seemed, began to step and dance in front of it! It was the greatest compliment that could have been paid the

talented artist, and at the same time, it was a striking instance of the power of suggestiveness wrought by the fine arts upon susceptible untaught natures.

Art, of course, has two main expressions, the ornamental attributes of the fine arts, and the useful properties of the applied arts. The teaching of the former in Canada at large has been, in the past, intermittent and ineffective. The Province of Ontario has, in a sense, the highest record of efficiency in the Dominion for quite a number of voluntary art associations have been from time to time in operation there. At the present day the most noteworthy are the Ontario Society of Artists, the Ontario Association of Architects, the Women's Art Association, the Graphic Arts Club, the Canadian Society of Applied Arts, the Canadian Art Club, and the Toronto Art Museum Association.

All these organizations hold exhibitions but, with the sole exception of the Women's Art Association, they make no attempt at teaching curricula, nor do they possess school equipment of any kind. To be sure the Toronto School of Art came into existence with the approval and assistance of the Ontario Society of Artists, but the society did little in its corporate capacity as a teaching body. Besides the so-called "school" was subject to continual lapses, changes and disputes.

Art students until recently, at all events in Ontario, have had no choice but to go to Europe or the United States for duly qualified instruction and satisfactory experimental study. The painters of Canada of to-day, with few exceptions, mostly look to some foreign school of Art as their alma mater. Several Canadian-born artists of mark indeed have remained abroad and given themselves and their art to the country of their adoption. This is a very undesirable state of things.

The art attitude of wealthy citizens of the past and, sad to say, of the present, for the most part, is shown by the extraordinary statement made to the writer of this article by a manager in one of Toronto's stores: "I don't care a bit," he said, "for pictures or for books. My tastes lie in another direction. I leave such matters to my wife. If, when she is in the store, she sees a prettily framed picture, or a handsomely bound book, she says, 'You may send that up to our place.'" This sexology, so to speak, of pseudo art appreciation is remarkable throughout Ontario. It is non-existent in Europe. There has been, until quite lately, absolutely no provision for the art-training of boys. Girls have received an artistic finish, for what it is worth, it is true. Of how little value, however, this really is, is evidenced by the following narrative. Recently an exhibition of etchings by Canadian etchers was arranged at the Toronto Art Museum (The Grange). The press sent reporters, chiefly young college girls. One of these—on one of the leading Toronto dailies—telephoned later in the evening, to the

caretaker: "Tell me, please, what an etching is, anyway."

In Greece and Italy—the cradle lands of European art—men and boys were the artists, art-workers, and art-lovers. Women and girls had other occupations essential to the comfort and joy of living. The annals of the fine and applied arts contain hardly any female names of fame. Art temperament and art teaching provided the artistic environment of the makers of history and the founders of nations. Go where you will in Central and Western Europe you will observe the good breeding, the courtesy, the taste, and the refinement of the people. They have learned through the encouragement and practice of art principles, the true and full enjoyment of the pleasant things of life.



A study in oils by a student at the Ontario College of Art.—A good sample of the excellent work being done.

The Dominion of Canada, great in nearly everything else, is singularly lacking in art culture, but in Ontario active steps are being taken to provide the rising generation with better opportunities. In 1909, the Provincial Government of Ontario intervened in the interests of the teaching of the fine arts and applied arts, and appointed Dr. Seath, superintendent of education, to make an extensive tour through the principal European countries and many of the states of the neighboring republic. His instructions were to report upon a desirable and practicable system for technical education in the Province of Ontario. In the report he presented in 1911, to the Minister of Education, he says: "In all the countries I have visited great importance is attached to the fine arts and their adaptation to the industries. Every centre of importance has its picture gallery,

and its art museum, with technical and industrial art departments. Drawing and applied art are universally regarded as basal, and provision is accordingly made for the instruction of workmen as well as of artists. Moreover, the schools are supported both by the locality and by the state."

Dr. Seath added various recommendations to his report, affecting the teaching of the fine arts and applied arts in Canada. Among these are the following: 1. The further extension of the provision of art and drawing facilities in the primary and secondary schools; 2. The establishment of a central art school in Toronto, with both day and night classes, for students and teachers, in the fine arts, and, for apprentices and workmen, in the applied arts; 3. The establishment of art schools and departments in the chief centres of population of the province; 4. The more generous support of Art generally by legislative grants.

The Government took action upon Dr. Seath's report and the most salient outcome of the new legislation was the opening on October 1, 1912, of the Ontario College of Art, as an independent art-teaching corporation, under the direct authority of the Department of Education.

In personnel and equipment the college is remarkable, indeed the American continent has nothing on an equal scale of excellence. The teaching staff consists of six chief instructors: Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., the principal, Mr. W. Cruikshank, R.C.A., Mr. J. W. Beatty, R.C.A., Mr. C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A., Mr. R. Holmes, A.R.C.A., and Mr. Emanuel Hahn.

So far as equipment is concerned the Ontario College of Art is happy in the possession of excellent temporary quarters. The handsome suite of rooms, on the upper storey of the Normal School, in Gould Street, Toronto, provides as spacious and as well-lighted studios and class rooms as can be desired, and every convenience for teachers and pupils. The antique gallery of plaster casts of world-famed sculptures, which were acquired for the old School of Art more than fifty years ago. By way of complement to this installation there is a splendid range of photographs and prints of the world's masterpieces in painting. At the full service of teachers and pupils is the excellent library of the Normal School, under the able superintendence of Mr. Alley, the librarian, who has lately arranged a special section for the free use of students of the college.

The courses of instruction in the college are in three divisions. The first affords full facilities for the education and training of professional painters, illustrators and sculptors; the second provides professional training in all branches of pictorial and industrial design in their practical relation to the various crafts and manufactures; and the last course is arranged for the train-

Continued on Page 113.

The Wheatlands

I.

The even circle of the prairie lies
Below the glamor of her vivid skies,
The brazen circle of the sun shines on
The yellow grasses of Saskatchewan.

A world, within the budding heart of May,
Wearing the aspect of an autumn day,
Yet spring is come, the barren winter gone,
For willows redden in Saskatchewan.

And in rough grass the sturdy flowers grow,
Battling the forces of the winds that blow,
Across a thousand miles, to breathe upon
The purple crocus of Saskatchewan.

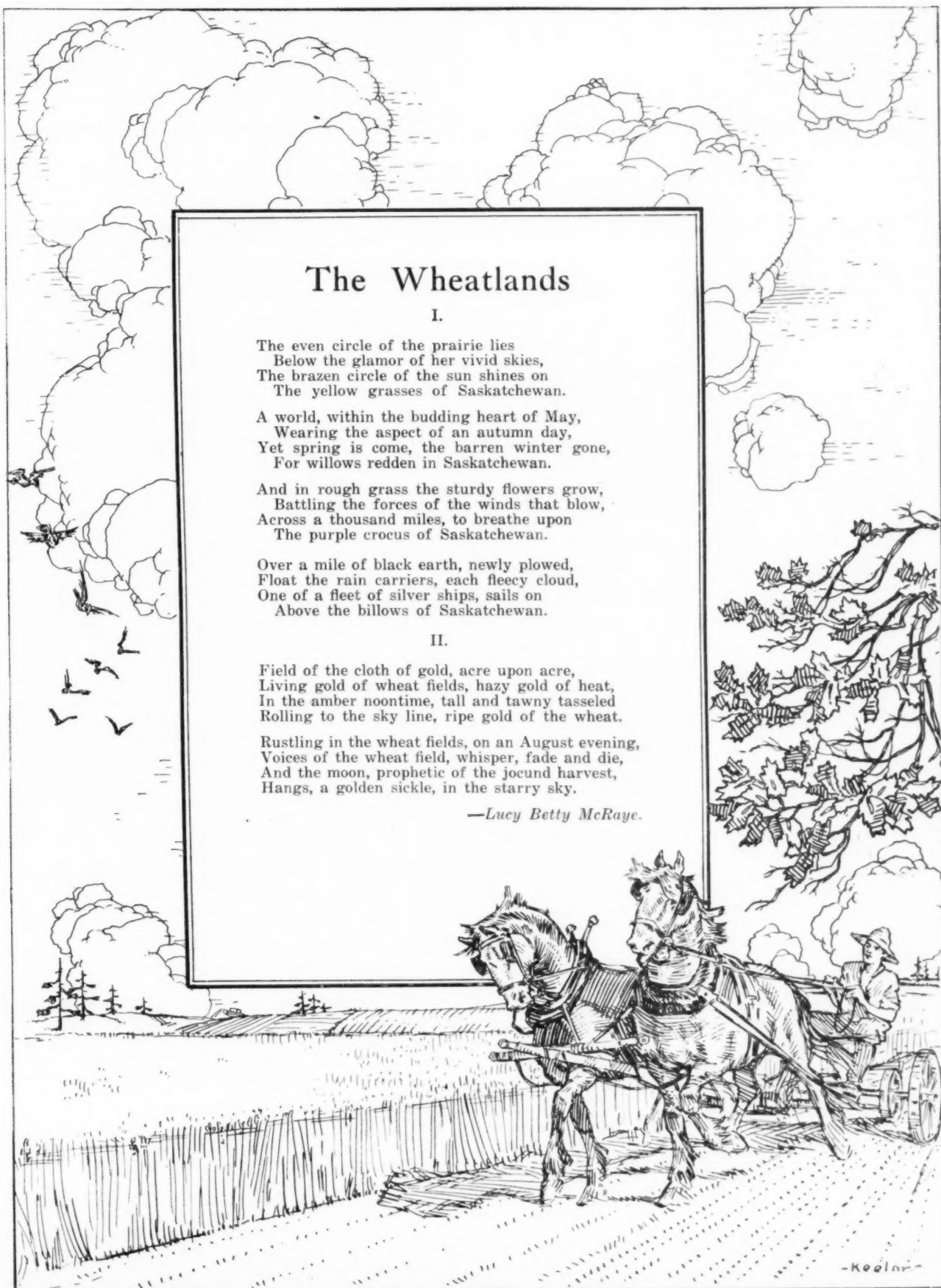
Over a mile of black earth, newly plowed,
Float the rain carriers, each fleecy cloud,
One of a fleet of silver ships, sails on
Above the billows of Saskatchewan.

II.

Field of the cloth of gold, acre upon acre,
Living gold of wheat fields, hazy gold of heat,
In the amber noontime, tall and tawny tasseled
Rolling to the sky line, ripe gold of the wheat.

Rustling in the wheat fields, on an August evening,
Voices of the wheat field, whisper, fade and die,
And the moon, prophetic of the jocund harvest,
Hangs, a golden sickle, in the starry sky.

—Lucy Betty McRae.



Spanish Gold

By GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM
Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

The Story of a Search for Treasure on the Coast of Ireland and the Amusing Situations which Arose

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The Rev. J. J. Meldon, curate of Ballymoy, a village on the west coast of Ireland, while visiting his friend, Major Kent, comes across an old pocket-book of the Major's grandfather, in which he finds an account of some treasure, supposed to have been hidden by the Spaniards of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, on the Island of Inishgowlan. The Major possesses an excellent yacht, The Spindrift, and they decide to take a trip to the island and search for the treasure, which Meldon is very confident of finding, but of the existence of which the Major is very skeptical. Meldon also owns a yacht, The Aureole, a worthless tub, which he lets to a Mr. Langton, who, with a friend, wishes to take a trip round the coast. On arriving at the island Meldon and the Major find Higginbotham, an old college chum of Meldon's, engaged in surveying the island for the Government, and dividing it up into allotments. He informs them he is prevented from completing his work by the obstinacy of one old man, named Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, who owns a piece of land in the very centre of the island, entirely surrounded by other people's land, but with which he will not part at any price. Meldon, not wishing to divulge the real reason of his visit, tells Higginbotham the Major is a Government mineralogical expert who has been sent to examine and report on the island's mineral resources. Meldon and the Major start to explore the island and discover they are being followed everywhere by an old man, who turns out to be Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, and who declares he cannot understand a word of English. Meldon tells him they are naturalists looking for sea beetles, and manages to get rid of him; continuing their search, they find an inlet with a hole, which is only visible at low tide, and here Meldon decides the hidden treasures must lie. On returning to the yacht they notice the arrival in the harbor of the Aureole. The following day Meldon starts for the inlet and the cave, and on his arrival discovers a man, who is being lowered over the cliff to the entrance of the cave. This turns out to be a Sir Giles Buckley, the friend who is with Langton, on the Aureole, and a son of a neighbor of the Major's, who had lately died. Sir Giles would also have heard of the treasure, as his grandfather was a friend of the Major's grandfather, and had visited the island with him. After some discussion, Sir Giles calls out to Langton to haul him up, and both he and Meldon depart, as the tide has nearly covered the hole in the rocks. The following day, Meldon, having set adrift Sir Giles' boat to prevent his leaving the yacht, again visits the cave with the Major. They make their way through a long underground passage and eventually find two old iron boxes which, however, are empty. At this point Langton and Sir Giles appear on the scene through a hole in the top of the cavern which it seems is just under Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's plot of land. Disappointed, they all return to the yachts, and find that the Government yacht has arrived in the harbor with Mr. Willoughby, the Chief Secretary, on board. Willoughby lands to visit Higginbotham, and Meldon follows. Higginbotham in vain tries to dissuade Meldon from seeing Willoughby, who is much incensed at Meldon's tale of the geological survey, but Meldon insists, and we here find him in the midst of a conversation with Willoughby, who is beginning to be amused at his good-humored nonsense.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

HE approached the tall figure, peering eagerly through the darkness. "I'm blessed," he said, "if it isn't old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat! So you've got one word of English, have you? Maybe now if you searched in the corner of your mind you might find a little more." "I have plenty," said the old man. "There's few have more English nor better English than myself."

"I always thought you had," said Meldon. "I'd have laid long odds on it if I'd been a betting man, which, of course, I'm not. Now what is it you want?"

"It's yourself, Master."

"Is it, then? And what would you do with me supposing you had me? Tell me that. Is it wanting me to speak a word for you to the Chief Secretary you are, to get back your house and land?"

"It is not."

"If it is, I'll do it, of course; but I tell you straight that it won't be the smallest bit of use. The whole might of the British Empire is against you. They'll get your land out of you if they have to send a man-of-war round to do it. Besides, you know, you gave yourself away badly in that interview with Father Mulcrone to-day. I don't blame you. I knew very well you were done for when they fetched the priest to you. It was a mean trick, that. No real sportsman would have done it. It was a sort of sitting shot. You didn't have the ghost of a chance.

Now if you'd been treated fairly and left to worry it out with nobody but Mary Kate to come between you and the Board, you might have kept them arguing till either they or you were dead."

"It isn't wanting you to speak for me I am. Neither to himself, nor his reverence, nor to any other man."

"Is it a writing, then?"

"It is not."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that any way, for I haven't brought my fountain pen with me on this cruise, and I'm thinking it's poorly I'd write with any pen and ink that you are likely to have. But if it isn't to speak nor yet to write I don't quite see what it is you do want."

"It's yourself."

"That's all very fine. I owe you a good turn for giving me that crab, and I admire the plucky way in which you've stood up to Higginbotham and the Board, but I'm not going to hand myself over body and soul to a man I've only known for three days without finding out what he wants me for. Has anything gone wrong with Mary Kate or Michael Pat?"

"I'd be thankful to you if you'd step up to my little houseen, the place that they're going to take from me."

"What for?" said Meldon. "I declare to goodness it's very near as hard to make out what you want now you're talking English as it was before."

"There's that there that I'd be glad to show you. Maybe you'd tell me what would be the best to be done. It's what

I never expected to show to any man, let alone a stranger like yourself. But my mind's made up, and I'll show it to you."

Meldon gripped the old man by the arm.

"Is it the treasure you have hid there?"

"Treasure?"

"Treasure; yes. Gold. Do you understand? Is it gold you have up in your house?"

"It might, then."

"Is there much of it? How much is there?"

"There's a power. Glory be to God, there's a mighty deal of it! More, maybe, than ever you saw in one place together in all your life."

"Come on, then," said Meldon. "Let me set eyes on it. I dare say you guessed—I always said you weren't such a fool as you tried to make out to Higginbotham—I dare say you guessed that the Major and I were after that treasure ourselves."

"I did."

"I thought you did. And the gentlemen from the other yacht were after it too. You guessed that, I suppose?"

"Didn't I see them going down the Poll-na-phuca? What else would the likes of them be after in such a place?"

"Well, I'll say this. If I wasn't to get it myself, I'd sooner you had it than another. I hope you'll make a good use of it and not be wasting it on drink and foolishness. Give Mary Kate a good

fortune when the time comes and marry her to a decent man."

"Sure, what's the use of talking?" said the old man in a tone of despair. "It'll be took from me along with the house. The Board will take it and never a penny will the little lady be the better of it, no more than myself or any other one."

"Maybe they won't get taking it," said Meldon, "though indeed for all the good you're getting out of it at present they might as well. I don't see that it's any use to you if you don't so much as buy yourself a decent suit of clothes and spend sixpence on getting your hair cut. It's a shame for a rich man like you to be going about the way you are."

"What good would grand clothes be to the likes of me?"

"I'm beginning to understand things a bit," said Meldon, whose thoughts had passed away from the use to be made of the money. "I see the reason now why you wouldn't give up the house and land to Higginbotham. You're certainly no fool. That dodge of yours, pretending you couldn't speak a word of any language except Irish was uncommonly nippy. I doubt if I could have hit on anything better myself, and I've had some experience in disguises. Only for the priest you might have kept them all at bay. I don't see what they could have done to you, even if they took to asking questions in Parliament."

"What was the good? They have it taken off me now at the latter end."

"They have the house and land," said Meldon. "There's no doubt of that. But I wouldn't say they have the treasure yet. You came to the right man when you came to me. If that treasure can be saved, I'll save it. What would you say now if we carried it down tonight to Mrs. O'Flaherty's, Michael Pat's mother, and hid it under the old woman's bed?"

"I wouldn't trust her. She'd steal it on me."

"I don't believe she would. Not if you gave her a bit for herself and bought a silver mug or something for Michael Pat. But if you don't like the notion of her, what about Mary Kate's mother? She's your own daughter."

"She'd steal it on me as quick as another."

"Would she, then? I declare to goodness you have a pretty low opinion of your relatives and friends. I don't be-

lieve they'd touch a penny of it. Have you any plan in your own head?"

"Let you be coming up and taking a look at it."

"I will, of course; I'm most anxious to see it. But tell me what it is you think of doing with it?"

"I thought maybe—" the old man paused and laid his hand on Meldon's arm.

"Well?"

"I thought maybe you and the other gentleman would take it with you in the yacht and put it in the savings bank beyond in the big town."

"That beats all," said Meldon. "And

by the talk of you that you couldn't get the better of a child, let alone a grown man like myself, begging your honor's pardon for thinking that ever you'd want to do the like."

"You're quite wrong about that," said Meldon, irritated by this compliment to his integrity, "and if you dare to say such a thing again I'll not help you with your treasure. Mind what I say. Another word of that sort out of your head and I'll go straight down to Higginbotham and tell him what you've got."

"Let you be coming along now," said Thomas O'Flaherty in an indulgent tone, "and don't be wasting the night talking.

Walk easy. It's a rough way from this on to my houseen, and there's stones on it would break the leg of a bullock, let alone yours or mine."

CHAPTER XIX.

THEY reached the cabin. Old O'Flaherty fumbled at the latch and opened the door. Inside, the place was almost quite dark. A few sparks glowed faintly on the hearth. The small square window looked like a grey patch on the black wall. Meldon paused at the threshold unwilling to advance without light towards unknown furniture, over a pitted and hilly earthen floor. O'Flaherty disappeared into a corner and could be heard breaking sticks. The fragments were flung on the hearth. The old man went down on his knees and below the embers.

"I have the end of a candle on the dresser beyond," he said, "if I could come by as much fire as would light it."

"If that's what you're after," said Meldon, "I have a box of matches in my pocket."

He drew out the box and struck one. O'Flaherty pounced on his candle, lit it, and set it on the stone seat which

filled an angle of the wide hearth.

"Let you give me a hand now, and we'll shift the dresser," he said. "I could do it myself, but it'll be done quicker if you take the near end of it."

Meldon caught hold of the dresser and pulled it over to the far side of the room. O'Flaherty stood on a wooden stool and took down a shovel which rested among the rafters of the roof. He scooped away loose earth from the place where the dresser had stood. At a depth of about an inch he came upon a number of boards laid close together. He prized up

Continued on Page 122.



But Father Mulcrone clung to the railing.

what would hinder us from making off with it and never coming next or nigh you again?"

"You wouldn't do the like."

"Well, as a matter of fact I wouldn't. No more would the Major. But how do you know that? It's a queer thing that a man who wouldn't trust his own daughter, and her living under his very eye, would hand over a lot of money like that to two strangers."

"Sure, I could see by the face of you the minute you first set foot on the pier that you were as simple and innocent and harmless as could be. Anybody could tell

Alcoholism—From the Angle of Efficiency

By JOHN BARREN

Editor's Note.—The accompanying article is not intended as a temperance lecture in the accepted sense of the word. The object is to demonstrate that indulgence in alcoholic beverages is unwise from a purely business standpoint inasmuch as the man who indulges to any extent cannot become fully efficient in his own line of work. The writer is not a total abstainer but he has kept the

habit within rigid limits and has not permitted it to interfere with his work in any sense. Herein he records actual facts which have come under his notice, leading to the conclusion voiced so emphatically in the article—that to become efficient a man must be to all practical intents and purposes an abstainer.

IT was at a dinner tendered to a well-known novelist that I overheard a remark passed with reference to the guest of the evening: "Clever chap alright, but they say he can't do anything until he's half-seas-over. It's John Barleycorn that puts all the queer notions into his head."

As the novelist did not have the reputation of being a heavy drinker, I would have passed the remark off as mere idle talk but later in the evening an opportunity presented itself for a few minutes' conversation with him and I determined to test its truth. With this object in view I brought the conversation around to the subject of alcohol and its effects, by remarking that many great writers and artists were supposed to have done their best work when under the influence.

"That is an absolute fallacy," he declared, emphatically. "It is impossible for anyone to conceive great ideas or to think great thoughts when one's mind has been thrown into the chaos that follows indulgence in spirits. Drink churns the mind up and the ideas that come to the surface are the lightest and most inconsequential. To write well, a man must have complete control over his mind. He must be able to produce when needed the knowledge and ideas that have been stored away in its secret recesses. A genius has a well-indexed mind so that he can turn up what he needs at the moment he needs it. But drink brings ideas tumbling out unbidden from every source and work done under the stress of alcoholic stimulation abounds in incongruities, lacks the reasoning of sound judgment and has farcical exaggeration as its sole quality.

"I know this from my own experience," he went on. "I used to think that I needed a drink or two before starting to work. The practice brought me to the verge of complete failure. Now I do all my best



That is an absolute fallacy," he declared, emphatically.

work from 6.30 in the morning until noon. And when I am working on a story I never touch a drop. I have often gone for nine months at a stretch without even tasting the lightest wines."

Does drink stimulate the mind or does it in reality clog the brain and lessen its productive power?

This is one of the most vital questions facing the worker to-day. In this age of rapid achievement, of fierce and unremitting competition the need of personal efficiency has been felt as never before. To succeed in the fullest measure, a man must so sharpen his reasoning and producing powers and so order his time that he will get out of himself the maximum of his capabilities. He must make himself one hundred per cent. efficient.

Is this possible when alcoholic beverages are indulged in? Can efficiency and tippling be made to trot in double harness?

TESTS PROVE ALCOHOL NOT A STIMULANT.

Realizing the great importance of the question scientists have sifted the matter thoroughly and have passed verdict. Tests have been conducted with the thoroughness which distinguishes all scientific research and the result has been the production of positive proof that alcohol, contrary to popular belief, is not a stimulant; that it retards man's muscular and mental speed and that it lessens his ac-

curacy as well as his productiveness. Reference to the results obtained by Dr. Emil Kraepelin, professor of mental diseases in the University of Munich, will serve to demonstrate how thoroughly and unerringly science has proceeded in the matter and how convincingly the results have been. The following is taken from a report of the findings of Dr. Kraepelin:

"A group of men—who were kept in ignorance of the real nature of the tests, who understood only that they were expected to persist to the limit of their endurance—was capable of a definite average quantity of work. This average was determined with almost mathematical certainty by experiments made dozens of times, under absolutely similar conditions as regarded time of day, food, exercise, and surroundings.

"A good index of the degree of a man's capability for work is the weight he can continue to lift with the index finger of his right hand. So the ergograph, a celebrated laboratory device invented by Prof. Angelo Mosso, was brought into requisition. In manipulating this the fingers were clinched round a wooden peg—all but the index-finger—the arm held immovable by being clamped to the arm of a chair. A weight of several kilograms, suspended by a small rope that passed over a pulley, was raised and lowered until the subjects were forced to desist from exhaustion. This process was



They lost an average of 9-6-10 per cent. in efficiency by the end of the week.

repeated twelve times, with rests of a minute intervening—like the rounds in a boxing contest. Each pull was automatically recorded by a pencil on a strip of paper, registered by a line. The sum of the lengths of all the lines was translated into 'meter-kilograms,' which meant the work accomplished in raising one kilogram one meter against the pull of gravity.

"These experiments were made ten times a day, and the total average for each man calculated for a number of days, under conditions of absolute abstinence from drink. Then the men were given the alcoholic equivalent of a 'good glass' of Bordeaux wine after each meal, and the experiments repeated. The consequences were a diminution in the subjects' ability to withstand the fatigue of weight-lifting, amounting to an average of from 7 6-10 to 8 per cent. These experiments were repeated hundreds of times by scientists in various parts of Europe, and always with similar results. In every instance a definite, measurable loss in muscular efficiency was demonstrated.

"A number of tests were used to show the effect on work involving combined muscular and mental processes. A number of accountants of all grades were selected, and their average ability to add one-figure columns was estimated for one week. They were then given daily, in divided doses the equivalent of three and a half cups of claret, which is equal to about a teaspoonful of whisky. One cup of claret does not contain as much alcohol as a drop of whisky. Claret sold in Canada is of course different for it is fortified with alcohol to make it last. The best clarets are so delicate that they will not last a year and they go off if moved from place of production.

"A marked and progressive diminution in their output was noticed, beginning with 3 1-10 per cent. the first day. After two weeks of this steady, moderate alcoholic allowance the percentage increased to 15 2-10.

"Similar experiments were then tried



There is so much in this life that a man should do, so many studies to master, so many books to read, that he has no time to give to the society of good fellows.

on typesetters. These were required to set type from printed pages (to insure absolute uniformity of copy), and the total number of ems a day was computed for a week. Then, with daily gentlemanly drinks, they lost an average of 9 6-10 per cent. in efficiency by the end of the week."

And this verdict is being accepted by business. The insistent demand for efficient men is putting the man who drinks to any serious extent out of the race.

A PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE TALK.

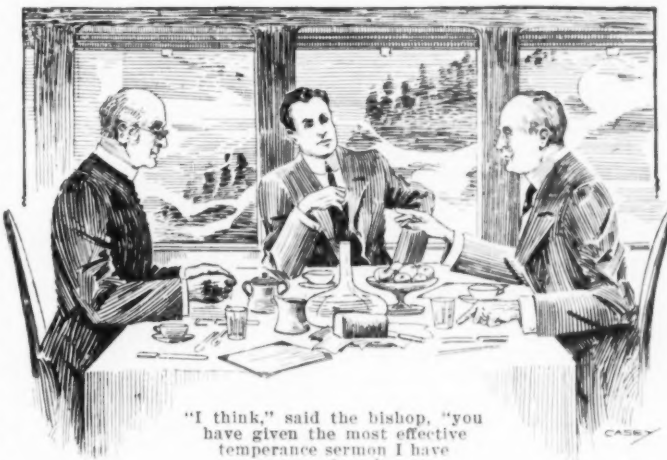
A few years ago the writer made a trip over the C.P.R. to the Pacific coast as the guest of a well-known railway magnate. One evening our train was tearing down the Pacific slope of the Rockies trying to make up lost time when suddenly the emergency brakes were applied. The passengers for the most part were precipitated from their seats by the unexpected stop. The private car in which we were traveling was, as usual, at the rear of the train, and, fearing that something serious had happened, we sprang out and hurried forward. The train, we found, had been stopped at a flag station and the sole occupant of the platform was an elderly gentleman in clerical attire. He informed us that he was Bishop —, and apologetically explained that he had flagged the train because he was anxious to get to the coast as soon as possible to keep an engagement in Victoria. By this time the whole train had disgorged its passengers and the train officials did not appear happy over the check to their efforts to make up time; for your train man likes to run on schedule when a railway magnate is on board. The magnate, however, expressed his pleasure at meeting the bishop and invited the latter to be his guest. The train moved on.

The bishop had for many years been a strong advocate of temperance, being a total-abstainer himself, although a broad-minded man in every sense of the word. When our party sat down to dinner in the private car, he observed that no liquor was being served. Fearing that his presence was a damper on our conviviality, the bishop was rather put out. Finally he remarked to the railway man that he hoped his scruples or principles would not prevent us from indulging in our usual wines. He was very quickly assured that neither the magnate nor myself had any thought of drinking anything.

We had, as matter of fact, traveled all the way across the continent, being two weeks on the way, as we had made a number of stops and had taken trips over various branch lines, and during the whole time not one drop of liquor had been touched though the car was stocked with everything that any drinker could want.

"I discovered many years ago," said the railway man, "that it's utterly impossible to do good work and at the same time indulge in liquor. I've observed its actual effects on hundreds of good men employed with and under me. Any man who takes liquor regularly is quite incapable of doing original work.

"Business rules are very exacting nowadays," he went on. "If a man is to make good he must bring to his work a clear head. The unsettling effects of indulgence will show themselves in weaknesses here and there. It is possible sometimes to pick out men who are drinking even when



"I think," said the bishop, "you have given the most effective temperance sermon I have ever heard."

they show no physical signs and have never been seen to enter a saloon. Their work bears testimony to their intemperance."

"I think," said the bishop "you have given the most effective temperance sermon I have ever heard."

A BAR TO PROMOTION.

Many large railway corporations have made stringent regulations forbidding the touching of alcohol by an employee on pain of instant discharge. Why? Because a man who has had a drink cannot be safely intrusted with the lives of the passengers of the road. Reliability is one of the first assets of the efficient man.

And the idea is spreading rapidly. At the head of all big corporations are executives who appreciate to the fullest degree the relation of alcoholic indulgence to efficiency. Their work is largely to build up organizations and in all their calculations of the merit of individuals they take John Barleycorn into consideration. They often make their selections for promotion on the basis that no man can be a "good fellow" and a good worker at the same time.

THE REASONS WHY.

Much of what has been said may come as a surprise to those who have always regarded moderate indulgence as a stimulus to the execution of best work.

But the fact remains that the so-called stimulation of alcohol is not a stimulation of the producing faculties. The result is effervescence, not efficiency. In the rise of spirits and the volatile animation which accompanies the first few glasses,

Continued on Page 103.

The Inside of the Shell: By GEO. FREDERICK CLARKE

Illustrated by GEO. H. FLATER

"TAKE these papers Yorke, and ride—"

A bullet bit a piece from the rock above the lieutenant's head. His face twinged with pain as he shifted his wounded limbs in endeavor to better screen himself from the enemy below.

"Ride as fast as you can. You have a chance. Old Baldy—behind the cliff there—is in a bit better shape. Give them to the colonel—they're important—and give him my respects. And I say—I say. What was I going to say?"

His voice trailed off into monosyllables; his eyes closed in utter exhaustion.

Private Yorke shoved his Lee-Enfield over the ledge and, running his eye along the sights, pressed the trigger with a savage oath.

"By Goard," he growled, "there's one bloomin' dopper the less. Wish I 'ad a bloody Maxim, I'd myke them set up an tyke notice. Cowards!" he spat out. "Bloomin' cowards—scared to come up an' tyke a chance." He aimed again at the little group of men who were busy unlimbering a field gun on the veldt below.

"Didn't learnt to shot for nothin'," he muttered with grim satisfaction, and ran along the little parapet and fired again and yet again.

When he got back the big grey eyes of his master were looking up at him sternly; the thin brown hand shook with the weight of the heavy service revolver he endeavored to steady.

Private Yorke's face suddenly blanched.

"Off 'is nut," he said beneath his breath. Aloud: "I si, my lord—if you'll just point that thing over the cliff, there—It might go off—you know—an' sen' a valuable servant to kingdom-come before 'is time."

The strong lines about the lieutenant's mouth grew grimmer. The revolver steadied somewhat in its mad wobblings.

"I told you to go, York," he said tensely, his face drawn with pain. "These papers are important. Gatacre said they must be in the colonel's hands by to-night, at the latest. You have a chance—the least possible chance of getting away—why don't you go?" he demanded with sudden vigor. "Damn it, man! Don't you see what it means if they fall into the enemy's hands? Your country is at stake!"

Man and master looked long into each other's eyes. The lieutenant's handsome features in odd contrast with the ugliness of the private's. The latter's hat was off and his red, tousled hair waved in the breeze. His freckled face was made more ludicrous by a newly-made scar that stretched from the corner of his upper lip almost to his right ear. He shifted a quid of tobacco from one cheek to the



"Yorke, if by any chance you get off safely after I'm gone, take this note to her—you know who."

other and spat from between thin, bloodless lips. A shell, whining through the air like some lost soul, passed harmlessly overhead; a rain of Mauser bullets stung the rocks about them.

Still master and man looked into each others' eyes.

"Damn it, I sy!" blurted out Private Yorke at last. "You know I won't go!" The tears started into his little, light blue eyes.

"What do I care for country?" he demanded. "She h'aint never done nothin' for me. You—you done everything. I—I wasn't nothin' but a damn wharf-rat, nosin' about Southampton docks, when you come along with the recruitin' officer and—" the words choked. Private Yorke drew the back of a hairy hand across his eyes.

Private Yorke was one of that submerged tenth which helps populate greater London; of Celtic origin, which, before the days of the Feudal System gave undying allegiance to its overlord.

"By Goard! You think I'd leave you—wounded, to be shot by them blymed doppers down there——"

Another shell, striking the ledge below them, exploded with a noise that shook the hillside, and drowned the little private's words. The blood leaped to his pale cheeks, the light blue eyes sparkled. He grasped his Enfield and, kneeling calmly, emptied the magazine with deadly precision at the enemy.

"They're only plyin' with us," he cried bitterly. "But it'll be dear fun before the thing's over." He turned to meet the swimming eyes of the lieutenant and then both men, one wounded to death, the other indomitable in his devotion, began a steady rifle fire.

"You knew blymed well I wouldn't go an' leave you," panted Yorke across to his comrade. "Knew bloomin', jolly well, didn't you? You was only bluffin' about shootin'?"

The lieutenant from his vantage behind the rocks nodded his head slowly, and a flush of pride for the little comrade beside him filled his breast. A wan smile flickered across his lips. Here was this puny Cockney, whom he had picked up on the wharves a couple of years ago, raising

friendship above honor. It wasn't right, he well knew that. Yorke should have gone when he was ordered. He had a right—a perfect right to compel him to go. But then, what could you do with a man who had been your companion for two years; who had blacked your shoes and cooked your food, and waited upon you with dog-like fidelity. You couldn't well shoot him down in cold blood, even had you the will. Private Yorke drank, smoked, chewed and swore, and stole anything that was movable—save that which belonged to his master. In spite of sharp reproof and stern tasks beneath the scrawny chest, the light blue eyes and the narrow forehead, was a soul that would gladly have sold itself for the welfare of the man who had befriended him.

The papers, important communications from Gatacre to his colonel, reposed in the worn knapsack at the lieutenant's side. He would burn them before they fell into the enemy's hands. There was a slim chance that the cannonading would attract his countrymen who were fortified a dozen miles away. But, soon or late, their coming would be of no avail to him. He knew he was doomed. The awful weakness was even now overpowering him; and he had yet one other thing to do before the end came.

He thought of the homeland, that he loved with all the firm, undying devotion of an Englishman: the mother, the sis-

ters, the young brother who would be left to mourn him. A film came over his eyes. Yes, there was a girl of twenty, thoroughbred to the finger-tips, whose face he carried in a locket next his heart. God bless her.

He drew out his tablets and wrote as hurriedly as his failing strength would allow.

Finished, he said: "Yorke, if by any chance you get off safely after I'm gone, take this note to her—you know who, my lad—and tell her I loved her to the very last. And—I'll burn these," taking the precious papers from the knapsack. He crumpled them in a little pile and struck a match. It flared, caught on.

Emotions too heavy for utterance flooded the breast of Private Yorke.

He knew their importance, that perhaps the future of South Africa rested on their safe deliverance. He knew also that pride of race, of military creed, which dominated his master. He wished with all his soul he could speak, say that he would make a break and try to get them through. But loyalty, that Celtic spirit of allegiance to a chieftain, blocked his mouth, made him dumb.

A shell, better aimed than the others struck the ledge only a few yards away and exploding, filled the air with flying fragments of metal and debris. With a cry, half human, half animal, Yorke bounded forward as the lieutenant fell, an inert mass across the burning dispatches. He turned him over, muttering wild words of love and fidelity and revenge. He tried to staunch the wound that stained the fair

forehead of the man he loved better than he had ever loved any creature in all his stunted life; and then, with a gentleness indescribable, he dragged the lieutenant to greater protection beneath the big boulders which formed their natural fortification.

The hot tears streamed down his freckled face. He stooped and, thrusting the smoldering dispatches into his tunic, next the scrawny, narrow chest, picked up the heavy revolver and strapped it to his hip.

As he straightened, a Mauser bullet chopped through his red hair searing the scalp in its passage. A stream of blood trickled into his eyes and he swore as he bound a dirty kerchief about his brows. Indeed, as he stood there, he mouthed such a torrent of strange, ungodly oaths as would make the inhabitants of old Caliph green with envy.

He waved his fists at the men below him, leaning far over the parapet in his wild frenzy until, awed by the strange creature's antics the enemy stopped for a few moments and surveyed him through their field-glasses. Presently, however, he reached for his rifle and began shooting at them in his reckless manner. When he had exhausted his own ammunition he discarded his heated rifle and reached for his master's. As he slipped the cartridge belt off the beloved shouldlers he stooped and touched with his own thin lips the beautifully chiseled mouth of the man he had loved. Its coldness sent a chill through his frame. As he rose to his feet his eyes caught the note so hastily written

to the girl back home—clasped in the writer's left hand.

He had said: "Yorke, if by any chance you get through safely, after I'm gone, take this to her—you know who, my lad—and tell her I loved her to the very last." He remembered again his master's love of country, that mighty Empire which had been so cruel to him, Private Yorke, that had starved him, and "jyled him," and cast him forth again with ideals below their former level.

Here, now, on this hillside, with his friend dead beside him, and the enemy below cutting the air about him with their evil dum-dums, he began to realize that great force which had been that friend's highest ideal. The true significance of his master's idealism, cherished above love of home ties, awakened in the man something new, a certain pride that he was of the same race as his master and the men who were striving for right of Empire. Now he understood the "whyfor" of it all, even the songs they sung back there in camp, "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." Unknowingly, these two years, he too, had worshipped Empire in the personality of his friend.

"Goard," he exclaimed, "an' 'e wanted me to go an' leave 'im alone—to die all by 'is-self. Not much! Private Yorke's not that kind of a Johnnie, even for a bloomin' hempire like 'er Majesty's. Now, 'owever, things is chynged since 'es gone, an' I see wot I got to do, plyne as Jimmy Mason! I've got two things to do." And he

Continued on Page 126.



With an air, almost magnificent, Yorke brought forth from his tunic the bundle of charred dispatches, drew himself to the utmost of his five-foot-seven, and, bringing his hand to the salute, without a word toppled over across the body of his master.

Men and Movements

G. K. Chesterton---“Let Me Reform You”

By HUGH S. EAYRS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Standing out from the brilliant galaxy who are making a new literature in England to-day one figure catches the eye and holds the attention. G. K. Chesterton is a remarkable figure in literature for many reasons, the*

chief of which is that he is distinctly different from anyone else who has ever essayed to put thoughts on paper. His viewpoint is new and yet old as the hills. He is teaching a new philosophy in a delightfully amusing and thrillingly sincere way

THERE are all sorts of things to see in London. The guide book will tell you to be sure and go through the Tower, and pay a visit to the British Museum, and on no account to miss Buckingham Palace, where the King lives, and the spot in Whitehall, marked by a tablet, from which a king stepped out to his death. At Westminster, if you are lucky, you may see the Cabinet in the flesh, and at Madame Tussaud's you may see the Cabinet, in wax.

All these, and many others, are the sights of London.

But there is one view you simply must catch. If you don't, you haven't really "done" London. The view is that of a quaint figure who may be seen in Fleet Street, the birthplace and burial ground of literary reputation, about the time when the papers make ready to go to press. The quaint figure is that of Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Years ago, American visitors to London felt their visit incomplete unless they caught a glimpse of Disraeli, the Wizard in the House, or of Victoria, who held the reins and ruled an empire for sixty years. To-day, American visitors to London would like to see the King, but they must see Chesterton. Mr. Asquith is interesting, but Mr. Chesterton is fascinating. Mr. Chesterton is a sight of London.

And the reason why he is one of the lions, is that he has made himself one. Nobody discovered him and boomed him and entertained him into fame. G. K. would scorn the very idea. But everything he writes is an invitation to come and see this burning bush, which is not consumed. He doesn't entertain you alone by what he writes. The personality behind the book puzzles and attracts. You may read W. D. Howells, but you don't care a hang whether you see him or not. You may wax enthusiastic over Marie Corelli, but you are not particularly interested in what she looks like, although perhaps in her case you might like to thank the lady who made Stratford-on-Avon famous, as the resi-

dence of one Marie Corelli, the same Stratford-on-Avon which, incidentally, quite incidentally, was also the birthplace of one William Shakespeare, now deceased. But the point is that books, more than their authors, attract the reader. Jack London is still Jack London, whether he wears long hair, or is prematurely bald. In Mr. Chesterton's case, however, it is different. Whether you pick up "The Defendant," which is sense, or "The Flying Inn," which is nonsense, you wonder what this fellow looks like who dares to disprove—quite to your satisfaction, while you are reading him—what the newer thought and the higher criticism lays down as standard, and to impudently champion a cause—quite to

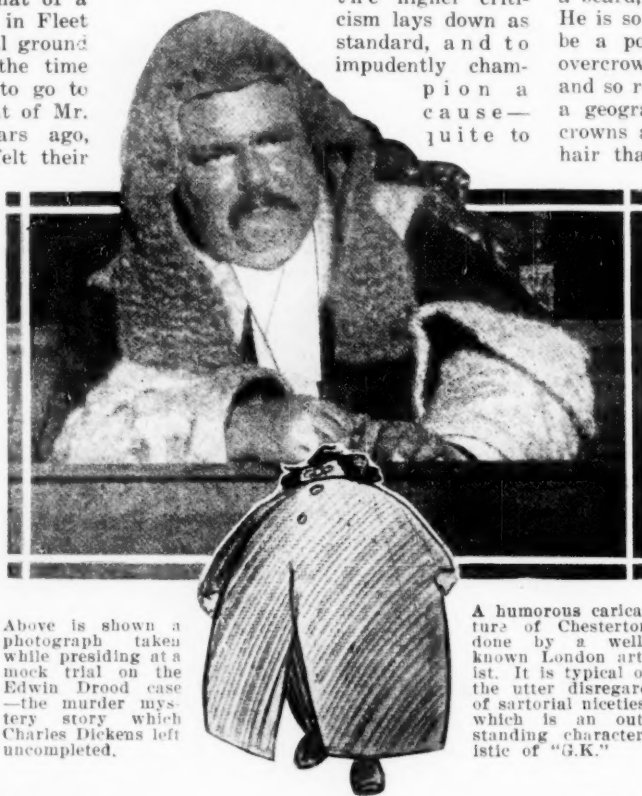
sane and crazy, incontrovertible and impossible.

See him as he wobbles down Fleet Street. He wobbles, he doesn't strut, or walk, or stride. The only time he varies his gait is when he rolls from side to side down the corridor of the *Daily News*. A man of actual middle height, he looks short because he is stupendously fat. He wears a suit for the making of which his tailor ought to be turned out of the union, and a broad hat, which might, with equal suitability, be worn by a Mexican sharpshooter, or an Italian impresario. He would scorn to have a shave when he needs it, but he wouldn't grow a beard, because he knows he ought to. He is so broad both ways that he would be a powerful argument against the overcrowding in the Toronto street cars, and so round that he might be taken for a geographer's globe. A massive head crowns a massive body, and a shock of hair that is neither curly nor straight

tumbles back from a fine, broad brow, indicating breadth of intellectuality. He loves to be shabby because he is quite sure that the dirty state is the happy state, being also the first state, and because he has money enough to dress like a respectable retired major, with money. Alfred Noyes may look like a prosperous stockbroker, but G. K. Chesterton — "never!" To sum him up, he is a mixture, in the proportion of one and one, of the late Doctor Johnson and Mr. Arthur Hawkes. The doctor cannot, perforce, be either flattered or offended by the comparison, and Mr. Hawkes — when I dared mention it to him — was anything but displeased. So much for a sight of Mr. Chesterton in the flesh.

It is more difficult to see the man through the mirror of his writing. Not that the mirror is cracked, but the glass

presents a reflection that is confusing. His books may be summed up in the phrase, "Let me reform you." He takes it for granted that we all need reforming. His most notable book is "What's Wrong With the World." Note that it isn't a question. It does not ask, "What's



Above is shown a photograph taken while presiding at a mock trial on the Edwin Drood case — the murder mystery story which Charles Dickens left uncompleted.

A humorous caricature of Chesterton done by a well-known London artist. It is typical of the utter disregard of sartorial niceties, which is an outstanding characteristic of "G.K."

your satisfaction—for which you know very well there should be no serious champion. G. K. C. has made a name and a fortune out of pulling the wool over the eyes of people who read his voraciously, and who know his writings to be at once

wrong?" It shows what's wrong. And what is wrong is wrong because, in the main, it is modernism. In effect, G. K. Chesterton says to his readers, "Heterodoxy is your doxy; orthodoxy is my doxy; even though my orthodoxy is paradoxical." He cries out against the hollowness and superstition of modernism. Mr. Lloyd-George is right when he cries, "Back to the Land," for in the beginning of things the land was the people's and there is no denying it. Mr. Chesterton stands in front of the world which would rush on to things because they are new, and, cracking his whip of laughing seriousness, cries, "Back, back to orthodoxy. Orthodoxy has been proven. Modernism hasn't. You would plunge into a new cosmos because it is new, but you ought to abide by the old cosmos because it is old, and has been tried, and was not found wanting." He is tired of the new cult which must be forever running after something that is novel. For instance, in a book about Mr. Bernard Shaw, he told him that though he was a clever fellow and a charming, he was a Calvinist—a new Calvinist. He pointed out that Mr. Shaw's Calvinism is wrong, because to the Calvinist each daily act can't very much matter, because he is ordained to do it since the day he was born, and is therefore only filling up his time to the crack of doom. To the anti-Calvinist, whether he is Protestant or Catholic, each moment of life is thrilling and interesting; to the Calvinist it is, by his own confession, automatic and uninteresting. To the Arminian, the three score years and ten are the battle. To the Calvinist, they are the mere procession of the victors in laurels and the vanquished in chains.

From that, Mr. Chesterton goes on to cry down the new Eugenist cult because the Eugenist would educate the child before he exists. Says G. K., in substance, "It isn't fair. Because the father and the mother are the parents of the children that doesn't settle the disposition of the child. It doesn't even settle the good looks or the ugliness of the child, since the child may get his ugliness from a mother who is beautiful, or his good looks from a father that is ugly." So, he goes on, the Eugenist would swear away a force which is eternal, the force which is responsible for every child being different to every other child, that came be-

fore, or comes after. He is right when he says, "You can't make a child fit, simply by having fit parents, since the fitness or otherwise of the child depends on other influences besides parentage." And so on.

Mr. Chesterton is out to do one thing. He is out to reform, not by bringing in new ideas, but by pointing to the virtues of the old. He wants people to see that the slightest thing is significant because of its unseverable connection with the great and glorious past, even if the great and glorious past has something shameful in it, as he would paradoxically put it. He refuses to acquiesce when folk supersede the banner of the past by the banner of the future, though he admits the modifying influence of the future. He wants no new theology, because we haven't had time to disprove the old. He wants no new political economy, because the old—if it were faithfully practised—could not be bettered. He doesn't want reforms because they are re-forms, but would cling to the forms that have been, slightly changed to suit the present need. He admits the new light of new circumstance, but it cannot radically alter. It only lightens, or shades. The old has been proven; the new must be proved, and more often than not, it won't hold water when measured by the standards that have held cosmos—Chesterton's pet word—together for so many generations. What's wrong with the world is that it runs away from the past simply because crinolines took up more room than hobble skirts, and gallantry took up more time than boorishness.

Sometimes this philosophy of Mr. Chesterton misses fire, and there is only smoke, because it is recited with a laugh, or more fittingly, a guffaw. But then, as G. K. C. takes care to often remind you, "cosmos is, after all, very comic," and if a philosopher is a laughing philosopher, he is none the less philosophic, necessarily. If it were otherwise, *Punch* and *Life*, which point a moral through the vehicle of a joke, would be fiascos as teachers. Yet I once met a man who told me he worshipped twice on Sunday, once at church, and once in the parlor with *Punch* in his hand. Mr. Chesterton is something more than funny; he is witty. And he is witty because he is wise. If his wisdom pills are fun-coated, they are none the less good medicine.

What a paradox Chesterton is! When he is most serious he laughs loudest. To say because he is laughing at you, ergo, he is insincere, is quite wrong. But he believes in laughing (perhaps that is why he is so fat) though you might not think it to look at his frowning face.

His charm as a writer is that he is so efficient a master of ceremonies. He has ideas which are his puppets, and he makes them, whenever he wants, gyrate and dance with a maximum of inanity. But underneath the inanity there is not insanity. He is more inconsistent than H. G. Wells. Indeed, he is only consistent in his inconsistency. It was G. K. C. who proved black was white, but he still believes that black is black and white is white. Everything he writes is so alive because he takes old-as-Adam ideas and common happenings, and somehow sees something fresh in all of them. And always the fresh vision is the obvious one. Most people see; Chesterton perceives. Witty epigram and daring paradox are the wheels of his Juggernaut wisdom. He takes you with him through familiar country and shows you pastures new, which are nevertheless very old. He points out what you have missed in the old, because you are digging in the earth, and sweeping the heavens for something novel. Through Crazy Highway, and Exaggerated Byway, he arrives at his journey's end, the convincing and converting of the man he is talking to or writing for. And you find you really weren't going anywhere at all, but the journey was intended to show you how little you knew, and how much you deceived yourself about the steadfastness of the knowledge you thought you had.

Mr. Chesterton is doing a great work. He has made religion and politics burning questions for many who thought them a heap of dead ashes. The Liberal party in general and the *Daily News* in particular, in Great Britain, know his power and his worth. He takes the facts of life and with them he quashes the fancies that don't matter. He would have you believe that it isn't such a bad old world after all. He wants you to laugh at it so that you are in the mood for improving it. His books are rare homilies, and unlike some homilies you hear in church, you can't go to sleep during their recital.

The Barred Gate: By MARGARET M. HARLAN

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

SHE had come to Carlsbad with her maid, her motor, a gay party of friends and her husband and his "liver."

He had been sent by his chief, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to try his mettle in an effort to unravel a tangled diplomatic situation with the Turkish Ambassador, who also had a "liver."

Although the clever young Englishman had chosen diplomacy as a career,

he was already the author of two uncommonly successful novels.

Within the first ten minutes of their meeting she overheard his remark to one of her friends, "Madame, I am humbly acknowledging that I know nothing whatever about women," and she made an immediate mental note, "Clever person! He probably knows more than most men."

His impression after the few words of introduction was, "Mondaine, charming,

a baffling expression, eyes that one associates with violets; probably spoiled"; and, when she refused to walk with him, he decided that he wanted to know her.

His mission in Carlsbad was an important one, and knowing that the praise of his chief meant a rise in the Foreign Office he was keenly intent on making a successful coup. Thus, he had little time for pleasure. But as he encountered the gay American party in their going and coming, when his mind was free

from his ambitious duties, he was piqued by her indifference to him and his attempts to seek her. He had an abrupt power with women which occasioned either dislike or intense interest, often love, but never indifference.

He sometimes surprised a question in her eyes, but it was as quickly withdrawn, and her air of piquant gaiety kept him at bay.

After many days of fitful glimpses of her, and casual encounters, they met one afternoon near Pupp's crowded restaurant.

"Well, this is luck," said Hallam; "won't you stop and rest under the trees? And perhaps you will take an ice—it's abominably warm." Her lips were about to refuse, but her eyes said, "Yes, why not?"

As they sat down, he realized with what a keen longing he had waited to command the undivided attention of this woman, and to read the riddle of her look.

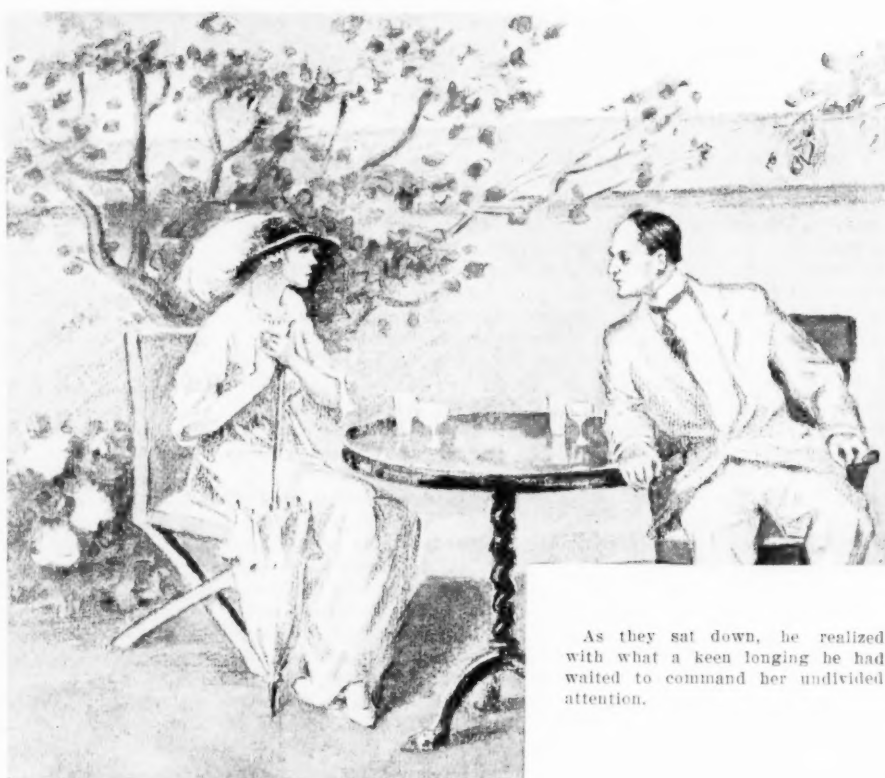
He had found it so easy, because of his own magnetism, to indulge in the pastime of unmasking a woman's personality, that it had grown to be an almost expected relaxation. In winning the emotional gratitude of a neglected but attractive governess, or "companion," he succeeded in persuading himself that he was practising a certain kind of altruism; "poor little thing, she's so lonely," he would say to himself in excuse.

With a woman of his own social set, it was merely *pour passer le temps*. His observation was therefore trained in understanding the ways of women.

The fascination of playing with their emotions, while guarding his own, sometimes brought upon him revelations, which, had he been probing his own soul, might have been self-revelations.

As she watched the passing of the motley crowd, he studied her. He noted with an aesthetic delight her perfect daintiness, the costly accessories of her dress, the satiny gleam of pearls under the lace of her gown, the proud poise of her small head, the beautiful line from throat to shoulder. He wondered, as he looked, if it were a shadow or a sadness that flitted over her face. The interlaced boughs overhead cast a sharp reflection in the afternoon glare.

Presently, one of Grieg's mystic melodies was begun by the orchestra. The reverent silence that all German audiences render to such genius gave Hal-



As they sat down, he realized with what a keen longing he had waited to command her undivided attention.

lam another opportunity to test his insight. That her inmost spirit responded to the meaning of the melody he felt sure, but the unusual sense of frustrated endeavor to pigeon-hole her type, so to speak, gave an added keenness to his desire to plumb the depths. Hallam had been wont to consider himself infallible in the diagnosis of a personality, but he now had a baffling sense of something far beyond his vision. While conscious of a tantalizing, elusive charm, he detected a promise of unending variety of mood, an imp of daring lurking within her, or perhaps a devil of destructive impulse, should Fate once challenge or provoke her.

Prosperity will kill her, he thought, banality, stupidity, uncongeniality, will rouse that devil in time—"I wonder what she would do," he questioned. And as he absorbed the dreamy wonder of her look, as she listened, he also knew that the flame on the altar of her heart—the red flame of passion—and yet more, the white flame of the inner shrine, the holy of holies, sentinelled by the red flame, had never been kindled. All unconsciously to herself, he felt it had been guarded by the virginity of her soul. He wondered whose hand would light that torch.

As he mused and wondered, the little verse crept into his mind:

"Oh, loved the most, when most I feel
There is a higher and a lower."

Her scarcely breathed exclamation of "How beautiful," bade him ask:

"I adore it. I think I love everything I don't quite understand. It offers such a field for exploration."

When the angel of rapture had folded his wings, and the commonplace had fallen upon them, and the murmur of the

crowd became once more apparent, he came to the present by asking:

"Is your husband better?"

"Oh, he always thinks he is, in every new place, until he tires of the theatres and amusements. I induced some of his special playmates to meet us here, hoping that it would make him more contented to stay."

"Then you don't care for it?"

"Oh, it's well enough as these places go, but—Ah, well—if one has a home, it is nice to be in it now and then."

Just then a particularly bizarre group of Turks—Turks with their gay fezzes, and Russian women,

whose faces seemed drawn in sharp black and white, passed in the moving procession. Her direct gaze returned to him as they disappeared.

"Mr. Hallam, I think you must be a very happy man." It was the first time she had ever given him the full radiance of her look. He stammered, surprised by the earnest directness of her expression.

"I? Really, you astonish me; why, may I ask?"

"Because you are free to live the life you choose. More than all, because you have ideals and the power to give them to others."

"So you have read my small contributions to literature?"

"Yes, long ago. Do you realize your gift, and do you value it?"

"I do when the cheques come in."

"Is that the only reason? It's such an escape. When life bores you, and people grow tiresome, you can retire to another world and make it real, and your own."

"Ideals are very well," he replied, "but after all they are lonely companions. If I could pluck champignons, Pommery sec, motor cars, and all they stand for, from the trees, I might find them everlastingly congenial."

"Your character of the hero in your last book is an inspiration for a lifetime. I have never met any one like him in fiction. He seems so human, so possible, and yet so ideal."

"Well, you see he is human. He's real. He is not a creature of my imagination at all. He's my friend."

"How very interesting!" and her smile pictured her interest. "Do tell me about him."

"Oh, there isn't much to tell about dear old Jack. He has been my best

friend since we were in knickerbockers, and he seems to me a perfect combination of a man of the world and a saint, an unusual combination that, and the most unusual part is that his family comes in for the saintliness. The unsuspecting might take him for a devil-may-care pessimist."

"What does he look like, your friend?"

"Well, Jack is long and lean, with gray eyes and a wonderful smile. He could melt the stoniest heart with that smile, and those gray eyes of his would never flinch even if called upon to sacrifice his life's happiness—to save his mother or brother from debt or scandal."

Then under the encouragement of her interest: "By Jove! Jack is an inspiration. He started out with a wonderful scheme for economic reform, but his career has gone to smash because of his irritating idealism in regard to what he considers his duty. It's fine, but his people don't appreciate it."

"Therefore you don't think it worth while?"

"Yes, oh yes! I suppose one is bound to think that unselfish service is the highest conception of life. But it's hard on Jack, and I would rather make him the hero of my story than be in his place."

"How much luckier you are, Mr. Hallam, than he; for evidently he is not able to live his life as he likes."

"If it is a question of measuring happiness, Mrs. Manning you seem to possess all that heart can wish."

"Yes," said she, musing, "I have everything that money can buy. I have everything I want, but one—"

Although her look challenged him, he did not put the expected question. Then, as if talking to himself as much as to her:

"I can fancy you in your own setting."

"I wish you could see our place. It's beautiful. My husband took enormous interest in it until it was finished to the last detail: the house, the grounds, the stables."

"Then did he tire of it?"

"Have you ever heard the story of the old man who said 'It's not so hard to get what you want, as it is to keep on wanting what you get.' The original remark had reference to wives; but it might be applied to houses, hats, or husbands."

He smiled, but his pulse quickened as he ventured:

"Mrs. Manning, may I ask you why you have avoided me all these weeks?"

"Because I know you too well: I don't understand you, but I have known you for a thousand years!"

That night, as Hallam tied his necktie with unwonted absentmindedness, he said to himself: "The thought of Jack is always a bracer. I wonder why I felt such sudden enthusiasm. It must have been her eyes; they glowed when I told her of him."

He slowly reflected: "She looked as if she, too, could die for an ideal."

II.

THREE weeks later, they were walking in one of the forest paths on the mountain.

They had elected to say their good-bye away from the crowd. The parting had grown more painful than either dared to admit. Hallam had been summoned to London, having successfully finished his mission, and he was to leave that afternoon. In silence they sat under the trees to rest; and the silence seemed sadder than the words of farewell.

"Dear, it was as inevitable as the tides. If it had not happened now, it would have sometime. I couldn't leave without telling you. God knows I tried; but what was the use? You knew it."



"Next week I am going to marry your friend Jack."

"Yes, I knew it. I wonder if it is a beautiful thing that has come to us, or a terrible thing?"

"Never a terrible thing, sweetheart, how can love ever be terrible? Why, the thought of you will be an inspiration to

me always. What books we could write together!"

"Shall you keep that thought in your mind in the weary time to come,—the thought that I want so much to help you?"

"Dear heart, I shall daily give thanks for you." And then growing vehement in the pain of parting, all the long-rooted theories of individualism came pouring from his lips.

"Why, you belong to me by all the laws of nature and truth. Don't you feel that? There is a morality of nature higher than any laws of expediency. It is God's truth. What do you care about man's laws? You love me; I feel it in the sweetness of your arms. What can keep us apart forever? Sometime—sometime—there must come a time—"

"Oh, it all seems so wrong," she moaned.

"It's not wrong, it's not wrong, Florence dear, it's only natural, and we can't help it."

They had been swept so fiercely into the full tide of passion during these short weeks, that it was only now, when the parting had come, that they were brought face to face with any question of decisive conduct. To him all artificial standards were like the morning dew that vanishes in the splendor of the sun's rays. His love seemed to him so strong, so unending, so sure and equal to the conquest of mere convention. In the

surety of reciprocal passion, even absence had no terrors, for love like theirs must endure.

In the madness of the moment he found his arms around her; he felt her tears on his face.

"Ah, Philip, what shall I do in the empty days without you?"

"If he were only cruel to you—if he ill-treated you, I would have some excuse. It would be different for us then."

"Phil dearest, let us think of what we have. It is very wonderful. I never knew I could love any one like this. Don't you believe in mental telepathy? I do, and I feel that we can find each other so. The thing itself is so great, that we

can do without the manifestation. To know that somewhere in the world you are thinking of me, and caring for me, will give me happiness enough until I see you again—and then you will write to me—and I shall always be hoping—"

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May Irwin—Peeress of Stage Widows

By MARGARET BELL

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Perhaps no Canadian actress is better known or better liked than jolly, buxom May Irwin. It is many years since she left her home in Whitby to win a place on the stage and during that time she has laughed and wept

her way into the affections of theatre-goers everywhere. Many mimic stars have a certain bent. With Christie Macdonald it is the princess role; with May Irwin it is that of the widow. Read this description of the "greatest of stage widows."

ON a narrow, little stream, which runs between bits of land down in swampy Florida, could be heard the swish, swish of a boat. It was a flat-bottomed boat, such as is used by fisher folk.

It was used by fisher folk. But they were not professional fishers, though they handled the boat as if they might be.

Away beyond the jungle of tropical trees, could be heard the voices of the negroes just starting out to the fields. Now and then, the soft, languorous voices would be intruded upon by a shrill, weird cry. The call of the wild cat is not pleasant to hear.

The hour was four-thirty a.m.

The two people in the flat-bottomed boat had been up and around for half an hour. The great Southern world was awake and doing. The month was January.

Sometimes, the two fisher folk went out hunting. There was a wide variety of game to choose from. But, of late, the head of the party was becoming fastidious. She would eat nothing but teal.

So doth superfluous bounty render us all snobs of epicureanism.

Not that anyone would ever dream of calling May Irwin a snob. There, it's out. One of the fisher folk was none other than this popular comedienne, who had run away, right in the midst of her season, to cater to a large family of nerves. The out-of-the-world district of Central Florida was the place chosen for the picnic. There she wore comfortable clothes and a more comfortable incognito and rested her soul in peace.

He who accompanied her was her husband, one Kurt Eisfeldt, by name. There they spent three precious months, far away from grease paint and managers' ills, associating with ducks and alligators and dear other picnickers, of sixty or seventy summers. There they fished and

hunted, and cooked the result of these two frivolities, to their hearts' content. There they listened to the lulling slum-

the gun. By which disability she missed a lot of sport.

Continued on Page 97.



Views of May Irwin from her latest plays, in all of which she has appeared in widow roles.

brous voices of the Southern negroes, and the neither lulling nor slumbrous voices of the 'gators. And gradually the years slipped from their backs, until they felt no more than infants frisking in thoughtlessness.

And when it came time to leave the 'gators and ducks and wildcats, the whole family of nerves had disappeared in the Florida swamps.

During all those precious weeks, blasé New York had spent much time speculating as to where May Irwin could be. But the only solution arrived at was an indefinite "nervous collapse, had to go South." Under which wise canopy of truth did she conceal herself. With the result that she was never bothered when the weekly mail made its rounds, neither was her holiday interrupted by the arrival of any vari-colored Sunday editions.

When May Irwin disclosed herself and came out of hiding, the very first thing she did was go to a gunsmith's and order a gun. The reason for this is very obvious, especially to anyone who is familiar with the lines of May Irwin's figure. When she was down in the wilds of Florida, a great desire came upon her, the desire to shoot some of the delectable things, which, when unfeathered, made such delicious pates and the like. She went with her husband, on most of his shooting trips, but always dissolved into tears, when she attempted to wrest a wee life from its pond or tree. Such pathos seems only natural from big-hearted May Irwin. But, as a matter of fact, the tears were not for the duck at all. Rather for herself and her inability to hold

The Miracle of the X-Rays

One Man Stumbled on to Its Discovery and His Find Trained Another Servant for Humanity

By DR. GORDON BATES

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The advance of medical science has been marked by several epochal discoveries, the greatest of which perhaps was the triumph of Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood. Almost equally great, how-

ever, was the result of a series of experiments which led to the finding of X-rays. What has been done by the use of these penetrating, mysterious rays, and what may be done in the future form the subjects for the following article.

AS even the least among us know, X denotes the mysterious, the unfathomable, the occult. Sometimes, in the teeth of an examiner it stands for the essence of maliciousness. More frequently there is a certain benignant aspect to the unknown; none of which is altogether irrelevant in the discussion of the rays whose character made them deserve their name.

The X-rays were called by their expressive title because it was the only title which fitted them. Now they are sometimes called the Rontgen rays. Then, their discoverer knew only that he had found something new and astounding, something possessing unheard of, almost magical qualities. As to its meaning or explanation—well the less said the better. Obviously X was discovered but it was only X. The other side of the equation was yet to be filled in.

History has it—for in the story of X-rays it is ancient history now—that one day in the fall of 1893, Prof. Rontgen was experimenting with Crooks tubes. One should explain that these are large glass vacuum tubes so arranged that electric sparks from a high voltage current can be passed through them. At the time, on a flat-topped desk in his office lay an

unassorted heap of books, glass tubes and plate-holders, platinum and aluminum electrodes and what not; such an unassorted heap as is likely to accumulate on the desk of a busy man. In this confusion it happened that a large book



Plate 3

which the professor had been reading lay on a photographic plate-holder. In the book lay a key serving as a book-mark. Over this, during one morning, the experiments went on.

Returning from lunch, Prof. Rontgen, who was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, took out the plate-holder from beneath the book and went out with his camera to take a picture. Unfortunately for the picture, but fortunately for modern science, the portrait or whatever it was which resulted was ruined by the appearance, in the centre of the developed picture, of a large black key.

The professor was puzzled but later set to work to repeat precisely the operation of the day on which the occurrence had taken place. The Crooks tube, book, key, and plate-holder were placed in exactly the same positions and lo, again a key appeared in the photographic plate.

Here, indeed, was a strange thing. Of course it was known that cathode rays would affect a photographic plate, but



Plate 1.—Showing a fracture of both bones of the leg.

here between the plate and the source of the rays were a thick book and the hard rubber side of the plate-holder, both of which were impervious to light. The greenish glow or fluorescence in the Crooks tube then suggested that substances other than glass might be made to fluoresce. Various ones were tried. One of them was barium platino-cyanide. This, placed on a card-board screen, glowed brilliantly under the influence of the new rays. Solid substances placed between the source of the rays and the fluorescent screen showed up distinctly on the far side of the screen. In 1895 Prof. Rontgen made public the facts he had discovered.

The explanation of the rays, as far as it goes is this; that when cathode rays passing through a vacuum tube impinge against the glass wall of the tube itself, certain rays (the X-rays) are produced. By using special cathodes it was soon found possible to focus the cathode rays on metal targets or anti-cathodes and thus strengthen them. Since the heavier metals have proved to be more efficient for this purpose they were—and are—more frequently used. Platinum is the material in the best tubes.

So much for the discovery and its explanation. Of course it aroused a sensation. Everyone could appreciate the existence of the thin light in the air, which made it possible for one to see. Here, however, was something which made the impossible possible, which permitted one to see through solid substances, books, cushions or thick boards, to obtain actual photographs of things on the other side.

DISCOVERY APPLIED TO SCIENCE.

In medicine and surgery the value of it all became apparent at once. Obviously the hit-and-miss method which had been part of the diagnosis of various conditions, notably fractures, could be largely done away with. Before the use of the



Plate 2.—Showing a needle lodged in the foot.

new rays, broken bones were set and their subsequent position, good or bad, ascertained largely by sets of measurements. In many bad fractures this, to put it baldly, meant little better than scientific guesswork. Often the condition was partially or incorrectly diagnosed in the first place. Even if the diagnosis were correct, the sequel, because the surgeon could not check the results of his treatment, might be too frequently a life-long deformity for the unhappy patient. Today in any case in which there is any possibility of an error the existence of Röntgen rays provides a means which no surgeon can afford to neglect. In them lies a sure means to correct the fallibility which is becoming less and less a part of surgical diagnosis.

Plate 1 gives a very easily interpreted picture of a fracture of both bones of the leg. Such a fracture could probably have been easily set without the aid of the X-rays. It is a clear and clean cut; yet one may easily imagine the possibility of a fracture not so simple, one in which for instance fragments have been detached as in an oblique fracture whose parts would insist on over-riding. The possibility of such complications is one which can not be disregarded even in a fracture which seems simple.

The value of the X-rays in clearing up such obscure cases or in rendering assurance doubly sure in simple ones has been inestimable. No less valuable have they been in cases when the detection of foreign bodies has been necessary.

Man is at best a fragile creature and, as he is liable to breaks of one sort or another, so he may ingest articles of diet which are indigestible indeed. Men, insane and otherwise, and children have emulated the ostrich in swallowing all sorts of article from tacks to safety razors. Bullets, pins, coins, crochet needles and other things too numerous to men have found their way by one avenue or another into the interior of man's anatomy. Once, they might be discovered by a groping surgeon. Too often they disappeared completely only to turn up later as the cause of peritonitis or some other malady which might easily be serious enough to result in death.

To-day, by means of the X-rays in the hands of a competent operator a foreign body may not only be located but actually seen. Plate II. gives an example of this. Some unfortunate has stepped on a needle. The tough skin of the heel almost precludes any possibility of locating it by ordinary means. Before the days of the X-rays one would have found it necessary to simply cut and cut until, largely by chance, the needle was struck. Possibly—or probably—it was not found at all. The modern simplifying of the problem is made obvious by the picture.

To experienced surgeons one of the greatest revolutions made possible has been brought about in kidney surgery. In looking over papers on this subject of even little more than ten years ago, the errors in diagnosis made by even the most distinguished surgeons are, in the light of present achievements, almost laughable.

X-rays have changed all this. At first, even shortly after their invention, they proved to be of value in locating stones in the kidney or in the ureter, the tube draining the kidney (the small oblong shadow shown in Plate III. is an example); but since other things such as phleboliths also cast shadows, the method was not always trustworthy. Of late the use of the cystoscope and the ureteral catheter (a long fine tube which may be insinuated into the ureter), in combination with X-rays have added greatly to the utility of the latter. Not infrequently small pea-like stones or calculi as they are called, are found whose existence formerly could only have been a matter of conjecture.

PRODUCING PICTURES.

Any substance whose density is in great contrast to its surroundings will cast a shadow on an X-ray plate. Carbonate of bismuth is an example. It is a heavy white powder and has been used to demonstrate various conditions especially in the abdomen. If a patient is given a drink of this substance suspended in water, the thick cream-like concoction passes to the stomach and thence to the intestines. In passing it coats the walls between which it passes with layers of bismuth sufficient to cast a distinct shadow on a plate. Thus a picture of the stomach and intestines may be produced and possibly some diseased condition demonstrated. Again by swallowing little pellets of bismuth the situation of strictures of the oesophagus

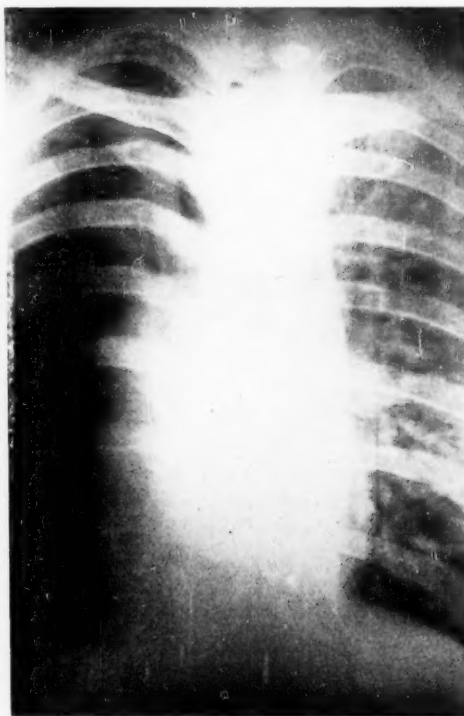


Plate 4.—An X-Ray photograph of the lungs.

may be found. The package of bismuth goes down until its passage is interrupted. The X-rays show how far it has gone. A point just below this must be the situation of the stricture.

Similarly certain conditions of the heart blood-vessels or lungs may frequently be shown up when ordinary methods

of diagnosis are insufficient. An outstanding example of this is found in aortic aneurysm, a dangerous dilatation of the great artery leading from the heart. It commonly shows up well on a fluoroscopic screen or an X-ray plate.

Other heart and lung conditions can be fairly pictured too. Plate IV. is a picture of the chest of a person suffering from tuberculosis. One lung is affected as will be seen by the shadows on the right side. The other lung is clear. The position of the dark shadow in the centre of the picture.

Such are a few of the methods by which the diagnosis of many conditions is furthered by the use of these curious rays. One has only to look over a series of plates from the collection of an expert radiologist to realize how valuable they must be. Here will be several plates of bullets implanted in obscure portions of the body. Next perhaps will be a picture showing the chest of a child who has been unfortunate enough to get a stick-pin in his wind-pipe or a cent painfully crammed into his oesophagus. Next will be a badly broken leg or a dilated stomach or a tuberculous bone. One cannot but feel elation at a retrospect which includes successful repairs of all sorts which only these pictures have made possible.

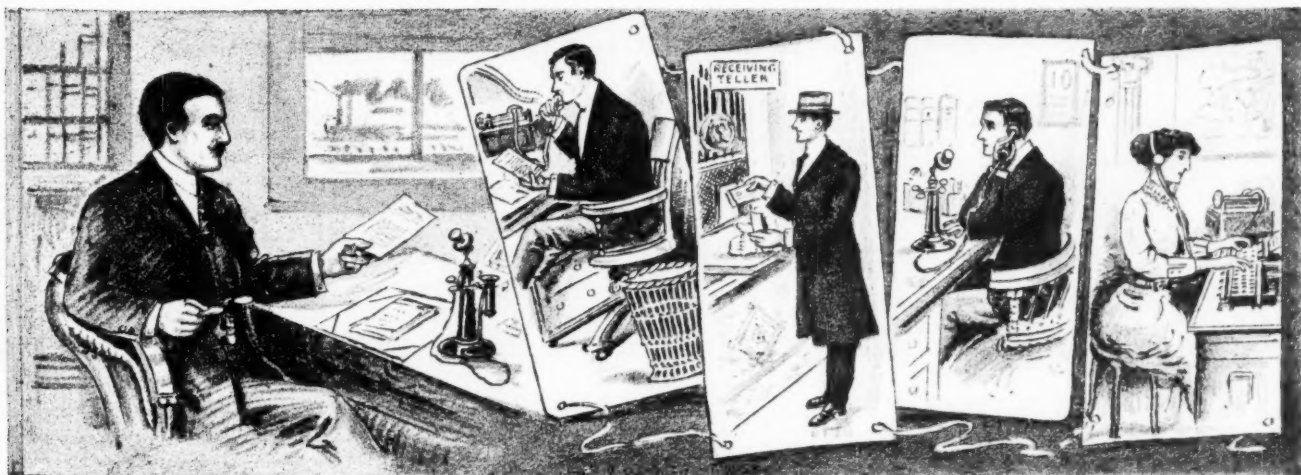
Early in the study of X-rays it was found that improperly used they might do a great deal of harm to people using them. Before this was realized more operators than one suffered the penalty which the inexperience of pioneers in many ventures makes frequent. Severe burns were not uncommon. Terrible skin inflammation, too, resulted, so severe in the case of at least one well-known English physician that both his hands were subsequently amputated. Following this, perhaps on the principle that one poison will destroy another, it was suggested that possibly X-rays would cure disease and in fact their effect was tried in many conditions.

In some cases results more than justified expectations. In others woeful disappointment followed. In superficial cancer such as early cancer of the lip, in that malignant condition known as rodent ulcer, a terrible face cancer, and in lupus or tuberculosis of the skin, brilliant results in the form of absolute tumors and in tuberculosis of the lungs results have been entirely negative. In not a few chronic skin diseases the X-rays have a decided value.

But one might continue a dissertation on the merits and possibilities of so interesting a subject ad infinitum. Space forbids that one do more than touch on a few of its more important uses as a diagnostic and therapeutic agent.

It may be of interest, last of all, to say something of the appearance of the tube which generates rays. It is a large glass bulb with several hollow projections. The air has been exhausted and the wires which bear the electric current to and from it are attached at either end. Projecting into the centre from one end is the cathode, opposite it is a small metal

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Getting the Facts: Systems that Make for Efficiency

By GEO. H. SHEPARD

Third Article of Series

THE story is told of a quack doctor who, lacking knowledge of the theory of medicine relied upon records of his experience in his case book. Being called in to treat a carpenter in a fever, he prescribed some bread pills, thinking that they would be harmless at least. When he called on his patient the next day, to his astonishment he found the man well. As he knew that it was not his bread pills that had done it, he questioned the patient about what had happened. The carpenter replied that he got thirsty in the night and drank a pint of pickled cabbage juice. Whereupon the empiric noted in his case book: "For fever, one pint of pickled cabbage juice, taken internally at night."

Some time after, being called to treat an upholsterer with a fever, he ordered the man to get up in the night and drink a pint of pickled cabbage juice. The patient died and the quack then added to the entry in his case book: "The above treatment is beneficial to carpenters, but fatal to upholsterers."

Yet the quack was on the right track in keeping immediate records and in trying to draw conclusions by comparing them. After losing a few more carpenters and upholsterers, he would probably see that the patient's trade had nothing to do with the curative properties of pickled cabbage juice. Continued records would have shown that more cases recovered under bread pills than under pickled cabbage juice treatment.

It took the medical profession only about five thousand years of that kind of observation and analysis to learn that one fever differed from another. Study of the ulcerations of the intestines showed that typhoid fever was altogether different from typhus. Investigations as truly heroic as they were truly scientific, in which several gallant men lost their lives gradually cleared up the obscure rela-

tions of cause and effect, and showed that mosquito bites, and not contact with the sick, were the means of propagating yellow fever.

I once spent five days in quarantine for yellow fever on a sub-tropical island swarming with mosquitoes. If it had not been that, by the mercy of God, there were no cases at the quarantine station during that time, probably every one there would have had the fever.

Now, through knowledge of the fact that extermination of mosquitoes, and not quarantine, is the true preventive of yellow fever, Gorgas has converted the Isthmus of Panama into a health resort. Anyone who has ever visited the grim cemetery of the old French days, on Monkey Hill, appreciates the difference.

WHAT THEORY IS.

The past has given us from its experiences, records, and reasonings, an immense and invaluable fund of knowledge; and it is this knowledge that constitutes our THEORY.

How can anyone despise or neglect it? Yet there are those who do both, and who even glory in their shame.

This unfortunate state of mind springs, I believe, from not knowing the limitations of theory. The trouble with theory is that it is incomplete. The most that it can do is to draw a circle around the answer and say: "It is in there." Theory alone can not say where.

In other words, the mere theorist can find the nest, but it is beyond him to take out the eggs.

On the other hand, the *practical man* can not only go direct to the nest, but can put his hand right on the egg, provided he has done it before. But now let your empiric, who has been a very successful raider of hen's nests, be called upon to produce a dozen orioles' eggs. He will follow the beaten path to the hen house,

regardless of the fact that no oriole ever nested there.

Now call in your ornithologist, who has never been in your town in his life, and ask him to get you orioles' eggs. He will find a row of elms, with long branches too slender at the tips for cats, and will tell you to search next to the outer screen of leaves for the hammocks of the orioles.

Of course, for the mere routine worker, practical empirical knowledge is entirely sufficient. A man who is both theoretical and practical has marked out the way for him, and he has worn it into a beaten path.

The danger which threatens the routine worker is that, when the matter has degenerated into mere routine, the theorist-practitioner can and does transfer his ability still further to a slave without mind or personality; and the human machine finds a metal machine in his place, and his job gone.

I am writing for men who have to, or desire to, lead others, who have to blaze the trails for the routine workers; and for such men knowledge of the theory of their work is imperative.

Such a man must not only find the elm trees, but, the first time at least, he must direct the placing of the ladders by which to circumvent the strategy of the orioles, and must point out to the small boys who rifle the nests just where to search the screen of leaves. He is much more apt to do that successfully if he has been bird-nesting himself a good many times.

In other words, the executive must have not only theory and not only practice, but he must have both theory and practice, not merely welded together, but fused and stirred together until every atom of theory finds its atom of practice and the two combine into new molecules of knowledge.

One of the great defects of our sys-

What He Would Have Done

LET us see how the principles can be applied to a concrete case. A man intends to make a business of making honey. He is taken in hand by a scientific manager who knows very little about either bees or honey, but who questions him.

IDEALS.

Q.—What do you expect to do?

A.—Secure 35 pounds of honey a year from each colony.

The scientific manager immediately finds out that twice this amount of honey has been produced on the average from well managed hives, so he marks the client 50 per cent. on ideals.

COMMON SENSE.

Q.—Where do you intend to settle?

A.—Oh, anywhere. I have a brother-in-law at Ashbury Park.

Q.—Do you know that bees are unionized and that you will have to accept the rules of their union?

A.—I don't know much about that. I guess it will be all right. He is marked 20 per cent. on these questions for he is evidently not using common sense in starting his venture.

PERSONNEL.

Q.—Have you employed any one skilled with bees?

A.—No. I remember what my uncle told me when I was a boy.

Q.—Will you start your bees with an Italian Queen?

A.—A native queen is good enough for me.

Q.—Have you subscribed to the bee papers, have you put yourself in touch with the United States Agricultural Department, or with the State Boards?

A.—No. I have a book that belonged to my grandfather. He is marked 10 per cent. on the principle of personnel.



DISCIPLINE.

Q.—Have you studied the spirit of the hive? Do you know the rules by which the bees govern themselves?

A.—No, but I smoke them when I take the honey and catch them when they swarm.

He is marked about 30 per cent. on discipline.

FAIR DEAL.

Q.—What are you going to do for your bees? Will you watch to see if they fall sick? Will you watch the flowers fade and then take their honey away? Will you allow the great night moth to destroy them?

A.—I think the bees can take care of themselves. I must sell the honey they make.

On this occasion he is given as to the principle of the "Fair Deal" not only no credit, but a demerit of 50 per cent.

RELIABLE, IMMEDIATE, AND ADEQUATE RECORDS.

Q.—Will you know when each kind of flower blooms and about how much of it is within each of the hive? Will you weigh the honey made in each hive, have records to show how much the bees both make and need, will you know the minute they are going to swarm and have a new hive ready?

A.—No, but I keep a very accurate record of the weather and I watch the market quotations for honey.

On reliable, immediate and adequate records he gets 10 per cent. for he has at least counted his hives, and this is a beginning of reliable records.

From your previous answers it is plain that you have very vague plans and schedules, that you have no despatching, that you are not adapting conditions nor operations, that you are not reducing to writing best practices, that you are offering very scant efficiency reward.

stem of education has been that we have made our youth swallow a mass of theory without any practice along with it, so that we have properly called the knowledge certified by the still wet diploma of the college graduate, "undigested." In order that theory and practice may properly digest each other, they must be taken together in small mouthfuls, and must be well chewed before swallowing.

Schneider, of the University of Cincinnati, has shown us how to do it by sending his engineering students two weeks into actual work at engineering trades in commercial shops and then two weeks into the college class rooms, with a special teacher, called the co-ordinator, continually to point out the relations between theory and practice.

TRACING MIND INFORMATION.

In a preceding article of this series, that on personnel, I pointed out that the possibilities of any one individual's theory and practice are too limited for present-day requirements; and that this difficulty can be overcome by competent counsel through staff organization. As soon as a new item of knowledge reaches the mind, the natural tendency is for all previous knowledge to challenge the newcomer. You see in a technical journal that a new alloy, Stellite, is superior to any steel as a cutting tool. Immediately your knowledge of chemistry cries out to Stellite, "Hold on. Let's see what you are

made of?" Behind chemistry come her family, the Elements. Iron exclaims, "Show us your family tree. No relation of mine apparently. Perhaps you've met the family cook, old Auntie Heat?"

This natural tendency of the mind should be encouraged, for it is by means of it that the mind classifies its knowledge and gets it into convenient shape for ready use. In the above process all the previous members of the family have got acquainted with Stellite. They have quartered him in a brain cell on Cobalt Street. They have not only got his address, but they have connected him to the brain's telephone exchange and have put down his number in their directories.

Some day you want the latest and best alloy for a cutting tool. Meanwhile you have forgotten all about Stellite. Naturally you inquire of Iron who replies, "I'm getting old and am trying to retire from that line but I know a young fellow, the very party for you," takes down his telephone receiver and rings up Stellite. "Stellite speaking," replies the latter. "Boss wants you in the main office," says Iron and hangs up; and, in less time than it takes to tell it, Stellite presents himself to the Conscious Mind.

In fact, the brains of men of great ability, in so far as there has been opportunity to examine them, have been distinguished not so much for gray thought cells as for the abundance of white nerve

fibres and for the thoroughness with which they connect the thought cells.

THINKING ON THE ROAD.

Such classification and correlation of knowledge should be fostered by deliberate reflection for that express purpose. Arnold Bennett suggests to the busy man that he should use the journey from house to office every morning for this purpose. The suggestion is a good one; but, for American cities at least, should not begin until one has entered the car, and should end the moment one starts to leave it. The reason for this is that reflection requires concentration and concentration induces absent-mindedness, and absent-mindedness on the street gets one run over by an automobile. Also alertness is itself an indispensable mental quality and needs exercise, and there is no better place for it than in saving one's life from trolley cars and mad pedestrians in negotiating a street crossing.

Re-examination of the grilling that Stellite got from the previous members of the family, when he applied for admission, shows that the process tends to break up the new knowledge into its elements and to examine every element by itself.

This instinctive analysis should also be encouraged because, while combinations are infinite in number, elements are few. Hence one readily gets to know the elements and how to deal with them.

What He Was Instructed To Do

THIS man's undertaking is hopelessly doomed to failure on his own showing.
How do we advise him?

Ideals.—You will set up an ideal of 70 pounds of honey per hive per year, twice what you have counted on.

Common Sense.—You will go to California, the land of flowers, not to Ashbury Park, and you will locate in the foot-hills where the season is longest.

Personnel.—You will hire out for at least a year to a successful bee-raiser. You will find out everything you can from all the experts in the world. You will start with the best queens you can secure. The quality of the workers is of the highest importance.

Discipline.—You will study the spirit of the bees and build on the disciplining foundation they give you.

Fair Deal.—You will see that they become neither discouraged nor indifferent, you will protect them from enemies and diseases. You will be ready for them when they swarm.

Records.—You will keep only necessary records, but they must be absolutely reliable, immediate, and inadequate.

Planning.—You will carefully and scientifically plan the whole business in advance, as to how many hives to keep, how often they can be depleted of their honey, what you will do as to the swarms.



Standards.—You will establish standards and schedule the operations in accordance with the seasons and locality.

Conditions.—You will adapt conditions by setting up the hives where the flowers are, moving the hives from place to place to different flowery fields and as the season advances move them into the mountains.

DOING THINGS THE BEST WAY.

You will standardize operations by selecting the proper kind of hive, putting in it the box frames equipped with a comb foundation of wax. You will place wood wax outside the hives so that the bees need waste no time gathering pollen. You will empty the combs and put them back again so as to save the trouble of making new ones. You will not expose glucose outside the hives and induce the honest bees to fill the comb with glucose instead of with honey.

Instruction.—You will write in a loose leaf ledger all you learn that is good practice so that your son can inherit and build further on your knowledge.

Efficiency Reward.—Finally you will see that in all respects your bees are healthier, more prosperous, living up to their own ideals more fully than they ever did before.

This kind of analysis, this kind of betterment can be applied to any undertaking whatever.

SEPARATING EACH ITEM.

We do not build a wall by dumping loads of bricks along the line and crushing them into a compact mass by a steam roller. First the hod-carrier separates every brick from the disorderly heap; and in his hod every brick is a distinct element, separate from every other brick. Then the bricklayer builds all these separate units into one compact larger unit, the wall; and out of the same kind of bricks he may build many different kinds of walls.

The mental processes of able men are like that. On being confronted with an unfamiliar problem, such a man does not try to deal with it in bulk. Instead he first analyzes it, separates it into its elements. Probably most of the elements are already familiar to him. If there are any strange ones, he next gets after them. If he is helped by staff organization, he will, if need be, call in competent counsel to help him to quick acquaintance with them. When the elements of the problem are known, comes the building of the answer, the synthesis of those elements into the decision.

In dealing with problems of efficiency, the principles stated in the introductory article are of supreme importance. Just as the chemist, by applying to an unknown compound in turn the test for the presence of every element of matter makes a qualitative analysis of it—so the efficiency engineer, by applying to any situation the fundamental principles of efficiency one after another, determines in what respects it is efficient and in what inefficient.

Harrington Emerson illustrates this as shown in the test accompanying this article.

As thus indicated, the very first analysis by the principles of efficiency, may, under a skilful investigator, be not only qualitative, but more or less quantitative also. As the work of betterment proceeds, successive analyses must carry quantitative determinations ever to more and more refined accuracy. That is, as time goes on, one must not only answer the question, "What?"; but ever more and more accurately, "How much?" This will be taken up further under the principles of standards and records.

One of the ways in which common sense must be most strongly applied is in insisting upon the substitution of definite quantitative knowledge for fads, fancies, and general impressions. One of the most serious obstacles in the way of greater efficiency is usually the lack of such knowledge. In that case, standards must be determined and records must be installed as soon as possible, in order to obtain it.

The professor of mathematics of a certain university in passing through the grounds, saw the superintendent of buildings with a gang of laborers trying, with a block and fall, to lift to its place over the main door of a building, a bust, of heroic size, of the donor of the building, which had been generously furnished for that purpose by the admiring giver.

The load proved too much for the gang and the superintendent of buildings ordered one of the laborers to go to the tool-house and bring another tackle of the same purchase, but with blocks of larger diameter.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the professor, "Don't you know that, the purchase being the same, you will gain no mechanical advantage from the expedient which you

have devised, and that therefore the mechanism which you propose will be equally ineffective with that from the application of which you have just desisted?"

"Just watch me," replied the superintendent.

After 29.46 minutes by the stop-watch of an efficiency engineer who was an unnoticed bystander, the man returned with the required tackle. Meanwhile the superintendent smoked a pipe, and the laborers took a nap on the grass.

The fall with larger pulleys having been rigged and manned, the heroic bust rose proudly to its intended position from which it has ever since surveyed the campus and has aroused feelings of untold gratitude in the hearts of the students, who refer to it fondly as "The Mug."

Neither the professor nor the superintendent commended himself to the efficiency engineer.

There is considerable data on the friction and bending of ropes, which are just as proper elements of the theory of mechanics as the principle of moments. The professor was apparently ignorant of the former and based his conclusion on the latter alone.

The superintendent, who prided himself on being a practical man, had common sense enough to know that his ropes would bend enough easier around the larger sheaves to enable him to lift the load; but, by failing to exercise forethought, he kept himself and his whole gang idle while the larger fall was brought.

A theorist-practitioner by the exercise of higher common sense would have foreseen the need of the larger blocks, would have planned to use them, would have dispatched the necessary tackle to the

gang when it went to work, and thereby would have adapted conditions to the work, and would have saved 29.46 minutes of the time of the superintendent and the entire gang.

Some one has said that science is foreknowledge; and, since the laws of nature are absolutely uniform, it is evident that a perfect knowledge of both laws and conditions would enable one to predict the future with absolute accuracy. Because our knowledge of both is imperfect, we can only approximate the future for a limited time ahead; but we can approximate it more closely and further ahead than is ordinarily attempted. In reality the exercise of foresight is one of the most necessary applications of common sense; and an executive, to be successful, must not merely deal with events as they occur, but must foresee and forestall wants.

No matter to what height one may raise his higher common sense, he can never get along without good old plain common sense, which is built close to the ground.

This kind of common sense is in great measure intuitive, a natural gift. But whatever one has of it will grow by exercise and cultivation.

THE VALUE OF GUESSES.

Some men are distinguished by this faculty. The man who is perhaps the nestor of the engineering profession, Dr. John E. Sweet, president of the Straight Line Engine Company, of Syracuse, N.Y., is so remarkable for his professional intuition, that another eminent engineer said of him that it seemed to be impossible for him to do anything wrong. I suppose that Dr. Sweet's conclusions are a result of some instantaneous process of reasoning; but the process is so unconscious that I once heard him say, when asked how he reached a certain decision, "I guessed at it." And I also heard him in a public address to engineers, advise them to learn to be good guessers.

The ordinary man cannot begin by being a good guesser. For him there is no road to combined accuracy and quickness of judgment except the practice of the analysis and synthesis above dis-

cussed, until they became sub-conscious and instantaneous.

USING FEMALE ADVICE.

On the whole, intuition is a woman's rather than a man's faculty. When a man comes into contact with a smart woman and sees her take an aeroplane flight to some conclusion in exactly the opposite direction to that taken by his freight train of reason, he is apt to feel contempt, until the event has justified her intuition and condemned his reason. After a few such experiences he begins to feel amazement; and after a good many, respect.

If any of my readers has a smart wife, I cannot give him better advice than to add her to his staff and to take competent counsel from her. Not all women are smart; but, if a man has not a capable wife he ought to be able to find among his sisters and his cousins and his aunts at least one woman whose advice would be of the utmost value to him.

If the female mind would always jump to the right conclusion, mere man could end his troubles by hiring a smart stenographer; but, alas! the best female intuition will sometimes land on the wrong spot, as it did in the celebrated case of Mother Eve and the apple. Hence we poor sons of Adam cannot after all merely eat as we are bidden and be wise, but must take the apple offered by the female adviser and first carefully peel, quarter, and core it, lest a very large worm, or perhaps even the Serpent himself, may lurk inside.

It is, in the end, by thorough study of one's work and by the exhaustive knowledge and correct methods derived therefrom, that one arrives at a real zest for his work and enjoyment of it; and such zest is itself one of the greatest promoters of personal efficiency.

At this point, let me give place to a real highbrow writer, with which words I present Mr. Arnold Bennett, who from "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," speaks to you as follows:

"Cause and effect are to be found everywhere. Rents went up in Shepherd's

Bush. It was painful and shocking that rents should go up in Shepherd's Bush. But to a certain point we are all scientific students of cause and effect, and there was not a clerk lunching at a Lyon's Restaurant who did not scientifically put two and two together and see in the (once) two-penny tube the cause of an excessive demand for wigwams in Shepherd's Bush, and in the excessive demands for wigwams the cause of the increase in the price of wigwams.

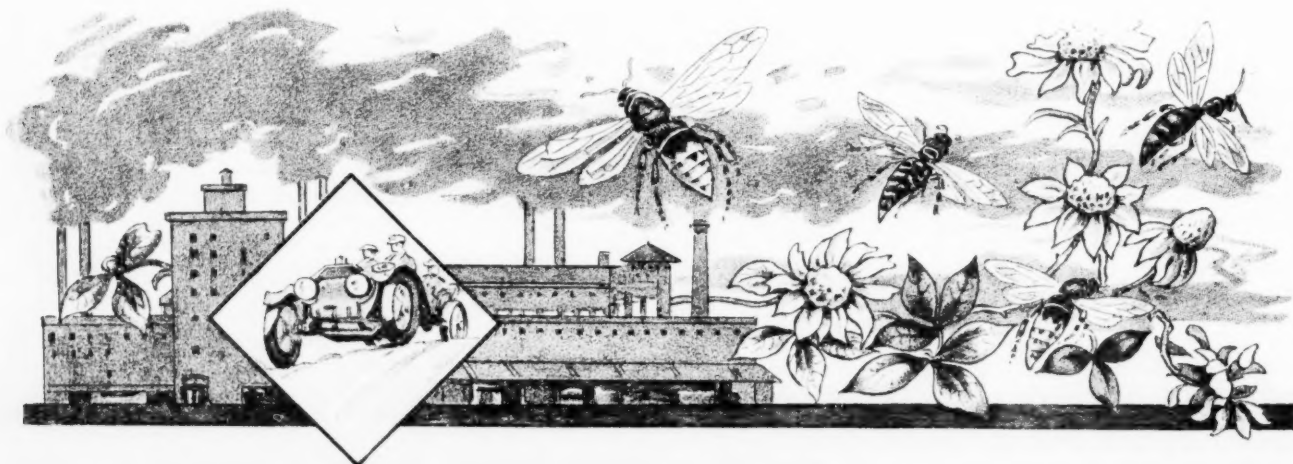
"Simple" you say disdainfully. Everything, the whole complex movement of the universe, is as simple as that when you can sufficiently put two and two together. And, my dear sir, perhaps you happen to be an estate agent's clerk, and you hate the arts, and you want to foster your immortal soul and you can't be interested in your business because it's so humdrum. Nothing is humdrum.

"The tremendous, changeful picturesqueness of life is marvelously shown in an estate agent's office.

"What! There was a block of traffic in Oxford Street; to avoid the block people actually began to travel under the cellars and drains, and the result was a rise of rents in Shepherd's Bush! And you say that isn't picturesque! Suppose you were to study, in this spirit, the property question in London for an hour and a half every other evening. Would it not give zest to your business and transform your whole life?

"You would arrive at more difficult problems. And you would be able to tell us why, as the natural result of cause and effect, the longest straight street in London is about a yard and a half in length, while the longest absolutely straight street in Paris extends for miles. I think you will admit that in an estate agent's clerk I have not chosen an example that specially favored my theories.

"You are a bank clerk and you have not read that breathless romance (disguised as a scientific study) Walter Bagehot's 'Lombard Street'? Ah, my dear sir, if you had begun with that, and followed it up for ninety minutes every other evening, how enthralling your business would be to you, and how much more clearly you would understand human nature."



The Gold of Cupid

By LOVELL COOMBS

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER



EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here is a strong story by a new writer, new at least to readers of MacLean's. In bold relief he presents the rough life of the pioneer, of the miner, who goes to the edge of civilization in quest of the earth's hidden store of gold—and who finds his lot cast with primitive men amid primitive conditions. The necessary leavening is supplied in a love story that has a happy ending.

"Put 'em up!" commanded O'Rourke, thickly. "We come for the map. Fork it over."

IN the lamp-lit smoke-haze of the Wet Nugget Saloon, tense over a table, Frenchy Le Banc talked rapidly with tongue, hands and shoulders.

"Mais, w'at eef McLeod he have stake you? W'at eef he have nurse me w'en I'm cut de leg? So, den, because, mus' we starve? Or work lak dog on de mine, t'ree dollair day? An' was you fault you gone broke? Was my fault de axe she's slip?" A whisky-moist fist crashed on the sodden board. "Non! We will mak heem give up de map he will mak on de place, an' fin' it ourself, oui!"

O'Rourke still wavered. Frenchy snapped his fingers. "Bah! you shoot de Greaser for get his shovelle, you keel de Injun because hes not give you wan cheecken, an' now wintair she's come, an' you will starve, or bus' your back for t'ree dollair day! Bah!"

"I was drunk. Both times I was drunk," growled O'Rourke guardedly.

"An' you are drunk now—so!" retorted Frenchy cunningly. "Come! 'Nod-dreenk!"

O'Rourke hesitated, gulped the glass, and another. "Come!" coaxed Frenchy. With the snarl of an animal O'Rourke rose and followed his partner out into the darkness.

When the Kootenay Gorge had seemingly given up its last pay-streak of the precious yellow metal, a "strike" that had produced a score of pea-sized pellets in half an hour's panning might be supposed to have brought satisfaction, at

least, to the finder. In a small cabin half way up the mountain slope Scotty McLeod sat at a plank table and brooded over a letter that half concealed the forgotten gold.

Perhaps it was the occasional morbid lapse of the disappointed man of few and strong affections; perhaps it was the irony of fate that had brought the find on the anniversary of the letter that had made a wandering prospector of a homesteader joyfully toiling out a home for a "girl back east."

However that may be, the latch had lifted and the cabin door had opened sufficiently to flicker the candle light when the blonde young Nova Scotian glanced up. The door flung back, and O'Rourke and Le Banc entered, stumbling. On their unshorn faces was a glower of drunken purpose; and in O'Rourke's hand was a revolver.

McLeod started to his feet. "Why, O'Rourke—" he began.

"Put 'em up!" commanded O'Rourke, thickly. "We come for the map! Fork it over!"

"Map? What map?"

"The map you just been makin' there!" A swerve of O'Rourke's gun indicated the letter on the table. "Stick up your hands and git—Look out! Take it, then!"

The bullet from the shaking revolver had missed, and as McLeod backed against the wall, in one hand he held the letter and in the other the tin box from which it had been taken.

"O'Rourke, you're mad! You're drunk!" he expostulated. "On my honor, this is no map. It is something of more value to me than any map, but positively it's of no value to you. I have made no map, if you mean of the location of my strike. I don't need to. And as I told you two to-day—when I gave you the nugget apiece that you seem to have forgotten—I'll let you in on it just as soon as I have filed."

In O'Rourke's drink-muddled brain was but one idea. "We come for the map! Fork over the map!" he ordered doggedly.

McLeod appealed to the French-Canadian. "Le Banc, you will believe me. This is no map. There is no map."

"Den tell w'ere she is, de place!" demanded Frenchy.

"I'll not tell you, you drunken fools! Take the gold on the table, if you must. There's a little money under a plank over in the corner—third plank out. Take that too. But I'll not let you touch these letters."

"Won't you!" O'Rourke lurched nearer, and steadied his gun-hand.

At the moment, Frenchy, hastening to locate the hidden money, stumbled and fell. O'Rourke turned his head. Instantly McLeod dropped the box and grasped at his own revolver. Before he could raise it O'Rourke whirled and fired, and the Nova Scotian crumpled to the floor.

As Frenchy recovered himself, and began digging at the plank with his knife, O'Rourke swayed to the side of the pros-

trate man and took from his clutching fingers the coveted paper. Back at the table, he smoothed it out before the candle.

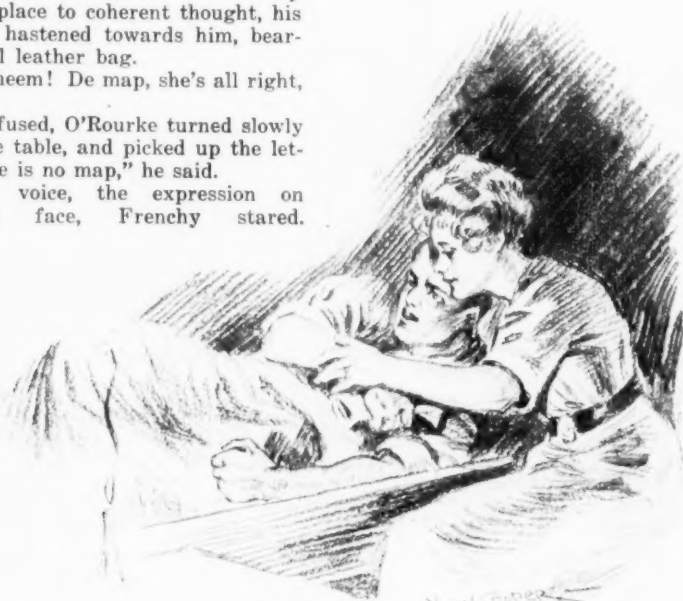
An oath spat through his teeth. He whipped the sheet over, back. Drunken anger flamed in his face, and snatching at his gun, he sent two bullets crashing through letter and table. Abruptly, with the changeableness of intoxication, he bent over the epistle, and fixed his bleary eyes on the written lines. He straightened up, winking. He again bent, read a moment, and stood stiffly, drunkenly, erect, slightly swaying, strange emotions struggling in his reddened face. His troubled gaze fell, and at his feet caught the glint of the tin box. Steadying himself, he stooped and secured it. It contained only letters. He placed it on the table, carefully.

An exclamation from Frenchy turned him in that direction, and wrought in his face a new set of emotions. Before they had given place to coherent thought, his companion hastened towards him, bearing a small leather bag.

"I have heem! De map, she's all right, too, eh?"

Still confused, O'Rourke turned slowly back to the table, and picked up the letter. "There is no map," he said.

At the voice, the expression on O'Rourke's face, Frenchy stared.



And the dearest girl caught him in her arms.

O'Rourke cleared his throat, hesitated. With a sudden assumption of anger he thrust the letter toward the French-Canadian. "Damn it, can't you see it ain't a map? It's a lo— a—" The words stuck in O'Rourke's throat. "It's a letter."

Frenchy glanced at it, and shrugged his shoulders. "Anyway, we have de monee."

"The money? Put it back!" O'Rourke started at his own words. Sharply then he repeated them. Frenchy gasped.

"Put it back!" commanded O'Rourke, raising his voice.

"W'at de devil! Are you crazee?" cried Frenchy.

O'Rourke snapped out his pistol, and roaring at the top of his lungs, "Put it back! Put it back!" drove the incredulous Frenchman to the corner, where sullenly the bag was tossed into the hole.

They returned to the table. "Now," said Frenchy icily, "maybe you will tell w'at is de mattair, eh?"

O'Rourke's eyes dropped to the letter, still in his hand, and confusion again seized him. Of course Frenchy would not understand; would laugh, sneer at him. An expedient lightened his face. Again the revolver was thrust at the startled Le Banc.

"Now Frenchy, you keep your trap shut till I tell you to open it, or you git this! Open up just once, and you git it! See? Just listen!"

O'Rourke once more cleared his throat.

"As I said, this ain't no map. It's a letter. A letter from a woman—a girl—in fact, it's a—" O'Rourke took a deep breath, glared along the pistol barrel, and shot the words out fiercely. "It's a love letter!"

Frenchy raised one black eyebrow just perceptibly.

O'Rourke crooked his trigger finger, glowered, and proceeded. "Now, of course, a rum-soaked French maverick

had run away again, or Old Blue had hooked you, or—something terrible. But it's all right now, and 'the sun is shining' once more.

"And so you really have part of the house—our house—up! Oh Dick, wouldn't I just love to be out there right now, fixing things up nice. And cooking mock duck and devil cake for you!"

"I suppose I shouldn't say things like that, should I? But whenever I think of you away out there on the plains, all alone, doing your own cooking and washing—making a home for us, for me, sometimes it makes me want to cry. Sometimes I do. But some day—"

"Excuse me a moment, dear, Uncle is calling me."

O'Rourke paused.

"Oui, oui! Go 'head!"

Slowly O'Rourke raised his eyes from the letter, and blinked into dumbfounded consciousness of the revolver at his side, and Frenchy leaning over his arm, looking and listening breathlessly.

"Proceed! Go 'head!"

O'Rourke continued to stare. "Well, I be—"

"For why? For why?" Frenchy spoke with flashing gestures. "Don't I know love lettair? Don't I have switheart once? Ah, Marie, ma petite! Mo'real, la rue Guyotte! Ah, prettee! Sech eye! Sech eye! An' now ten year—ten year ago—" Frenchy choked. "Ten year she dead! Mais, go 'head! Proceed!"

For a full minute O'Rourke continued to gaze at his companion unbelievably. He blinked back to the letter. At the second sentence he began reading more rapidly, a new interest in his face. The letter had broken off abruptly where he had paused.

"Oh Dick," he read, "how could you—you, you. Uncle has just heard, and told me. That farewell dinner affair at Halifax, and afterward. Oh you have broken my heart. And I thought you were so different, so fine. I didn't know anyone could feel so—oh, so broken, broken."

"Don't write me any more. I'll send them back unopened."

"Well, what do you think of that!" Superlative amazement was expressed in O'Rourke's unadorned phrase.

"But w'at she mean?" cried Frenchy.

"How do I know? A booze fight, I suppose. A booze, and a general hot time."

"Eet's a lie!" Frenchy struck the table fiercely with his clenched fist. "Eet's a lie! A man w'at leev in tis hell hole 'straight' lak hee always? Eet's a lie!"

"Sure it's a lie," O'Rourke assented mechanically. For the first time something beyond the merely sentimental appeal of the letter was stirring in his muddled brain. He glanced slowly about. At the huddled form by the wall his eyes halted, dilated. And suddenly the curtain lifted, and he saw his own crime against this man; his crime against a man who had befriended him. A low gurgling died in his throat. He started forward, reeled, and threw himself into the chair and across the table, beating his

Continued on Page 100.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Moving Pictures Without a Screen

A Remarkable Development in Kinematography

From The Scientific American.

Most of us in our early days can remember seeing the stage trick known as Pepper's Ghost, in which the figure of a woman plainly seen on the stage mysteriously vanishes into nothing. The development of this idea in connection with the kinematograph is here explained.

SOME five years ago a German experimenter, Herr Messter, as a result of some particular investigations, discovered that if moving pictures were projected by reflection in a certain manner, the stage could be set with scenery and properties, as for a regular play, with the result that the usual white screen could be eliminated, and that the photographic figures could be moved about within a certain area in such a manner as to convey the illusion that living performers were seen instead of photographic reproductions. He pursued his experiments, but was faced with the initial difficulty that only small figures could be projected, and this fact tended to destroy the illusion, since to maintain the latter, life-size portrayal of the performers was imperative. Another complexity which troubled him was the destruction of the coloring qualities owing to the high light necessary. This latter problem was overcome by utilizing pierrots and clowns, in which only black and white dress and make-up were required. Such a limitation was a handicap, but, nevertheless, when such pictures were shown, considerable interest and wonder as to how the effects were obtained, were aroused. The fact that the figures were dwarfish, and yet apparently endowed with life, enhanced the mysterious effect. By patient experimenting the inventor at last overcame the latter deficiency, and having succeeded in getting his figures life size, public exhibitions of "Alabaster," as



New method of showing moving pictures.

it was called, were given in Vienna with great success. The absence of the familiar white screen proved an irresistible

attraction. In London the pictures, upon their presentation, proved an instantaneous success.

The explanation of the mystery is exceedingly simple. Kinoplastikon is no more nor less than a revival of the famous "Pepper's Ghost" idea, adapted to the kinematograph. Singing and talking effects are obtained by electrically synchronizing a talking machine with the acting.

Some years ago a British kinematograph experimenter ascertained that, if moving pictures are thrown through a translucent screen to be projected finally upon a plate-glass mirror, the pictures stood out with greater definition, softness and plasticity. In this instance a screen formed of a kind of ground glass was placed in front of the projector lens. This is the basis of kinoplastikon.

The projector instead of being set at right angles to the screen is placed in the wings and the picture is first thrown onto a translucent screen through which it passes on to a plate-glass screen placed diagonally right across the stage. There is a proscenium opening covered with a black cloth at the back of the stage and the figures, which are really reflections on the diagonal glass, appear to be walking on the floor in front of the black cloth. The talking machine and photographic records are not produced simultaneously, as with the Edison kinetophone and the Gaumont clonophone. The gramophone record is made first. Then the artists proceed to the theatre, and act the play, repeating the words synchronously with the accompaniment of the previously prepared record. The gramophone is introduced to secure synchrony between lip movement, action, and sound. The operation is one of some delicacy, depending upon careful rehearsal and timing.

The talking machine system adopted is that known as the "vivaphone," which has proved remarkably successful. In the reproduction, striking coincidence between the action and lip movements of the artists and the talking machine is secured by means of a simple and effective electrical apparatus. In the projecting box is an illuminated indicator having an oscillating hand. The central position corresponds with dead synchrony between sound and movement. As the electrical apparatus of the gramophone is connected with the projector, the operator strives to keep this moving hand in the central position. On one side of the "synchrony" mark is a red light corresponding to "too slow," i.e., the pictures are in advance of the sound; while on the opposite side is a green light indicating action being behind the sound. If the former happens the operator decreases the handle turning speed, while in the latter instance the projector is accelerated. The indicator being in the projecting box, immediately before the operator, the latter has no need to watch the screen to see if he is keeping step. He merely follows the indicator. As in the majority of cases the projector is operated by electricity, the task of maintaining synchrony is exceedingly simple. This method of reproducing sound and movement simultaneously has proved the simplest, most effective, and most economical yet devised. After the gramophone record has been obtained, and should anything go wrong with the acting of the scene, or revisions appear essential, the wastage concerns the film only, whereas if the two different records are produced simultaneously, as in the Edison and Gaumont methods, a mishap, either in recording sound or movement, affects both issues, with the result that both have to be done again.

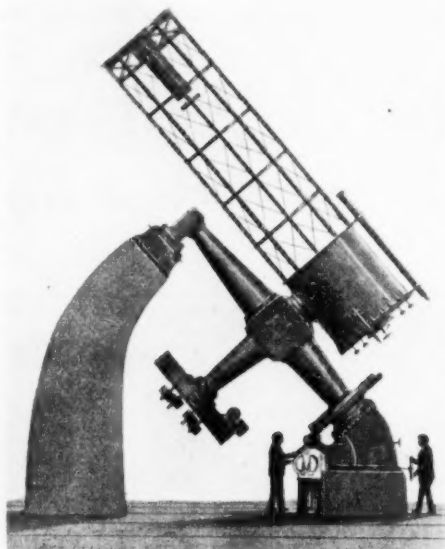
One very noticeable effect of this method of projection is the absence of flicker. The translucent screen appears to absorb all defects.

Canada's Great Telescope

THE Dominion Government will soon possess a more powerful reflecting telescope than any now in existence. It has been referred to in the newspapers as "the largest telescope in the world," but this description is misleading for two reasons: first, because its aperture, 72 inches, is to be the same as that of the famous Parsonstown reflector, built by Lord Rosse in 1842; and second, because by the time it is completed the 100-inch reflector which has long been under construction for the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory will also be ready for use. The Dominion instrument will, however, be much more efficient than Lord Rosse's. Not only will the mirror be much superior, but the mounting will enable the telescope to be worked to full advantage. The disk for the principal mirror will be made at the St. Gobain Glass Works, Paris, but all the grinding and figuring will be done in the States. The total cost will be nearly \$100,000. Inasmuch as the

instrument is intended primarily and notoriously for work of no immediate practical benefit, viz., the spectographic measurement of radial stellar velocities, this sum represents a very notable contribution to pure science on the part of the Government.

The telescope will have a parabolic mirror of 72 inches clear aperture and 30 feet focal length with a central hole



Powerful reflecting telescope of the Canadian Government.

10 inches in diameter. It is characteristic of twentieth century technique in astronomy that, although the new telescope will have a full set of oculars for visual observations, no programme of visual work is contemplated. Nowadays the camera takes the place of the human retina. The main purpose of the instrument will be the measurement of motion in the line of sight of stars fainter than the fifth magnitude; a task beyond the light-gathering power of nearly all existing telescopes. An investigation of the atmospheric conditions in different parts of Canada is now in progress to determine where the telescope is to be located.

What Lloyd's Insure Some Details of the Work of the Greatest Insurance Organization in the World

From The Quarterly Review.

It was somewhere in the middle of the 17th century that one, Edward Lloyd, established in Tower Street, London, a coffee house, which became the resort of sea-faring men and was the inception of the world-famed institution which now has as its home the Royal Exchange in the City of London.

LOYD'S would be interesting enough if it were only a centre for the dissemination of shipping news and the home of a large proportion of the marine in-

surance business of the country. But it is far more than that. Most foreign nations come to London, and so to Lloyd's, for some proportion of the necessary insurance on ships and goods, without which overseas trade could not be conducted; and it is safe to say that there are very few important events which are not immediately reflected at Lloyd's. Very often they are foreshadowed. The sinking of a great liner is a matter of the utmost moment to underwriters; so may be also the disappearance of a pearl necklace. Indeed the theft of a necklace worth over \$500,000 is of far more importance, financially, than many of the shipwrecks that occur. The wreck of a German airship, a disaster in a Welsh coal mine involving, perhaps, claims for hundreds of thousands of pounds, an earthquake in the Indies, a typhoon in the China Seas, a great fire in the Argentine meat-freezing works, the loss of a minute portion of radium, strikes and the fear of strikes, war and the rumors of war, and the death of a sovereign, are all events which find immediate reflection in the great insurance market.

The explanation is that the insurance habit is growing; and the progressive underwriter is perpetually considering how he can provide the indemnity against loss of capital which is needed by traders of all descriptions.

REGISTRATION OF SHIP MOVEMENTS.

Every day the arrivals and departures of many hundreds of ships at home and foreign ports are duly reported at the Royal Exchange. These reports are sent from stations owned by Lloyd's or from stations owned by the Admiralty and transmitted for Lloyd's. Use is often made of these stations by owners to send instructions to their captains. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred nitrate ships which arrive off the Lizard do not know their ultimate destination. The cargoes may have been sold several times during the voyage.

In every signal station a list may be found of ships for which the coast-guards are requested to keep a sharp lookout, either in order that messages may be sent or because the vessels are overdue. The news that a ship has passed such a point is immediately telegraphed to Lloyd's, and there posted up in a recognized place on the walls. Uneasiness has sometimes been caused in the insurance market because a ship which had been accustomed to signal, say, when passing through the Straits of Gibraltar had failed to do so. It was afterwards shown that there was dirty weather, and the ship's signals, even if made, had not been recognized. In the meantime reinsurances may have been placed on the ship at comparatively high rates. Agents are appointed by Lloyd's in practically every port of the world; and the position is one which is held in much honor by local commercial men.

Another form in which Lloyd's provides news is in its captain's register containing the record of every captain in the British mercantile marine. This means that a captain who has once been held responsible for a serious mistake finds it extremely difficult to obtain a position of

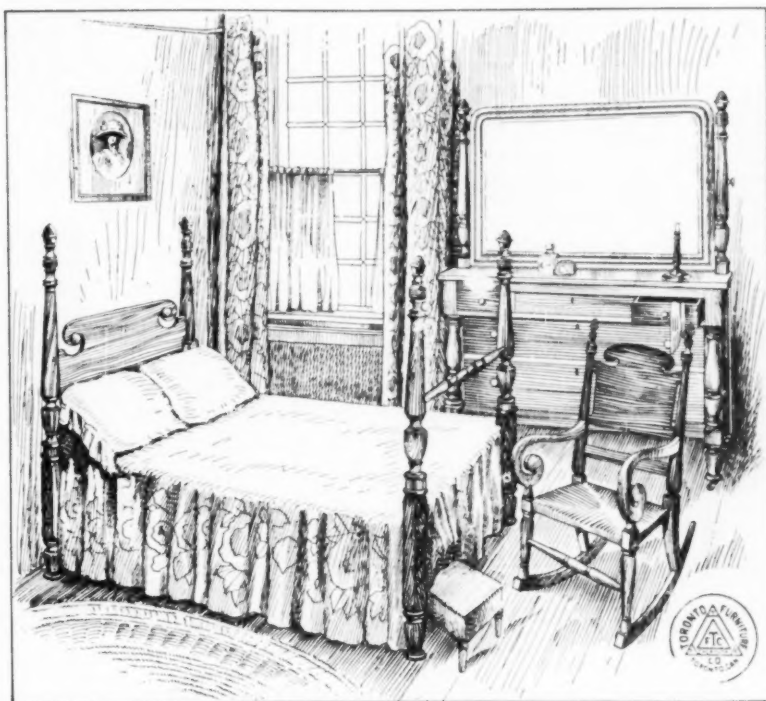
equivalent value again, the owners would perhaps be willing to employ him but they find that the underwriters would charge a higher rate of insurance.

The bulk of the business is brought to Lloyd's by brokers who have their representatives at different centres. A broker receives an order to insure say ten boats of values between \$150,000 and \$200,000 apiece, a total say of \$2,000,000 to be insured. He approaches a leading underwriter and gets him to quote a rate. If the terms are satisfactory this underwriter will lead off with a certain amount, perhaps \$15,000 on each boat; then the broker goes on to other underwriters and offers them the insurance at that rate, and each one writes similar or smaller amounts according to his fancy.

CODE OF HONOR.

While, as has been shown, news is the life blood of insurance, a rigorous code of honor controls its circulation. It is assumed that disclosure is made of all material facts, and no underwriter would be justified in effecting a re-insurance on a ship if he had information disadvantageous to her which the other had not. Occasionally, of course, peculiar cases occur. One Monday morning recently an underwriter whom we will call Mr. A., effected a re-insurance on a ship bound from the Baltic. In the afternoon Mr. B., who had accepted the re-insurance, sent his compliments to Mr. A., and knew he was above suspicion, but he thought Mr. A. would be interested to learn that, according to a Danish newspaper, the ship had gone ashore on the previous Saturday. This naturally was news to Mr. A.; he had reinsured in good faith; he saw no reason to release Mr. B from the bargain; and there the incident ended.

The extension of non-marine business at Lloyd's has lately been a remarkable feature. The amount of fire premiums received runs into millions of pounds, and it seems to be growing. Lloyd's have frequently proved themselves more adaptable than the tariff companies. They have always been willing to transact insurance of loss of profits, and they have introduced a system, which has proved popular among merchant houses, of insuring only the excess of a certain amount, leaving client himself to bear say, the first \$100 or \$200 of any claim, thus saving the trouble of having to pay a large number of trivial claims. There is an immense amount of workmen's compensation, and motor-car insurance. The volume of jewelry insurance is steadily growing, both on stones during exhibition and in transit. Other risks are those of war, strikes, damage by hail to Indian tea crops, earthquakes, fidelity guarantee, rain in connection with cricket matches, and flower shows, aviation accidents, accidents to race horses, etc. One of the strangest inquiries that ever reached the market was from an undertaker in the East End of London. He desired to cover the risk of shock caused to persons by his coffins being delivered at the wrong houses at night. Underwriters expressed themselves willing to quote a rate if particulars were given of the turnover, the number of shocks caused, and their effects.



A HANDSOME COLONIAL BEDROOM SUITE

FINE PERIOD FURNITURE

The great popularity of period furniture has naturally led to a corresponding interest in the simple, quaint, dignified types of the picturesque Colonial days.

To this, no less than to its extreme good taste, may be ascribed the vogue which Colonial furniture now enjoys. In its composition, distinguished by full sweeping curves, broad surfaces, native refinement and sturdy, substantial construction, it seems to reflect the simple, hospitable natures and plain, rugged virtues of the early settlers.

Suggestive of the graceful and homely charm of this furniture are the

Colonial four-footed bed and the beautiful pieces that accompany it—reproductions made by the Toronto Furniture Company.

Furniture of this type costs but little more, if any, than reproductions which are frankly made to sell. But as furniture for the home is, or should be, a lifetime purchase, the slight difference in price should weigh little when the lasting satisfaction to be derived from genuine materials, conscientious workmanship and absolutely correct design is considered.

The leading dealer in your locality will show you examples of our furniture in a way to demonstrate just what we mean. If he does not carry examples of our line on his floor, he will be glad to show you a portfolio of photographs of our furniture for every household use. We should be pleased to send you his name on request, also a copy of our beautifully illustrated booklet on the history of period styles.



This shop-mark—found on all our furniture—signifies our proud acceptance of full responsibility for the design, wood and workmanship.

TORONTO FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED
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12 oz. and 16 oz.
Bottles

prepared from only choice, red, ripe tomatoes and the finest selected spices. Guaranteed absolutely pure and to contain no artificial preservatives or coloring matter. The finest yet.

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There is no need to dilute on the quality—you KNOW CLARK'S.

Have you tried the 2's Tall size, which contains enough for the small family at a very moderate price? Ask your grocer for it.



W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL

Indian Music

The Beauty of Eastern Music
Described by One Who
Has Made a Study
of It

From the Review of Reviews.

The writer of the following article for the last six years devoted herself to making known to the Western world the beautiful and soul-touching music of the Hindus. In this pioneer work she at first received little encouragement, but her efforts are now meeting with deserved success and she frequently receives calls from universities and lovers of music to give her musically illustrated lectures, vocal improvisations, and recitations.

IT is perhaps because the public does not realize the value of the arts in promoting international goodwill that these have been comparatively neglected as factors in the World Peace Movement. Yet the day is fast coming when they can no longer be so generally ignored. In poetry above all other arts we have long since touched and loved the East. There we have found a soul which is our very own—echoes of our own most exquisite dreams and deepest passions. In many an Eastern poem we have known ourselves one humanity with peoples of differing races, realizing perhaps for the first time, that our prophets are also theirs, and that they come "out of the East."

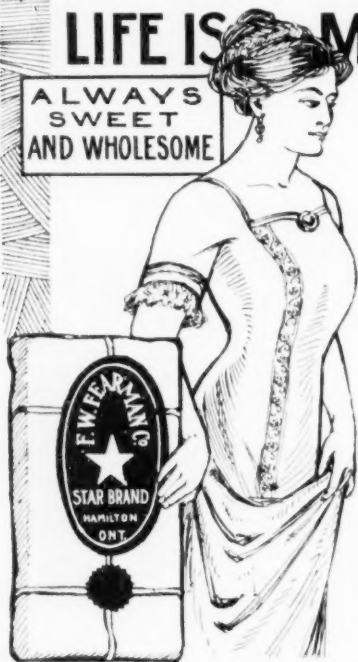
But the supreme revelation of the Eastern consciousness—supreme because most subtle—is being made through music. In its music we may know the innermost being of a people. In the songs of China, Japan, Egypt, Persia, India, may be peace messages, of which it is, indeed, not idle to dream—messages of that goodwill which can only be truly experienced when it is born of understanding. Only a comparatively small section of the Western public has, as yet, heard and enjoyed the music of the East; but to hear it is, for the majority of Western listeners, to love it. For several years past I have witnessed the phenomenon of audiences—large and small, "popular" and "select"—falling under the spell of Indian songs. Time after time people have come to me and have said "they spoke a language that we know." How much more would they have realized this last had they heard this music from the lips of Indian singers!

POPULAR MISCONCEPTION.

Several curious misconceptions about Oriental music still prevail in the West. One is, that it is not comprehensible by the Western mind, or that it makes no appeal to the Western nature; another, that it is built upon mysterious scales and tones, utterly impossible for the Western ear to grasp, or the Western voice to utter; another, that it is monotonous—primitive and barbarous; and yet another, that it exists only as a fancifully elaborated theory, or mythology (as do also, supposedly, Japanese and Chinese music), but it is in no wise a real and living art.

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because of FEARMAN'S Star Brand Breakfast Bacon

It is the product of the choicest of Canadian Hogs, and is sugar cured under Government inspection.

Begin the morning with this delicious bacon at breakfast.

FEARMAN'S at your grocer's
All good grocers stock it.

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Last—but not least—that it doesn't exist at all!

In the past, the Hindu naturally turned to the rich, the affluent, the conquering people, as the proper patrons of his music. His patrons gave him the portable harmonium, the inferior piano, the gramophone and the pianola! They fed the native musical soul on brass bands—excellent, no doubt, but not as substitutes for the *raga* and the *alapa*, or even the orchestra and the symphony. "This is Western music," said the Indian, seeking to enlarge his field of knowledge. "Let us learn it; let us, also, absorb this culture of the West!" So they learned, and taught their children; and to-day we find the majority of the leaders of native Indian society using gramophone and harmonium instead of the *vina* (a large mandolin-like instrument), and in scores of cases the native musicians, thus ousted by machines, are unable to follow their calling as before.

That Indian (and, indeed, all Oriental music) cannot be understood by Westerners is a belief which can only be held by those who have not heard it at its best. Its appeal to any fairly musical Western person is, on the contrary, instant. The modes which they employ in their scales are numerous; but European folk-singers have partly accustomed us to modes in the West, and it is quite easy, therefore, to turn from the modal atmosphere of a Gaelic song to that of an Indian *raga*. So close indeed is the connection between all European folk music and Indian *ragas*, that it is very likely that our folk music is of Eastern origin.

THE "TOM TOM" THE PRIMITIVE INSTRUMENT.

It has often been shown that the primitive mind is unable to grasp complex rhythms. Two or three short pulses, with little or no variation either in duration or intensity, are the most that the savage can beat upon his tom-tom. It is rightly, therefore, called a "tom-tom," for that is all it does. But why do we call the magic little Indian drums by that savage name? The Indian drummer is a great artist. He will play us a "rhythm concerto," all alone, and play us into an ecstasy with it. He will play it in "bars" of ten, thirteen, thirteen-and-a-half, sixteen or twenty beats, with accents within each "bar" (called *Tala*) flung out with a marvelous hypnotizing swing. He will sing counter-accents, against these, splitting rhythmic "hairs" until our mind whirls. Suggestions of such rhythms, beaten out by a ragged urchin on the end of an empty kerosene oil can, first aroused me to the beauty and the power of Indian music.

Oriental music is not sad, as we, if we hear it in the midst of our restless, scintillating life of the West, are sometimes apt to think. But it requires of its hearers something of that mood of divine discontent, of yearning for the infinite impossible, which is at once the deepest joy and the greatest despair of which we are capable.

The ideal musician of all lands has ever been the man who through music can remind us of the goal of things; but perhaps the Indian musician more than all

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Something Extra Good

finds rich fulfillment in every package of Post Toasties.

It is noticeable that the crispy, mild sweetness of these tender bits of toasted corn usually start smiles at table.

And the housewife smiles too, for a bowlful poured direct from the package—with cream and sugar to taste—relieves some of the work and worry of breakfast or lunch—not soon forgotten.



Post Toasties

are sold everywhere in tightly sealed packages—fresh and ready always for instant serving.

The delicate toasted corn flavour blends nicely with fruit and berries, and a variety of attractive dishes are always at hand when there is a package of Toasties on the pantry shelf.

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The big, clean Post Toasties factories at Windsor, Ont., where Postum and Grape-Nuts are also made, are open to visitors every working day in the year—

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The "Boss" glass door oven eliminates guesswork and worry. Without opening it you can see your bakings brown perfectly—never burning or chilling them. No heat is wasted, no time lost. The Boss saves fuel. It is fully asbestos lined, heats in two minutes, bakes uniformly.

Try the BOSS OVEN 30 days!

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ST. VINCENT ARROWROOT is the final touch to a good meal, which makes the hostess justly proud. It makes such delicious, dainty desserts, and meets with high favor from everyone who tastes it. For custards, blane manges, puddings, biscuits, etc., **St. Vincent Arrowroot** is unexcelled. Ask your grocer about **St. Vincent Arrowroot**. Once you try it you will always use it.

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others has set this before him as the most glorious achievement at which he can aim. It follows, therefore, that he has shunned mere professionalism; that the man who has succeeded in becoming the greatest musician has also been he who has become the greatest man.

If our Western music speaks of the wonders of God's creation, Eastern music hints at the inner beauty of the divine. Do we not then need each other—East and West—if the perfect symphony is to be sounded?

Russia's New Railway

A New Link Between East and West

From The World.

About the same time as the Panama Canal is opened to traffic, there will be completed another project destined as a communication between East and West to exert no less an influence upon the political and commercial development of the world.

EVER since her disastrous war with Japan Russia has been quietly building a gigantic railway system along the banks of the Amur River, which flows through Siberia into the waters of the Pacific. Linked as it is with the Siberian Railway at one end and with the Ussuri Railway that runs northwards from Vladivostock at the other, the new line will provide Russia with an all-Russian railway system to the shores of the Pacific. It will be the main artery through Eastern Siberia, a land of precious minerals, perhaps the richest region in the world.

The new route to the Orient from Moscow to Vladivostock will be some six thousand miles in length, and will give to Russia the distinction of possessing one of the longest railways in existence. Hitherto we have heard little of the scheme, for the reasons that the territory it concerns is at present so remote, and that, being a state undertaking intimately connected with the high strategy of the Russian Empire, the authorities have not been over-disposed to impart information about its progress. So soon as it became evident some nine years ago that the war with Japan could not end favorably, a decision was arrived at to construct the line. It was realized that the existing route to the East, which passed for a considerable part of the way through Manchurian territory where Japan had become the neighbor of Russia, was strategically unsafe. Moreover, the new situation, besides giving Japan control of a considerable section of the highway to the Pacific, left Eastern Siberia exposed to aggression. If Russia were to retain this territory and with it her place and prestige as a Power, then it was evident that she must people the soil with her peasant settlers and encourage the development of the resources above and below ground. While the peace negotiations were actually in progress at Ports-

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A "SUPREME" RANGE

makes one ton of coal go as far as two in an ordinary range. We absolutely guarantee this. "SUPREME" gives great home comfort, is a splendid cooker and baker. The heat in the oven radiates from all sides. No burnt crusts and doughy tops.

Our catalog "S" will explain the many valuable features of this range. Write for a copy now. We will also give you the name of a dealer near you. **WRITE TO-DAY.**

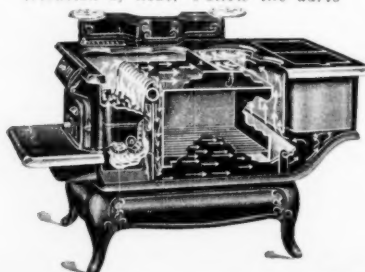
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Welland, Ontario



Sectional view:—Showing perfect distribution of heat. Follow the darts



mouth a flying survey was begun. The difficulties with which the engineers met were tremendous. Primeval forest and jungle had to be explored; the only paths that existed were the tracks of wild beasts; and, as far as the greater part of the region was concerned, man set foot there for the first time. No other region in the world which civilization has sought to penetrate can show such extremes of climate as were experienced in Eastern Siberia. The mean temperature in mid-July at one o'clock in the afternoon is fifty-nine degrees, while in winter it is eighty-nine and a half below zero.

Long before the flying survey was completed a measure authorizing the project was rushed through the Duma. Opposition against it was bitter. But the Tsar and his advisers, notably the War Minister, were obdurate, and ultimately the thirty-two millions sterling demanded for the construction was voted. It is not surprising that the line has taken longer to complete than was originally anticipated. The rule has been adhered to that no Chinese workmen but exclusively Russian labor should be employed. It is safe to say that only sturdy manhood of the type of the Russian peasant could have conquered the obstacles that Nature opposed in this savage region. Heavy rains resembling those experienced in tropical countries were followed in the winter by Arctic weather, and as the hard surface gradually thawed the ground became an icy marsh, in which, standing knee-deep, the men were compelled to work. Now, after eight years of stupendous struggle, the great task is approaching completion. The last links are being forged in the long steel way that smoothes an all-Russian path from Moscow, the city of luxury and merchandise, to Vladivostok, the fortress city facing the Pacific and computed to mount some six hundred guns. Soon it will be possible for us to travel amid the elegant comfort for which the Russian state railways are noted from London to the extremity of the Eastern continent, without passing over so much as an inch of territory under the sovereignty of an Asiatic people.

Great as is the undertaking which will render this possible, it is only the beginning of a scheme historic by reason of the magnificent conception of its proportions. From the main artery it is intended that a vast network of subsidiary lines shall radiate, and within a decade Siberia will be as accessible as any other part of the habitable globe.

PANAMA GROWS MORE HEALTHY.

The last report of the Department of Sanitation at Panama for the year 1913 shows that for the Isthmian Canal Commission and the Panama Railroad Company, out of 56,654 employees there were 473 deaths, giving a rate per 1,000 of 8.35. This is the lowest rate recorded since the United States took possession of the Canal Zone. The next lowest was in the previous year, 1912, when the rate per 1,000 was 9.18. The highest, 41.73, occurred in the year 1906.

"The Kitchenless Home"

has not arrived — neither has the iceless refrigerator nor the fireless furnace — but the cookless kitchen, with comfort and contentment, is a possibility in every home where the housewife knows the culinary uses and food value of



Shredded Wheat

With these crisp "little loaves" of ready-cooked cereal in the home you are ready for the unexpected guest, for the uncertainties of domestic service, for every emergency of household management. No worry or drudgery—we do the cooking for you in our two-million-dollar, sunlit bakery.

Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve it is so easy to prepare in a few moments a delicious, nourishing meal with Shredded Wheat Biscuit and fresh raspberries or other fruits. Heat one or more biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with berries and serve with sugar and cream.



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House drudgery vanishes when you have a "SUNDAY"

When buying a vacuum cleaner for the home, don't buy a toy. A machine must necessarily be big enough to do the work thoroughly and small enough to enable the housewife to carry it with ease. Such a machine is the "SUNDAY," a suction cleaner with real power. Weighs 37 lbs.; very easy to carry. Costs only one cent an hour to operate. A paying investment. Keeps the home sweet, clean and sanitary.

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Fight Flies With Tanglefoot!

For 30 years Tanglefoot has been America's surest, safest, most sanitary fly-destroyer. It is non-poisonous, easy to use, and costs but a trifle. Each sheet is capable of killing 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that destroys the germs as well. In buying, ask for the genuine "TANGLEFOOT"—it costs you no more and lasts twice as long as the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper, or sticky fly-paper.

Made only by The O. & W. Thum Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

How to Use

Open Tanglefoot slowly. In cool weather warm slightly. For best results place Tanglefoot on chair near window at night. Lower all shades, leaving one at the Tanglefoot window raised about a foot. The early morning light attracts the flies to the Tanglefoot, where they are caught. (33)

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A thin coating of pure, refined

Parowax

poured over the tops of the jars will keep out mould and fermentation indefinitely. It is the easiest way and the safest way.

Put up in handy one-pound cartons. Four cakes to a carton. Your grocer keeps Parowax.

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Populating the Seas

An Account of the Recent
Boom in Shipbuilding.
Further Expansion
Coming

From Munsey's Magazine.

One of the chief indices of the general prosperity of the world is the state of its carrying trade. At the present time the markets of the world are expanding at a prodigious rate with a consequent demand for more ships. The present conditions, and prospects for the future are here dealt with in an article replete with interest for the business man.

NEVER since the world began have there been so many merchant ships on the seas. There has been in shipbuilding a tremendous boom, which, though declining, still continues. Construction and completion are racing neck and neck. New keels are being laid at the rate of about three a day, while three new vessels take their first plunge into the water. Freighters they are for the most part—the big delivery wagons of the deep that plod over the long sea roads.

While the effects of this remarkable expansion in the ocean-carrying trade are seen principally in British shipyards, the many causes are mostly American. First, there is the completed Panama Canal, with the consequent rearrangement of trade routes and the shifting of traffic from other watery highways. Then there is the opening up of many new regions of the earth, rich in possibilities of production of the great staples. Also new uses have been found for these staples, and new articles of great importance commercially are being constantly discovered or developed in connection with them. Of prime importance also is the stupendous growth of the foreign commerce of the United States. This is a rich and tangible prize for which the merchant navies of the world are contending—more than four billion dollars' worth of merchandise a year to be carried to and fro over the seas.

England is the centre of the world's shipbuilding. Four years ago the outlook there seemed gloomy indeed. It was estimated in 1909 that there were a million net tons of British shipping in commission more than actually were needed. Freight rates were at their lowest ebb; coal, provisions, wages and insurance were high. This state of things continued until September, 1910. Then the boom began. The pendulum started on its long sweep in the other direction. Since then until very recently, the demand for ships has exceeded the supply.

When one considers the vast quantity of steel and timber and machinery and labor, and the many other things that have to be assembled and used in the building of a ship, and then multiplies it by one thousand or by two thousand, the importance of this boom in shipbuilding and its relation to the other industries of the world becomes apparent.

No exact statistics have been compiled as to the total monetary value of the

ships now afloat or building throughout the world, for the worth of a vessel fluctuates continually. As a rule—theoretically—it begins to depreciate the moment the boat goes into commission and continues to do so steadily until the end of the chapter. But this extraordinary boom in shipbuilding and in the ocean carrying trade has upset every theory and precedent. Vessels built five or six years ago are worth more to-day than when they were launched. Foreign vessels now under construction have been selling at an advance of about seventy per cent. above the market values of the early part of 1910.

Many of the tramp lines have been paying dividends of eight to fourteen per cent. in the last four years. As the size of the boat increases the cost grows proportionately.

Passenger-carrying steamers especially the transatlantic liners, are floating palaces on whose adornment and equipment money is lavished without stint. Immensely powerful boilers and engines are necessary to drive them swiftly and their consumption of coal on a single voyage would be sufficient for the average freighter for a year.

By the end of 1914 it is estimated that the total number of merchant ships afloat upon the oceans of the world will exceed 40,000, and that their total tonnage will be more than 55,000,000. Three-fourths of these are steamers, and the rest are sailing craft. The tonnage of the latter, however, is only about one seventh of the total. Boats of less than one hundred tons gross register, wooden vessels trading on the Great Lakes and ships on the Caspian Sea are not included.

In the number and tonnage of its merchant ships Great Britain is far ahead of any other country. Nearly half the vessels afloat are British.

With the opening of the gates of Panama five new ocean routes will be created: one to the west coast of South America, a second to Australia and New Zealand, a third to the Philippines and Oceania, a fourth to the East Indies and Southern Asia, and the last of all to China and Japan. Not even the most astute of the great commercial sea lords who scan the horizons of trade from their watchtowers in London, New York and Hamburg can do more than hazard guesses as to the rearrangements of trade and the shifting of fleets that the opening and expansion of commerce and old markets will bring about in the next five years. On only one point do they agree unanimously: that the world is on the threshold of a tremendous commercial boom, and that its stimulating cause is the opening of our great canal.

There always has been and always will be more competition in water transportation than in carrying freight and passengers by land. The railroad that pushes its lines into a new and undeveloped territory usually has the field to itself for a long time. Building railroads is more expensive than building ships. Fifty miles of new railroad is about equal to the cost of a five-thousand ton freighter—and all the waterways of the world are open to the ship. The right of way on the ocean costs nothing. Also the tides of commerce usu-



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Every night, countless happy children have Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk at bedtime. And even more grown-ups, when the evening is over, gather around this dish.

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They call this Prof. Anderson's supper, for you owe this Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice to him. By his process alone are whole grains made so easily and completely digestible.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each kernel. Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice do not tax the stomach.

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Ways to Enjoy Them

Do more than serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice for breakfast. Try them in different ways. For each is distinct in its flavor.

Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with your berries, use them in candy making. Scatter the grains like nut meats over a dish of ice cream. Eat them dry like peanuts, or douse them with melted butter.

These are all-day foods. When the children are hungry—whatever the hour—the best food you can give them is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

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ally rise and fall less sharply on the sea than on the land.

With the great shifting of trade routes that will come next year, and the remarkable increase in the number of ships that traverse them is likely to come the adoption of new means for the relief of vessels in distress. There is talk of establishing a system of guard or patrol ships to watch over the ocean roads and search for vessels requiring assistance or those that are overdue, from which nothing has been heard. Such a system of safeguards would have to be an international matter. This plan, it is contended would not eliminate the inevitable hazards of the sea but would reduce them materially.

Exploring the Infinitely Little

How the Astronomers of Medicine are Charting the Universe that Lies Beyond the Range of the Microscope

From The World's Work.

One of the greatest subjects in scientific medicine of the present day is the search for tiny particles, minute and undiscernible organisms so small that even the most powerful microscope will not reveal them and yet so powerful that they at once produce frightful and fatal diseases if injected into man or animal. The history is here told of this work which is at present occupying the attention of some of the greatest medical men of the day.

AS the world of the astronomer is infinitely large, so is the world of the world of the bacteriological worker infinitely little. The latter is satisfied with a universe half an inch in diameter carefully laid upon a microscopic slide. Yet this tiny universe is as infinitely filled with definite bodies in a state of motion, as is that of the astronomer. Many of these bodies are clearly visible; they have been definitely described and charted. Besides these, however, there is an infinity of particles which the most powerful instruments do not reveal. The universe which is no bigger than a pin-head is as interesting as the external universe of the stars; and probably more important in its bearing upon human civilization.

The man who first looked upon the organisms that cause contagious disease was the man who made the first large magnifying microscopes. In 1675 Antony van Leeuwenhook, a lens grinder of Delft, Holland, placed a drop of water under his magnifiers and saw a hitherto unsuspected world of living things. He called them animalcula—little animals—but he made one mistake. He imagined he was dealing with extremely minute living things; in fact, his animalcula were giants, the mammoths, of the invisible living world. Far below them in order of size were microbial liliputians, too minute to be seen by his microscopes or even by the microscopes of to-day which are infinitely more powerful.

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Once Pasteur had definitely shown the power of these living micro-organisms, and proved that each disease had its particular organism, laboratory workers everywhere set themselves the task of discovering them. From the earliest days, however, the discoverers met with peculiar difficulties. For many diseases they had no trouble in running down the particular microbe; others proved unexpectedly agile and elusive. Back in the eighteenth century Jenner conquered smallpox, but the most industrious search for thirty years has disclosed no trace of the smallpox microbe. The germs of measles and chickenpox have also eluded detection. Those of yellow fever, scarlet fever, hydrophobia, typhus, and trachoma are also among those which have refused to disclose themselves. To these may be added many peculiar to cattle, such as foot and mouth disease and distemper of dogs.

ORGANISMS THAT GO THROUGH FILTERS.

It was at first thought that because they could not be found these germs did not exist, but in 1898 a German investigator, Loeffler, was experimenting with foot and mouth disease, and decided to try a new experiment. He made a watery emulsion composed of salt solution and extracts of ulcers from the diseased cattle and compressed it through a filter, the minute meshes of which were fine enough to catch all known bacteria. He thus obtained a clear watery liquid which was inevitably free from all bacteria of conventional size. He injected this watery extract into healthy cattle, and the animals presently sickened and died of foot and mouth disease. This proved there was something in the liquid which caused the disease and further experiments showed that whatever it was was alive. Yet under the most powerful microscope the water looked absolutely clear. Similar experiments were made in the case of yellow fever with a minute drop of blood from a patient. These experiments created virtually a new branch of science. For want of a better name these germs which go through fine porcelain filters are known as "filterable viruses." Thirty-one diseases are believed to be caused by this class of living things.

A NEW DISEASE BELTS THE WORLD.

Recently the scientists of the Rockefeller Institute, of New York, succeeded in isolating one of these organisms. This was the one that causes infantile paralysis. Six years ago practically nothing was known of this disease. In 1905 it burst out in considerable virulence in Norway and Sweden, and thence it started on a mysterious circuit of the world. At the Rockefeller Institute Dr. Flexner early succeeded in transmitting the disease from man to monkeys and from monkey to monkey. The organism was also proved to be one of the "filterable viruses." In conjunction with Dr. Noguchi, the famous Japanese bacteriologist, he succeeded in breeding the minute living particles till they became visible under the microscope. They appeared to be variable in size, but it would take about 130,000 of the average size ranged side by side to make an inch. An "ultra micro-



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scropic virus" had thus actually been seen and taken into captivity. Dr. Noguchi is now working on the germ of rabies. His work is still unfinished but it is safe to predict that eventually he will solve this problem also.

NEW LIGHT ON CANCER.

Other experiments indicate that another bacteriological dwarf may be the cause of cancer. In the early days there was undisputed belief in a bacillus or a parasite. No one, however, actually found an organism that produced the disease. No extract taken from tumor cells and injected into a mouse could be made to produce cancer. But when Dr. Rous tried the same experiments on chickens a virulent cancer subsequently appeared on the site of the inoculation. From this one might naturally conclude that human cancer is caused in the same way.

Just where will this search for the smallest organism end? What is the downward limit of size in living things? Already it is plain that the tiniest particles of matter, like the most enormous heavenly bodies, differ from one another in size and glory. Some will pass through reasonably coarse filters; others slip through the very finest. It is conceivable that, though we should increase the strength of our microscopes a thousand-fold, there would still be organisms so inconceivably small that we should never find them. It is probably true that bodies inert and living are organized on two principles—the infinitely great and the infinitely little.

The most powerful telescopes will probably never reveal the most distant stars; the most far-reaching microscope will never disclose the similarly multitudinous little universes that lie all about us.

Government Ownership of Railways

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy Explains His Ideas to an Interviewer

(From The Outlook.)

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with his immense energy and grasp of detail, combined with a profound practical statesmanship, is probably the ablest living railway executive. His opinions with regard to the government ownership of railways as here detailed were given to a representative of The Outlook and have especial reference to the present feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction prevalent in the United States with regard to the railways of that country.

A NATION, however, always gets what it really wants—not what everybody wants, but whatever meets the composite of general public demand. So, if you really want Government ownership of railways, I am sure you will have it. It is all a matter of making up your mind.

And here perhaps I can be of some real service to you, because, while an outsider can never have the native sense of national tendencies, he always has the one advantage of disinterestedness. There is no reason why he should not be impartial if he wants to be. So I can at least put before you what I think are the general advantages and disadvantages of government ownership as seen by one who has worked on railways all his life and become familiar with railway policies. Perhaps, too, you will permit me to say a word for fairness and good temper in the discussion of your railway problems, and for avoidance of the punitive spirit that I see comes out strongly sometimes in some of your publications and speeches. I do not deprecate this particularly because it is directed against railways, but because it always hurts the national spirit. No nation can be great whose citizens conceive of it only as a battle-ground for perpetually warring special interests. Even if some interests

have abused their privileges, there is a right way and a wrong way of bringing them to terms. But I will return to this later.

I confess I was never able to see any principle of fundamental democracy involved in government ownership. When people say, as some do, that it is a priori essential to democracy that the government own and run the railways, I merely ask, Why? To me the question is one of pure expediency. Will government ownership give all-round better service and give it cheaper or as cheap? To my mind, the answer to that question settles the matter. I do not see that any principle of democracy is at stake, one way or the other.

Another thing must be kept in mind. That government ownership or private ownership works well in one country gives no assurance that it will work well in another. The success of government ownership in Prussia, for instance, or Switzerland, does not guarantee its success in Brazil. Private ownership may succeed in England and fail in Spain, Italy, Canada, the United States. There is no forecasting these things. The human element enters into them too largely.

SOME OF THE OBJECTIONS.

There are some objections to government ownership, and I may as well begin by getting them off my mind, and afterwards I will mention the points I see in its favor. First, a government does not move in the railway development of a new district with anything like the promptness and enterprise shown by a private concern. I am not saying that it cannot, but only that it does not; and this is a point seriously to be taken into account by any country that is not fully developed.

In the second place government administration does not show the same economy and efficiency as a private company. A dollar goes further with a corporation than with a government. Again I am not saying that it must be so, but only that it is so. I am aware that these two objections are only the echo of the old complaint that democracy is inefficient, and obviously the answer is for some democratic system of government like yours to come forward and be efficient. If you vote upon government ownership I hope you will do that. I hope you will show us the most enterprising, economical and best-managed railways in the world; and then I will be the first to congratulate you and take back everything I have said.

Then a third objection coming out of the foregoing, is that for a time at least—long enough to disappoint popular expectation and set up some more or less serious political reactions—rates would probably rise; and moreover, they would tend to remain fixed with too great rigidity. Few are aware, I think, of the immense difficulty and labor involved in making and adjusting railway tariffs. Rate-makers cannot foresee everything. Mistakes are bound to occur and errors of judgment resulting in hardship are inevitable. Under private ownership a rate that is onerous or unjust can be quickly readjusted and a sudden change in conditions in a given locality can be promptly met with an appropriate rate. My impression is that it would take longer for a sense of these urgent day-to-day necessities to penetrate to government rate-makers, and also longer for the indicated changes to be made.

A fourth disadvantage is in the sinister possibilities of political organization implied in so large and sudden an increase in the number of government employees. What this would actually amount to in your case I do not know. Personally I think not much; and yet this is one of the very points about which a foreigner can never be quite sure.

THE ADVANTAGES.

So much for the general objections to government ownership. Now, on the other hand, railway property being the most easily socialized body of wealth, and one of the largest as well, if the twenty billion dollars of railway property were taken away from private control, your enormous and distressing inequalities of wealth would no doubt be largely limited. This is the first advantage, and it is considerable. Second, railway investment, which employs so much of your capital, would lose its speculative character by the substitution of bonds bottomed on the Government's credit for bonds bottomed on the credit of a private company. This would remove one of the chief grounds you have for complaint against your railways as hitherto managed.

Unfair discrimination, in the next place—another just ground of complaint—would also disappear under government ownership. It is hard to conceive of a government in your country that would not administer its railways impartially. The impersonal and general nature of government, which in other res-

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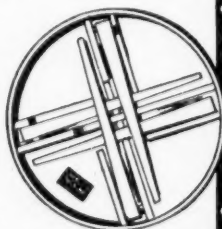
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pects is rather against its efficiency in railway operation, is in favor of it at this one point. A government is raised above the temptations to favoritism which have beset private companies in the throes of competition, and also above the temptation to narrow and local views of industrial and commercial development. Therefore, too—this is the fourth advantage, and very important—under government ownership rates can be adjusted with reference to a maximum development of the country as a whole. Germany gives an excellent example of what can be accomplished in this way. The privately owned railway is bound to be most of all interested in the development of the section that it serves but if the government took its railway work seriously and intelligently, no section would thrive at another's expense through conflict of transportation interests. There would be a harmonious and balanced development of all sections, because the government is able to view the country as a whole, and is indifferent to a forced or unrelated development in any part.

I think the case for and against government ownership can be pretty well summed up under these eight points—four in favor and four against. There

are one or two minor points besides, possibly, that might be mentioned, such as the advantages of government-owned roads for military purposes; but to a non-military country like yours this scarcely counts.

If we in Canada have any advantage over you, as some think we have, it is only because almost from the beginning we have seen and held to this newer theory, that, *no matter how privately owned a railway company may be, it owes its existence to the public through its charter, and therefore it owes its first duty to the public. The shareholders who constitute the company have undertaken, in consideration of the charter, to perform certain services for the public for which they are to receive compensation, but the public by its legislation has reserved the right to determine what the compensation shall be. Clearly, the interests of the public must rank first; but the very fact that the public accepting the service is also to be final authority in the matter of compensation, would make it as unfair and inequitable to have that compensation established at a figure below its value, to the detriment of the shareholders, as it would be if the transaction were between two business men of recognized integrity.*

Bennett, Eccentric Journalist

A Sketch of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table
Newspaper—The Idiosyncrasies of an
Absentee Editor

From Everybody's Magazine.

Appended is a sketch of James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, one of the best known Americans of the present day. It is written by a former member of The Herald, who has thus had a chance to see the eccentric millionaire at his best—and his worst.

AS remarkable in his eccentricities as in any other respect, James Gordon Bennett is a big man whatever way he is taken. His individuality always impresses those with whom he comes into contact. It is difficult to speak of him without prejudice, and little has been written about him that is not flattery or invective.

In appearance he is a thoroughbred. He is tall and slender and of military bearing, with the swing of a sailor added. In spite of his seventy-three years he stands erect and carries himself with the grace and ease of youth. Everything about him indicates tremendous force. Time has not greatly marked him, and this in spite of the many excesses in which he is supposed to have indulged.

Mr. Bennett is as unjust as he is generous, and that is saying a great deal. He is an arrogant aristocrat, an unbending tyrant, and a steadfast friend. He is inconsiderate in his dealings with those in his employ, and yet by most of them he is regarded with the same awe and respect in which the Japanese hold their "heaven-born" emperor.

When he is under no restraint, Mr. Bennett's thoughts flow faster than he can voice them. His words tumble over themselves as he talks; he shortens them to mere syllables, and finally they seem to choke him and he is compelled to halt for breath. In conversation it is his habit to jump at the meaning of what is being said to him, frequently falling into error, but never admitting that he has done so. When contradicted, his rage becomes violent—so violent, in fact, that it is no uncommon thing for him to rave at those about him and, like a madman, seize upon and destroy whatever he can lay his hands upon. The storm is terrible while it lasts, and it is not always of short duration, but when it is over the sun shines and the Bennett sky is beautifully blue.

It is impossible to separate James Gordon Bennett from the New York Herald. Bennett most of the time is the Herald. The Herald at all times is Bennett. He dominates the paper, permitting absolutely no authority to any subordinate. To such an extreme is this carried that the head of a department is made to feel that he is of no more importance in the great machine than is the lowest-salaried man under his command. Indeed, there is ample precedent to justify the thought that another day may see the relative positions of the city editor and the cub reporter reversed.



To Tell You a Story We'll Pay for Five Breakfasts and Five Suppers To-morrow

To-day we greet you on this page to extend this invitation:

Go to your grocer and buy from him a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Take this coupon with you. Then he will give you—for the coupon—a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice, and we will pay him for it.

Thus for 10 cents you get a quarter's worth of Puffed Grains. And the Puffed Rice meals are all with us, given with our compliments.

To Tell You a Story

We do this to let these delightful grains tell you their story—a story you won't forget.

To tell you of grains which are steam-exploded to eight times normal size. Of grains like airy bubbles, filled with a myriad cells. Of thin-walled grains—crisp, fragile, inviting—with a taste like toasted nuts.

Of grains that are used as both foods and confections. As breakfasts and suppers far more tempting than any others that you know.

We want Puffed Grains to tell this story to-morrow at your table. And we gladly buy this package so you'll let them do it.

Professor Anderson's Foods

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, remember, mean more than mere delight. They are whole grains made wholly digestible, and that never before was done.

Inside of each grain there occur in this process more than 100,000,000 explosions. One is caused inside of each food granule, and it blasts the granule to pieces. Thus digestion can instantly act.

No other process does this. All cooking breaks some of the granules. But Prof. Anderson's method—shooting

grains from guns—is the only way known to break all of the granules.

So these are more than fascinating morsels. They are scientific foods. All the elements in these grains are made available as food.

Good for 15 Cents

Buy from your grocer a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Then present this coupon and he will give you a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. We will pay him the 15 cents.

Serve some of these grains with sugar and cream. Mix some of them with fruit. Serve some for supper in bowls of milk. They are crisper than crackers and four times as porous as bread.

Use some like nut meats in home candy making, or as garnish for ice cream.

And let the children when at play eat the grains like peanuts. There are countless ways to serve these food delights.

Cut out this coupon, lay it aside and present it when you go to the store.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c. Except in
Puffed Rice, 15c. Extreme
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SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER

Good in Canada or the United States only C-48

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Wheat, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Rice.

Name

To the Grocer

We will remit you 15 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.
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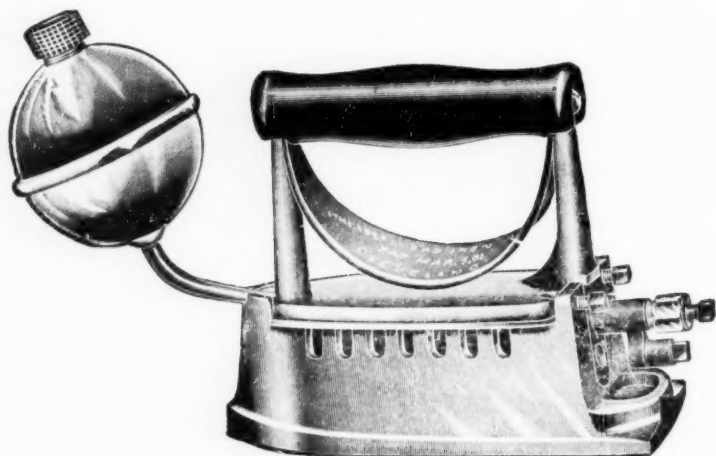
This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1914. Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

TECHNICAL BOOK DEPARTMENT

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

Though he makes his home in Europe and does most of his editing by cable, Mr. Bennett's presence is felt in the *Herald* office every day and all the time. It is to emphasize this effect that he insists upon having the lights kept burning in his private office each night until the presses begin to turn, and everything there kept in full readiness for him. Pencils, pens, ink, and stationery are properly arranged upon his desk, upon which, too, are placed, morning and afternoon, all editions of the New York daily papers.

In the editorial council-room his big armchair, ever ready for his occupancy, stands at the head of the table, and about it is all the atmosphere that is supposed to surround a throne. In the memory of the present generation the sacred chair has never been violated by plebeian touch.

The morning of the day of the Bennett arrival the *Herald* is certain to carry on its first news page two semi-stock stories. One is a dog story; the other describes a runaway, preferably in Fifth Avenue. Runaways always interest Mr. Bennett, and if necessary at least a little one can be arranged with the connivance of a friendly policeman.

Dogs are Mr. Bennett's hobby. He speaks oftener and with greater feeling of a King Charles spaniel that died about ten years ago than he does of any of the men who have died in his service. So highly does Mr. Bennett think of dogs that he has arranged a set of cable-code names for the heads of his various committees, each having the word "dog" for its stem—such as doghead, dogfoot, dogeye, and dogtail—and I have never yet been able to determine whether this was done out of compliment to his employees or as an act of derision.

There is a hush and an atmosphere of mystery about Herald Square on the day of Mr. Bennett's arrival. Men who for a year have worn baggy trousers and shiny coats and who have slouched at their work, appear at the office hours earlier than is their custom. Their clothes are new, and their trousers are stiffly creased. Nothing less than a magnificent frock coat is considered decent. Silk hats are necessities. The editorial council, as a result, has all the solemnity and much of the appearance of a convention of undertakers.

Runners are out in all near-by streets to give notice of the "approach." Even "Big Dan" Rinn, the policeman who has been a fixture in Herald Square for twenty years, is nervous.

By the time Mr. Bennett reaches the building, there is not one of his employees who has not been warned of his coming. The office is a hive of industry, and it remains so as long as he is there. He may stay until long after nightfall, but no one leaves before him, even at the urgent call of hunger—there might be a summons to the Bennett presence.

Finally a menial passes from room to room with the words of release, "He's gone."

A wild dash is made to the nearest restaurant; food is hurriedly swallowed, and all are quickly back at their desks, there to remain until a trusted scout brings word from home that "Mr. Bennett has retired for the night."

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Executive Committee, composed of serious-minded gentlemen, gathers and waits in silent gloom for the coming of Mr. Bennett to preside. After perhaps an hour of oppressive silence, the opening of a far door brings all members stiffly to their feet. They remain standing and in silence until the "throne" is occupied. Then follows from Mr. Bennett a rapid fire of questions and instructions. The recent issues of the *Herald* are torn to shreds. Everyone connected with the paper is declared to be deficient.

"Only two stories have appeared in the last week that have been worth the space given to them. One was about a runaway in Fifth Avenue; the other about a dog saving a baby's life. They were both full of human interest."

Finally the one-sided debate closes and the committee session for the day is at an end. Every one stands until the door has closed behind the owner of the *Herald*.

When the ship carrying Mr. Bennett back to Europe is known to have passed outside Sandy Hook, silk hats are laid aside, creased trousers and frock coats are put away in camphor, and Herald Square relaxes—just a little. Long breaths are not drawn until it is certain that no bomb has been left behind with a slow fuse attached.

In most of his journalistic battles Mr. Bennett has been permitted to be the aggressor. He met one who reversed the order and himself took the aggressive when he clashed with William Randolph Hearst. Trouble began when the late Thomas T. Williams, a Hearst lieutenant, called upon Mr. Bennett in Paris and proposed certain lines of alliance. Mr. Williams found Mr. Bennett in an ugly mood, and received scant courtesy. A message as insulting as it could be made, declining the alliance, was sent to Mr. Hearst. After that message had been delivered, warfare upon the *Herald's* Personal Column as a criminal agency was opened by the Hearst newspapers. The United States district attorney began a prosecution which ended with Mr. Bennett's being brought into court, where he paid a fine which, with costs, amounted to more than \$40,000.

In connection with this case it is only fair to say that Mr. Bennett, while taking the attitude that the *Herald* is not responsible for those who advertise in it, frequently instructed that the Personal Column be kept clean.

Mr. Bennett, too, has had the courage of his convictions. It was during the time of a recent visit to New York that election advertising—about the most profitable advertising any newspaper enjoys—was sent to the *Herald*. It was worth to the paper \$42,000. Printing it meant that the name "William Randolph Hearst" would appear once, but only once, in the *Herald*. Mr. Bennett brushed it aside with the remark:

"The paper is mine. I would not admit that man's name to its columns for \$42,000, for \$420,000, nor for the full value of the Hearst estate. If Hearst dies, goes to jail, or is elected President of the United States, I want no mention of him made in the *Herald*."

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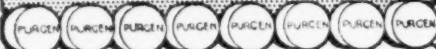
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Some Curious Bibles

Particulars of Unusual Errors
in Early Versions

From The People's Friend

The story of the English Bible is a strange and interesting one. We are apt to forget that the Bible as we know it is but one version of the scriptures, and that there were countless others in use before the introduction of the Authorized Version of James I, which is that in use at the present day.

THE first Bible to be printed in the English language appeared in the year 1535. This was the Old and New Testament as translated from the Dutch and Latin by Tyndal and Coverdale. It is believed to have been printed abroad.

Two years later James Nycolson reprinted this edition at Southwarke, and to him falls the honor of having printed the first English Bible in England. It was in size a folio, like most of the present-day pulpit Bibles. Printed in black letter, the chapters contained no subdivision of verses, but read on in one continuous narrative. This Bible is looked upon as a great rarity, there being less than half a dozen copies in existence.

The English translation of the Bible was eagerly received by the less educated people of the country, to whom the Latin Bible was a closed book. The first edition was soon exhausted, and during the next two years other four editions appeared. None of these was officially recognized by the Church, and it was not until 1539 that the English Bible was produced under the patronage of church and state. "Cromwell's Bible," as it was called, was printed under the auspices of Thomas Lord Cromwell, and was corrected by Coverdale. For the period it was a sumptuous volume, and, in addition to engravings by Holbein, it contained several pages of an almanac. By a royal proclamation a copy of this Bible was ordered to be placed in every parish church in England, where it could be read by all and sundry. In many cases the Bible was secured to the reading desk by a stout chain lest any too enthusiastic reader might be tempted to carry away the book with him. Bibles were Bibles in those days.

"THE BREECHES BIBLE."

During the next twenty years there were continual reprints of the Bible. In 1560 the first Geneva Bible was printed. This version is better known by the name of "The Breeches Bible," so called from the somewhat peculiar rendering of Genesis iii. 7—"They sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves breeches." The translators of the "Breeches Bible" were a distinguished body of men, among whom was included John Knox. It was in this edition, too, that the chapters were first divided into verses. For long this was the most popular version of the Bible, and during thirty years it went through some fifty editions, including one printed at Edinburgh in 1579—the first English Bible printed in Scotland. In spite of the large number which must have been

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issued the "Breeches Bible" is something of a rarity, and a copy is worth two or three pounds. A body of fifty-four scholars was appointed in the reign of James I. to revise the existing versions and to produce one which should be a standard for all time. As the result of their labors we have the Bible as we know it to-day. The Authorized Version was, as a translation, a masterly piece of work, and for the beauty and dignity of its diction it will ever be looked upon as the fountainhead of pure English.

All the early English Bibles were well and carefully printed. The type employed was the black letter, and the text was, as a rule, free from serious error. Strange to say, as time went on the printing began to deteriorate, and mistakes crept into the text. Sometimes these "mistakes" were quite intentional. In many cases deliberate additions or omissions were made for the purpose of furthering the cause of some particular sect or creed. As an example of a printer's error the text of Psalm xiv. in an edition of the Bible printed in the reign of Charles I. stated that "The fool sayeth in his heart there is a God." The change of "no" to "a" in this case cost the printers £3,000 of a fine. Another Bible was marked by an even more crass error, for a "not" was missed out in the Seventh Commandment. All copies of the "Wicked Bible," as it was called, were ordered to be destroyed, and the printers were heavily fined. At least one copy of this Bible is known to have escaped the flames. As an example of a deliberate corruption of the text we have the case of Field, the printer, who is said to have received a bribe of £1,500 from the Independents to change a text in Acts vi.,

to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own ministers. All the printer had to do was to change a "we" into a "ye," so that in Field's Bible the right of appointing their pastors belonged to the people, and not to the apostles.

One of the most curious of old Bibles was that printed at London in 1650 in Shorthand. Evidently this must have attained some popularity, for a few years later we find another Bible being printed in Shorthand, to be sold at half a guinea.

The year 1716 was marked by the production of the first Bible to be printed in Ireland. True to the traditions of the race this Bible contained a remarkable blunder. In a verse in Isaiah the words "sin no more" were printed "sin on more." This error was not discovered until the whole edition of eight thousand copies was bound and partly distributed.

THE "VINEGAR" BIBLE.

Even Bibles printed at such a seat of learning as Oxford were not free from error. A magnificent edition of the Scriptures printed at Oxford has come to be known as the "Vinegar" Bible, from a curious mistake which appeared in the running title of the twentieth chapter of Luke, where it read "the parable of the vinegar" instead of "the parable of the vineyard." Still another Oxford Bible was marred by a somewhat serious error. In the Bible printed there in 1792, in Luke xxii., 34, St. Philip is named as the disciple who should deny Christ instead of St. Peter.

Modern printing and proof-reading have attained such perfection that it would be almost impossible for serious error to creep into the text of a twentieth century Bible.

Japan's Telephone King

Account of the Work of a Great Japanese Telephone Manufacturer Who Lately Died

From the Japan Magazine.

The great achievements of Japan in her war with Russia were not due primarily to her guns and personnel. As a matter of fact, her triumphs would have been impossible without the marvelous perfection of her telegraph and telephone apparatus. It was as a result of the foresight and genius of a man unknown outside of his own country that Japan was able to accomplish these wonders. This man was the late Kibotaro Oki.

AFTER the war with China it was seen that in future the success or failure of any land campaign must depend more or less on perfection of telegraphic equipment and telephone service. Up to this time, and for some period subsequently, most of the instruments used were imported from abroad. Foreigners, seeing how largely Japan was beginning to invest in such enterprises, began to enter the trade. It was agreed then that the important instrument for the battlefield of the future would be the portable telephone. Foreign experts soon caught on, and some of them approached Mr. Oki to persuade him to unite with them in

ducing the Government to adopt their plans for equipping the army with a proper telegraph and telephone service. As he hesitated, he was threatened with dire competition; yet he remained unmoved. He knew he was unequal in skill and backing to the foreigner, but he was determined to produce something quite Japanese and independent of alien influence and control. In any case, it would be better for outsiders to know as little as possible about the nation's methods of communication in war time. Gathering about him a number of apprentices and students, he set them to work assisting in perfecting his apparatus. At this time the Government was depending for the most part upon foreigners for telephone instruments and general equipment. When Oki came on the scene the competition began to be fierce. The Government soon discovered that none of the foreign supplies suited the purpose so well as the instruments produced by Oki. Not only has he for the past few years satisfactorily supplied

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Ditto hand-sewn, with black thread, very smart, 95 cents per pair.

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all the telephone equipment of the Government, but his instruments are finding profitable export abroad. Most of the telephones used in southern China are from his factory. He is now, though dead, the telephone king of Japan.

Oki came of a family with mechanical genius. He studied with German instructors and soon passed them.

At this time all manufactures in Japan were in a very rudimentary condition. Being a man of great independence, he soon made marked improvements in the design and manufacture of telegraph and telephone apparatus. . . . The Russo-Japanese war brought the climax of prosperity. The Oki company not only supplied all the instruments for that unprecedented campaign, but so perfect were they that no mistakes were made by the army; and the perfection of Japan's communications service not only satisfied the fastidious army staff, but astonished the military attaches and correspondents of the world. After the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war certain great electrical firms abroad proposed to get in touch with Oki and find out the secret of his achievement. But he declined, and accepted the consequent competition. The result was favorable to the progress of electrical enterprise in Japan; for it cut down prices and enabled the Government to make its pressing necessity for extension of telephone service possible without any undue outlay. Certainly it is being accomplished at prices that would not have been possible had foreigners not entered the field. Thus the Government has been saved several millions, and the prosperous Oki company has in no way been injured. It is seen, therefore, that the wisdom and genius of Mr. Oki is apparent not only in his scientific achievements in the realm of telephone service, but in his remarkable business talents and general manipulation of industrial enterprise for his own and his country's good.

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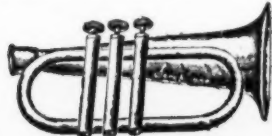
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LIKE the industrious London apprentice, Sir Edward Clarke, who, after fifty years at the Bar, is about to retire, began life by working in a city shop during the day and sleeping behind the counter at night. In his case, however, the shop belonged to his father—a jeweler of King William Street—and for four years Sir Edward acted as his assistant. Shop life, however, had no attractions for the boy who was ultimately to rise to such eminence in the legal profession, although about this time he had no clear idea as to what he really wished to become.

He tried clerical work in the India Office, reporting in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and not till then did he turn his attention to the law. He wasted no time, however, when he decided upon this fourth change. Six months' study enabled him to win the Tancred Law Studentship, carrying with it an income of \$500 a year for six years, and from that point he never looked back.

THE ONLY WAY.

"I entered the legal profession," Sir Edward remarked, during an interview, "neither propped by ancestry nor assisted by connection." This was said in no boastful spirit, but merely as an illustration of what can be done by the young man who determines to get on. "The attraction to me," he said, "was that the Bar afforded the only path by which a lad, who had neither money nor influence to back him, could hope to attain any position of influence in political affairs." And probably the proudest day in Sir Edward's life was that on which he took his seat in the House of Commons for the first time in 1880, while his father, aged 80, and his son watched him delightedly from the Strangers' Gallery.

Perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of Sir Edward's energy is that provided by the fact that when he was over sixty years of age he invented a new system of shorthand. While it had many excellent advantages, however, the system was a little too complicated for the average person. Sir Edward thereupon perfected a system of swift shorthand, so that people would be able to write three times quicker than by the ordinary method. Particulars of this system of swifthead were published in 1909, and it earned the gratitude of thousands of business men who had never,

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through lack of time or inclination, been able to study the various existing systems of shorthand.

It was not many years after he was called to the Bar at the age of 23 that Sir Edward had increased his \$500 a year to several thousands. Long ago he earned the title of the law's strong man, and he is probably the finest living cross-examiner. There is a story told that one of Sir Edward's first successes was in a murder trial at Maidstone Assizes, when the late Mr. Justice Charles persuaded him to take the brief for the defence. Sir Edward was only a stuff gownman at the time, and hesitated.

"If you don't take it," urged the judge, "some stupid barrister will put a wrong question and the woman will be hanged."

Sir Edward allowed himself to be persuaded by the judge's flattering argument, and secured his client's acquittal.

WANTED HIS "SWAG" BACK.

Stories of cases in which Sir Edward has been engaged are, of course, legion; but one of the best, perhaps, is that which he tells of one of his early cases, when a young man was found in illegal possession of a number of spoons and forks. When the man's term of imprisonment had expired the barrister was surprised one day to see him walk into his chambers.

"You didn't expect to see me again, did you?" said the man. "You see, it's like this. When they got me I had a lot of the silver plate on me, and they took it away. Now, I was thinking that, as you got me off so lightly, you could make the police give me my swag."

Sir Edward is regarded at the Bar with the greatest liking and esteem, no less on account of his ability than of his geniality. He is delightful company, fond of music, and can tell a capital story. Apropos of his love of music, the late Mr. George Du Maurier used to tell the following:—As many readers are aware, Lord Alverstone is musically inclined, and both he and Sir Edward, it is said, were very fond of hearing themselves sing at the musical evenings held periodically in the Temple. One evening Lord Alverstone (he was Sir Richard Webster then) said to Mr. Du Maurier, "Excellent fellow, Clarke, only he will sing." Only a few minutes afterwards Mr. Clarke confided to Du Maurier, "Webster is a capital fellow, but he has a weakness—he thinks he can sing, you know."

It is related that Sir Edward is so energetic as a musician that he once broke a friend's pianoforte, while on another occasion when he was asked to take part in a river picnic, the invitation setting out that it was "musical," he was told after the acceptance "to be less athletic on the piano and more harmonious on the water."

ATHLETIC RECREATIONS.

Rowing and sculling used to be Sir Edward's favorite recreations, and even now one may see him pulling a boat about on the river at Staines, where he has a house, and where he has built a beautiful church at a cost of about \$55,000. All his life he has been a devoted son of the Church and defender of her interests, and he is a member of the House of Lay-

men. Perhaps Sir Edward's chief weakness is his love for somewhat unconventional raiment. His boating get-up is said to be fearful and wonderful, while a story is told of his being mistaken by an American for a Royal Duke as he emerged from the Law Courts one day in all the glory of a light gray frock-suit, gray gloves, white hat, red tie, and patent leather shoes.

In his younger days Sir Edward was an enthusiastic Volunteer. "I was always," he once confessed, a full private, more or less efficient. We went for long marches, principally by train, to Wimbledon Common, and we fought sham fights at Newhaven. Although we had our uses, I should not like to claim that we were efficient, according to modern notions. Still, I strongly object to the description of an individual that 'as a Volunteer I was born in a panic, nursed in neglect, and grew in my maturity into a military monstrosity.'

Greatly daring, Sir Edward has strongly opposed the Suffragettes, who have never forgiven him for his remarks about women and politics. "Women in politics," he said some time ago, "are almost always personal. A handsome young guardsman or the son of a peer will be an irresistible candidate to a woman. She generally says of a man either that he is 'a dear' or that he is 'a wretch.' To vote for the 'dear' would be a matter of course, and to embroil women in the activities of political life would be an invasion of the home against which every woman should have the right to protest."

STIMULATING PLANT GROWTH WITH X-RAYS.

Experiments made by Dr. Schwartz, a German scientist, show that X-rays stimulate the growth of plants and of living tissue in general, but in order to produce good results it is required to adjust the value of the rays in order to prevent a destructive action, such as can also take place without due care in making use of them. Should the exposure to the rays be too long, the effect can exceed the proper limits and become dangerous. Working upon plants, he finds that an under-exposure of 30 seconds has no appreciable effect of any kind upon the growth, and, on the contrary, a long exposure of 5 minutes is seen to alter the tissues and hinder the growth of the plant. The proper time appeared to be 150 seconds, and shortly after exposure to the rays the plants were so much stimulated that in three weeks' time they had grown to double the height of the other specimens. Such experiments were made with the use of young sprouts, and not upon plants in an advanced state of growth. As to the effect on the tissues of the human body, he finds that in the case of wounds where there is a decrease in vitality of structures, this is stimulated to quite a degree, so that, for instance, an obstinate wound will heal up after a few seances. It is well known that the X-rays will produce severe burns upon the skin, but this is caused by a too strong action.

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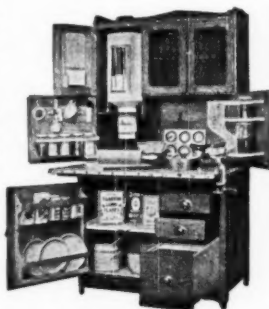


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Zionism in the City of Zion

Showing How the Jews are
Repopulating Palestine

From The Continent, Chicago.

In 1885 there were not more than 30,000 Jews in Palestine; to-day there are at least 150,000. Professor Franklin S. Hoskins, of the Syrian Protestant College, here gives some authentic information about the actual results of the Zionist Society's work.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago one heard little of the Hebrew tongue in Jerusalem's streets or elsewhere in the land, because the Jew found it much safer to conceal his identity under the language of the country from which he chanced to come. But to-day Hebrew is used everywhere—in the market, the banks, and most especially in thousands of schools. It is one of the cardinal aims of the Zionists again to make this the language of the ancient homeland, and it will not be long before other nationalities and religions will have to learn Hebrew or simply be shut out of the commercial centres of the city and country. Only recently a German society for helping the Jews attempted to keep the German language in the schools. One of the results was a riot, and the matter was settled in favor of those who clamored for the Hebrew.

Those who have visited Jerusalem in former years will remember the thousands of pitifully poor Jews of all nationalities who lived on alms in the city. It is said on good authority that not less than 5,000,000 francs (\$1,000,000) is now coming into the land annually for their relief. But each year brings a better class of immigrants, and that means less and less need for alms. The fifty or sixty colonies lately established wear a much more hopeful appearance.

Those about Jaffa and in the Plains of Sharon show every appearance of wealth and prosperity. The orange trade of Jaffa has increased greatly and will soon be largely in the hands of Jews. Out of 1,500,000 boxes handled this year at that port, at least one-third, or 500,000 boxes, are from the colonies or in the control of the Jews. While other nationalities, and especially Christians of all lands, are busy trying to circumvent one another in appropriating legendary and sacred sites, the Jews are in a common-sense way buying up agricultural land. It is not possible to make any accurate estimate of what has been done in this line, but it is a well-known fact that no tract, small or large, within a hundred miles of Jerusalem, east or west of the Jordan, can be offered for sale without attracting Jewish buyers. Colonies, societies, and banks exist for this very business, and thousands of all nationalities and religions are in the trade for gain. Every day brings some fresh surprises of phenomenal purchases. This is one of the most striking features of the present commercial life of Palestine. The colonies are encouraging this agricultural conquest of the land, and

HAVE SOFT WHITE HANDS

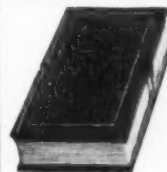


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meanwhile industrial schools under the patronage of wealthy societies and individuals are attempting a revival of Jewish arts and handicrafts with most creditable results.

Austria and Germany are most powerful in the trade of Jerusalem and its vicinity; France in high politics and finance. Of the influences from within the Arab element is almost nil, the Christian element too busy with trifles, the Jewish seriously and powerfully predominant. Certain churches and enterprises represent one or another of the European nations, but rarely more than one. But the Jewish element, for one reason or another, draws power from all nations. Leaders of the Zionist movement differ sharply on many points; misunderstandings separate powerful interests; motives are attacked and as vigorously defended. But underneath all the outward clash of theories, the heart and soul of the Jewish race does unitedly hope for and expect to establish a great Jewish state which, sitting at the juncture of three continents, in the seat of their ancient glory, shall levy tribute from the great nations of the earth.

Some speak of it as to be a state without a religion, in the sense that the United States has no official faith or state religion.

Eat Whole Wheat Bread

The Strength-giving Qualities
of Bread are Now Sacrificed to Color Says
a French Scientist

From La Revue Scientifique.

How we are deliberately removing from our flour its most nutritious elements, is explained in the following article. Whole wheat bread contains the most nourishing part of the grain, while the whiter the flour the more exclusively is it composed of those parts least rich in fatty matter phosphates and nitrogen compounds.

THE sifting of flour favored by the world-wide culture of wheat, which is extending yearly, now removes about 50 per cent. of the weight of the grain, whereas fifty years ago a hundred pounds of wheat yielded eighty-three pounds of flour ready for bread-making.

Whole-wheat bread has almost disappeared even from the army. During the first wars of the Revolution the soldiers' bread was made from unsifted flour, containing all the wheat and bran. In 1796 the Academy of Sciences, at the request of the Minister of War made a report on the use of bran in bread-making. The minister asked whether the presence of bran in bread might not be injurious to the health of the troops, and if so, in what proportion. The report, which was published in the proceedings of the Academy, stated that bran left in its entirety in flour might be injurious to health, but that nothing is more advantageous to the

quality of the bread than to leave a certain quantity of bran in it. To obtain this quality of bread wheat should be used from which 18 per cent. of bran has been removed.

These conclusions adopted by the Academy were transmitted to the Minister of War, but were not applied till 1853. The flour was sifted of five to ten per cent. of its bran and after 1844 of fifteen per cent. Owing to the twenty per cent. sifting instituted in 1853 an increase in the bread-ration was advised by the surgeon inspectors, who said: "Sifting carried beyond a certain limit eliminates useful elements and has no advantage beyond improving the color of the bread. Very white bread is a type which may suit tired stomachs accustomed to rich and varied food, but the wealthy classes are led to prefer it only by custom and imitation. The choice of a more or less white bread for the workman, the peasant, or the soldier, should be regulated especially by the proportion of meat that enters into the daily repast. The Parisian workman who is particular about the color of his bread, and prefers to buy a bread of very white flour, but less substantial and less strength-giving than that given to the army consumes a larger flesh ration than the soldier. So that the more the flour is sifted the more meat must be consumed daily."

In these latter days, with the most laudable intentions, the sifting of flour used for army bread has been raised from 20 to 30 per cent. The result is certain; the ration will prove insufficient, and the soldier will go hungry.

Romantic Career of Roumania's Soldier King

Balkan Monarch Who Has Kept His Throne for Over Forty Years

From Ideas.

When King Charles first arrived in Bucharest, not a voice in Europe could be heard to give him the least hope of keeping his new throne for more than a few months, yet he has held it undisputed through tremendous ups and downs of popularity for over forty years. Apart from the Emperor of Austria, he is the only living monarch who personally led his troops to battle in the mighty struggle against the Turks in the nineteenth century.

FORMED out of Moldavia and Wallachia, Roumania is the happiest result of the Russo-Turkish War of 1876. In that year King Charles was a simple sub-lieutenant of Prussian Dragoons, and, owing to the diplomatic action of Prussia, Roumania invited the then Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen to become first Prince of Roumania. Bismarck advised the Prince to accept the job, as, in any event, it would afford him some interesting recollections. Prince Charles was a member of the Catholic branch of



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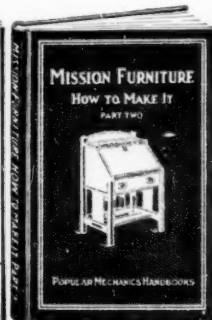
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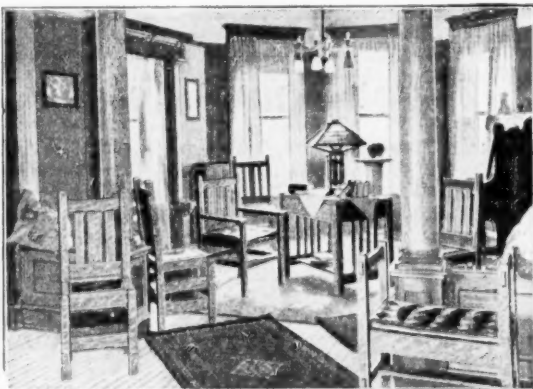
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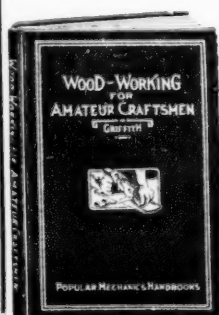
Sirs: Please send me Part Two, Mission Furniture: How to Make It, by mail prepaid. I have Part One, and have made and sold \$400.00 worth of one piece of furniture, and I am not a carpenter either, but with the instructions written so I can understand it, I have a business of my own.

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the House of Hohenzollern, and a Catholic he remains to this day. So Prince Charles went to Bucharest, and, acting up to his motto, "Always on the spot!" he has stuck there ever since, through a variety of crises which would have compelled many another man to throw up his job in despair of ever giving satisfaction. Bismarck had said to Prince Charles. "You have been unanimously elected by a nation to rule over them; obey the summons!" But, notwithstanding the "unanimity" of the voice which called him, Prince Charles had to smuggle himself across the frontier.

THRONE WHICH HUNG UPON CUSTOMS' OFFICER'S PATIENCE.

His passport had been made out in the name of "Karl Hettingen, traveling on business to Odessa," and a further disguise was afforded by a pair of blue spectacles. At the critical moment, however, "Karl" forgot his new name; and it seemed as though the Customs officer would order his arrest when a quick-witted companion ostentatiously insisted on paying duty on all the cigars in the Prince's baggage, thus giving "Karl" an opportunity of refreshing his memory from his passport.

The chances of a European throne, it may be said, hung upon a Customs officer's patience. But, in due course, the Prussian sub-lieutenant reached the Roumanian capital, and for forty years he has ruled his new state not only to its immense advantage but with all the sterling incorruption and honesty of the best-class German. During a long life no breath of scandal has tainted his name. Soon after his arrival his younger brother became the immediate cause of the Franco-Prussian War.

The spirit of emulation had got hold of the Sigmaringen Hohenzollerns, and they all wanted to carve out thrones for themselves. By this time Charles of Roumania had taken a wife in Princess Elizabeth of Wied, and a happy couple they have proved. Yet the Princess was a Lutheran, and a Lutheran she remains.

Since those days, forty-four years ago, King Charles' wife has become world-famous as "Carmen Sylva," the Poet-Queen, and her portraits have made her face familiar to newspaper readers the world over. But from the time that Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen assumed the role of ruler of Roumania in Bucharest, Roumania has suffered from swelled head. Fondly imagining herself a great Power, she has tried to rival Austria, France and Germany, and has spent money recklessly.

For the last ten years she has been trying to retrench. Roumanian vanity has taken form in a wonderful improvement in street architecture, and in the new Bucharest, which has arisen under King Charles, even the private houses have become small palaces. Half these beautiful houses are empty, and many are already decaying. The people of Bucharest have over-built themselves, and rents have gone down alarmingly.

King Charles introduced the German military system into his new kingdom, and the Roumanian officer struts about the streets of Bucharest in glaring fancy

dress uniforms, with corsets and built-up shoulders visible to the naked eye. In the War Office in Bucharest the chambers buzz with comic opera soldiers in fawn-colored uniforms—from the War Minister down to the boy who licks the stamps. However, the Roumanians gave a good account of themselves in 1877 when King Charles led them at the battle of Plevna.

In May, 1906, King Charles celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the Roumanian throne, though, of course, he was not made a King till 1881—when Roumania did herself proud! Such junketings were things unknown in Bucharest.

King Charles has unfortunately suffered all his life from a form of ill-health, and the anniversary rejoicings found him in by no means the best of health. But the great event of 1906 saw him fit enough to keep his saddle for two hours, and those two hours must have been amongst the most exhilarating of his remarkable

life. The event was a great review of the Roumanian troops, and as King Charles, a German soldier, had spent forty years in the evolution of this fine army, he had probably more cause to be proud of that day's show than could have been, under like circumstances, any other monarch in Europe.

The review was undoubtedly a grand sight, and the enthusiasm for King Charles was intense as he moved away from the review ground. Not many months after the King's life was almost despaired of, as he was stricken with a stomachic trouble, complicated by arthritic neuralgia of the intestines. But, as has so often been the case, the King recovered, and may still live, as did that other Balkan King, George of the Hellenes, to celebrate the jubilee of his reign. Balkan potentates seem to be tremendous "stayers" in spite of their feverish lives. King Charles has, however, had to forego a meat diet altogether.

Cloth v. Glass for Windows

Cotton Cloth Much Healthier than Glass, Say Those Who Have Tried It

From The Engineering Magazine.

To use some textile or other fabric for windows instead of glass may seem a retrograde movement, but according to the writer of this article it may be desirable in schoolrooms. Cotton cloth will admit sufficient light and a great deal of air, and at the same time the cold that enters the room is less than that radiated by a pane of glass. It is thus easier to keep a cloth-screened room warm, than to heat a room having glass windows.

THE interior design of our school-rooms seems to be an interior hall, dark and filled with a bad odor, while opening from it are lateral cells or classrooms. The universal use of glass has provided a means to light these cells or classrooms, but no means have been found to keep them full of fresh, sweet air. Buildings fitted with apparatus that is supposed to be capable of delivering eighteen cubic feet of air per pupil per minute are full of stuffiness, the children are restless, there is hacking and coughing.

In our rigorous northern climate, the first thought is to provide a sufficient protection from the winter cold, the second requirement is to provide a well-lighted room, and we fill the side wall with glass which furnishes the light, but this same side wall of glass prevents proper ventilation, because glass is the greatest radiator of heat known, and it chills the bad air so rapidly that sufficient good air can not be furnished to ventilate the rooms properly, while the halls and coat-rooms are filled with stale, dead air and dust. The problem is to introduce a sufficient quantity of fresh air into a warm room to make it hygienic and, at the same time, to avoid drafts. Drafts in a room are currents of air with velocity enough to be perceived, and if such air is cold, they

are uncomfortable. So the problem is to introduce cold air, but of a very low velocity. If of a very low velocity, there must be a large inlet to get sufficient volume.

An experiment was tried out last year in a modern sixteen-room school with a registration of 750. It is equipped with a fan which forces hot air into the room; there are also steam-heated pipes along the outside walls under the windows. During school hours the windows and doors are closed to keep the ventilating system in working order. The school-room in question had five windows facing the east. Wooden screens were made and covered with a medium grade of unbleached cotton cloth. After they were put in place, the windows were kept open during school hours. The stuffiness and odor entirely disappeared, as did all snuffing and coughing of the pupils. No more cases of fainting occurred, complaints of headaches ceased, and the pupils have done better work.

Before school opens in the morning, the janitor closes the windows and warms the room to 70 degrees by hot air from the fan. This is humidified by a steam jet in the mixing-room. When school opens, the windows are raised and the hot air inlet closed. The windows were open through all the days of winter, although children sit within five feet of the open window. Only on occasions of very severe wind have windows been lowered, and then only in exposed situations, and even on such occasions one or more would be raised at intervals. There are no cold drafts, the velocity of the hot air rising from the radiator pipes is greater than that of the cold air which is being slowly diffused through the screens, so that the resulting direction of the air current is upward. The screens furnish fresh air of very low

BANISH SPARROWS

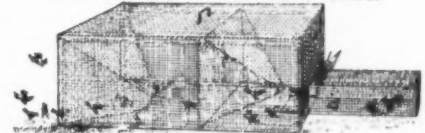
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velocity from a large surface (about fifty square feet in this room) with no heat loss for conduction, whereas with the windows closed, we have a large area of glass cooling the bad air—glass transmits twenty times more heat than cotton. The slow diffusion of fresh air does not seem to cool the air in the room any more than it would be cooled by the glass if the windows were down. The janitor says that the room has been warm as easily as it was before the screens were used. Other teachers were at first incredulous, but as they observed the improvement in work and discipline as a result of the fresh-air conditions, they had the windows in the rooms fitted with screens. In that way the idea has spread to other schools. The public has become interested, and many pupils at the request of their parents have been transferred from closed to fresh-air schoolrooms. The teachers and pupils have learned the benefit and comfort of fresh air and the educational value of this experiment has been of much benefit to the community.

Another great improvement noticed in the fresh-air schoolrooms is that the humidity is practically the same as it is out of doors. The cloth screens do not interfere with the lighting of the room unless they are allowed to become discolored with dust, the light rays are broken up and diffused throughout the room so that the character of the lighting is really improved.

Armed Peace is Economic War

A Weighty Pronouncement by
one of Russia's Greatest
Statesmen

(From The Contemporary Review.)

Count Witte is one of the best known and greatest of European statesmen. He it was who established Russian finances on the solid basis which enabled them to bear the strain of the war with Japan, of the ensuing general strike, and of the so-called revolution. The opinions below were recently expressed to Dr. Dillon, the noted political European journalist.

WHEN I try to realize what is meant by the "peace" of to-day, I feel tempted to call it economic war. Certainly it is little better than war. Speaking without exact figures I should say that some 40 per cent. of the outlay of the various States is absorbed by the armies and navies which are to carry on the great campaign of the future, and by the debts left by the campaigns of the past. Sketch a picture in your mind's eye of all that those sums if properly spent could effect for the nations who now waste them on heavy guns, rifles, dreadnoughts, fortresses and barracks. If this money were laid out on improving the material lot of the people, in housing them hygienically, in procuring for them healthier air, medical aid, and needful periodical rest, they would live longer and work to better purpose, and

enjoy some of the happiness or contentment which at present is the prerogative of the few.

Again, all the best brain-work of the most eminent men is focused on efforts to create new lethal weapons, or to make the old ones more deadly. Take the newest conquest of man—the air. People can fly to day. They have achieved the triumph at the cost of the lives of some of the most heroic individuals of all nations. But how do they think of applying aviation? They are obediently following the lead of their respective Governments and endeavoring to make the

airship one of the most death-dealing pieces of mechanism in use. And they may succeed. For one of the arts in which cultured nations have made most progress is warfare. The noblest efforts of the greatest thinkers are wasted on inventions to destroy human life. When I call to mind the gold and the work thus dissipated in smoke and sound, and compare that picture with this other: villagers with drawn, sallow faces, men and women and dimly conscious children perishing slowly and painfully of hunger—I begin to ask myself whether human culture and the white man who personifies it are not wending towards the abyss.

And turning it in another direction, I behold the anarchist and the socialist springing up in regions made desolate by this modern Moloch.

When and how will it all end? Unless the Great States which have set this hideous example agree to call a halt, so to say, and knit their subjects into a pacific, united Europe, war is the only issue I can perceive. And when I say war, I mean a conflict which will surpass in horror the most brutal, armed conflicts known to human history and entail distress more widespread and more terrible than living men can realize.

Developing Britain's Colonies

What is Being Done to Improve Conditions in the Dependencies and Protectorates of the Empire

From The Edinburgh Review.

The accompanying article gives some valuable information with reference to Britain's tropical possessions and their natural resources, showing the steps which are being taken to develop the resources and educate the people to a higher standard. The problems that are being faced are big ones, but they are being taken up in a way that promises results.

THE British Empire is an aggregate of scattered territories separated by oceans and continents, subject to every variety of climate, and comprising communities in every stage of economic and political evolution, evolution being understood as the operation of changing circumstances on unchanging environment. It includes one-fifth of the habitable surface of the globe, with more than one-fifth of its inhabitants, while the natural factors of distinction between the temperate and tropical zones have determined a political classification into four main groups, shown approximately in this table:

	Area in Square Miles.	Population.
United Kingdom.	120,000	45,500,000
Dominions	7,500,000	20,000,000
Crown Colonies..	2,060,000	42,000,000
India	1,800,000	320,000,000

Excepting Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus in the Mediterranean, and the Falkland Islands in the Southern Atlantic, nearly all the Crown colonies and protectorates lie within the tropics, all within the heat-belt of the world bounded by the parallels of 30 degrees north and south of the equator. The Mediterranean islands are retained in the power of the Crown for the security of a trade route on which the commerce of all the constituent parts of the Empire depends, the South Atlantic islands for specific reasons arising out of their geographical position. On the other hand, the self-governing dominions, with the exception of a considerable area of northern territory in Australia and a

small area in Africa, lie in the temperate zones, the political cleavage between the self-governing dominions and the Crown colonies having followed the natural lines of cleavage between the temperate and tropical zones.

The statistical abstracts of the Board of Trade classify the trade of the Empire, apart from bullion and specie, as (1) food, drink, and tobacco, (2) raw materials and articles mainly unmanufactured, and (3) articles wholly or mainly manufactured. The classification leads to much confusion in the discussion of fiscal questions, as it is impossible to draw a precise line of distinction between the three classes. The great staples of food of Crown colony origin are imported largely as raw material of manufacture, and as contributions to industrial employment there is really no distinction between raw materials of food and raw materials of the textile industry, or of any other manufacturing industry. For the present purpose it must serve to classify the natural resources of the Crown colonies under the general heads of agricultural and forest resources, mineral resources, and ocean and river resources.

From a record of the results of the economic development of the Crown colonies and protectorates to a consideration of the policy and the agencies which have brought them about, the transition is natural. The policy has been controlled by the recognition of three basic facts: (1) that the development of the material resources of the Crown colonies and protectorates is the only source from which revenues adequate to the maintenance of civilized governments can be derived; (2) that the material resources of the tropical world can only be developed by the labor of peoples adapted to tropical environments; and (3) that the laborer cannot in the long run be excluded from a share in the distribution and profits of the results of his labor.

The agencies of this policy fall naturally into two groups, economic and social.

The economic development of the Crown colonies, to the mutual advantage of the constituent parts of the Empire, is the result of an intimate association and co-operation between two scientific agencies, the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, the botanical headquarters of the Empire, and the Imperial Institute. The work at Kew falls under three heads. It provides a school of research and of scientific and practical teaching in agriculture and horticulture; a central depot, and a clearing-house. A principal function of Kew in the department of research and education has been the training of young men for appointments in colonial botanic gardens and stations as curators and superintendents. Within the last few years Kew has studied British Africa with men capable of teaching natives the rudiments of tropical agriculture. As a central depot, the Gardens carry on the work of identifying the species of economic plants best adapted to the climatic and other conditions of the various parts of the Empire. As a clearing-house, Kew receives from, and distributes to, botanic gardens throughout the Empire plants likely to form the foundation of new cultures. Plants from different parts of the Empire are received at Kew, nursed to recovery, repacked, and dispatched to a new home. Among the larger enterprises have been the migration of rubber-producing trees and cinchona from South America to Asia and Africa—twin enterprises of happy omen. For many years Kew had been in association with the Crown colonies through the agency of botanical institutions in the West Indies, Mauritius, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements, but in 1898 this great central institution was brought into much closer association with the West Indies by the creation of a West Indian Department of Economic Botany, supported by Imperial funds, and placed

in charge of an officer styled the Imperial Commissioner of Agriculture for the West Indies. In connection with this department, a system of botanic stations has been organized in the smaller islands in addition to the botanical establishments of British Guiana, Jamaica, and Trinidad. They serve as centres for the experimental cultivation of new plants, for diffusing accurate information, and as training institutions for the practical teaching of agriculture. They are the headquarters from which agricultural instructors are sent to give lectures and demonstrations bearing on the selection of land for economic plants and the whole process of cultivation, from preparing the soil to handling, packing, and marketing the produce in such a way as to secure the most remunerative price. These instructors carry the work of the station so far as possible into the rural districts, giving practical demonstrations to small proprietors on any farm or plantation convenient for the purpose. The department promotes agricultural and horticultural teaching and training, not only in special schools, but in the garden plots connected with the ordinary routine of primary schools. The work of the department is encouraged by exhibitions, and its methods and results are brought to the knowledge of the most isolated cultivators of the soil by the distribution of bulletins, handbooks, and leaflets.

Similar work is being carried on in the East through the agency of the Ceylon Agricultural Society, founded by Sir Henry Blake in 1904. The object of this society is to bring all classes, down to the smallest cultivators, into closer touch with the Government, with each other, and with the scientific staff of the Botanic Department. The central society is formed of all the members of the Legislature, some of the principal inhabitants, European and native, of each province, and all the members of the staff of the Botanic Department. Local societies have been formed by voluntary action in every part of the island and affiliated to the Central Board of Agriculture. The work of the society follows closely the lines of the Department of Economic Botany in the West Indies, and, like that department, finds a valuable auxiliary in the primary school system of the colony. In Ceylon instruction in theoretical agriculture is given in all Government schools above the fifth standard, and the teachers are desired to make use of the plots of ground attached to their schools for practical gardening.

It is not surprising that at the present moment the West Indies should be endeavoring to develop their Department of Economic Botany by making it the nucleus of an Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture with a view to further development into a university, while at the same time the Ceylon Board of Agriculture is taking active measures to select Ceylon as the site of the proposed college. On the part of the West Indies it is claimed that the Island of Trinidad would provide a site in proximity to the great centres of research and education in Europe and America and to a large area of diverse cultivations under diverse conditions of climate, soil, and labor. It is

urged that the West Indies have natural affinities to Europe and America, and that in any case Ceylon cannot provide a substitute for the university centres to which the West Indies look for co-operation. On the part of Ceylon it is urged that proximity to the great planting areas in the Eastern tropics, in tropical Australia, in Mauritius and Seychelles, and in British East Africa is of greater importance than proximity to centres of research and training in Europe and America. It is urged that the climate is healthy, and that there are vast plantations of all kinds of tropical industries giving opportunities for studying estate work on the spot. Another advantage is claimed in the fact that the students would find themselves in contact with Tamils—a race of Indian agricultural laborers who have migrated largely not only into the East but into most tropical colonies. Ceylon has also the advantage of a system of Government Technical Schools, devoted to instruction in a wider range of subjects subsidiary to agricultural estate work. The claim of Ceylon has been strongly supported by Professor Dunstan, whose authority is unquestioned, but probably he would not desire to exclude the alternative of two Colleges of Tropical Agriculture, one in Trinidad and the other in Ceylon.

The discovery of the precise nature and value of thorianite, the new Ceylon mineral, and its commercial utilization are due to the work of the Imperial Institute; the development of cotton cultivation in nearly every Colony, and of the utilization of oil-seeds (especially in West Africa) are among many other subjects in which the work of the Imperial Institute has been conspicuously

successful in assisting the commercial utilization of colonial products.

The Scientific and Technical Research Department of the Institute is now fully equipped and staffed for the conduct of inquiries and investigations, and the supply of information with reference to the production and utilization of every tropical product. Without interfering with the work of the local Agricultural Departments whose operations it supplements, or trenching on the purely botanical functions of Kew, the Imperial Institute has established a Central Department for Investigation and Inquiry, which is useful alike to the Colonies and to British manufacturers. Its Exhibition Galleries, continually added to and improved, are an object lesson in the resources of every country of the Empire. The Institute is also becoming more and more the headquarters of societies which carry out auxiliary work of Imperial utility. The recent Parliamentary Reports of the Institute show, however, that its work is much impeded by want of room in the great building at South Kensington. Originally intended solely for Imperial purposes, at a crisis in its history a part of the building was assigned for offices for the University of London. This arrangement has in recent years satisfied neither party, and it is satisfactory to learn that there is some prospect of the University of London being provided elsewhere with a separate building of its own. As soon as this has been arranged, the Government will be in a position to restore to the Imperial Institute that accommodation which at present is so urgently needed in order to extend and complete work which has been so well begun.

The Origin of Slang

Many Modern Slang Words and Phrases can be Traced to the Classics

From The Forum.

The study of language has demonstrated that common usage to-day makes language to-morrow. The new use of a word to-day becomes the accepted use of that word to-morrow. And so it follows that the slang word of the present, provided always that it serves a useful purpose and is not merely slang for slang's sake, becomes embodied in the accepted vocabulary of the future. The following article bears interestingly on this point.

MANY of the objections to slang urged now and then by purists seem to the student of language, for the most part, groundless. Much of the better sort of slang is an unconscious endeavor to turn into vigorous Saxon English, readily understood, the highly latinized English of the learned. For instance, "to take the hide off" is a forceful rendering of *excoriate*, as "kicking back" is of *recalcitrant*, as "to catch on" (to one's meaning) is of *apprehend*, and so on.

Both *telegraph* and *telegram* have long

since given way, in the business world to *wire*, which is sure to come into general use. So common had "wire" become there was felt to be no need of any foreign importation for the wonderful "wireless," which is now currently used as adjective, noun, and verb, so flexible is our speech. "Elevator," strange to say, has held its own even on the lips of the bellboy, though the Englishman's *lift* is far better.

Much of the current slang supposed to be modern is not new. For instance, "kid" (child) goes back as far, at least, as Massinger's *Old Law* (1599):

"I am old, you say. Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well!" *Kidnap* (to nab a kid) was certainly not a new word to De Foe or Bunyan.

"To skip out" is accounted slang, but in Wycliff's translation of the Bible we read: "Whanne barnabas and poul herden this, thei skipten out."

In *Ralph Roister Doister*, the first English comedy, about the middle of the sixteenth century, an actor says: "Nay

dame, I will fire thee out of my house," which certainly has a modern ring.

Goldsmith in *The Good Natured Man* (1768) says: "If the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him"; and this will require no gloss for the modern reader.

"Not in it" is found in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*: "They have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in it."

"Cut it out" goes back as far, at least as Sheridan's *Critic* (1779): "The performers have cut it out."

The optimistic brakeman, who had both legs cut off by a train, and who, when a bystander tried to console him by saying he ought to be thankful he wasn't killed outright, replied, "I'm not kicking," was only using a biblical expression: "Wherefore kick ye at my sacrifice?"

"Buss" is Shakespearean slang for *kiss*, the Johnsonese definition of which is: "The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction."

The tendency to-day is strongly toward the Saxon element of our language, short and simple, except in scientific treatises. A well-known medical writer published an article, a few years ago, in one of our most popular weeklies, in which he said: "The problem of whether life be worth living emphatically depends upon the metabolic integrity of our hepatic cytoplasm." A wit, not a scientist, long ago answered Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" by replying: "It depends on the liver."

By the way, did not *pun* come in as a slang term? Skeat derives it from the Anglo-Saxon *punian*, to pound; "hence pound words, beat them into new senses, hammer at forced similes"; and the labored efforts often made seem to justify this etymology. It is so used by Shakespeare, in the sense of *pound*, in *Troilus and Cressida* (2,1): "He would *pun* thee into shivers with his fist."

Slang is the spare-ribs of speech, cut to the bone. A certain literary editor has placed 'phone in his "Inferno." Another attempt to lash the waves. Was he un-mindful of *cab* (*cabriolet*), *cad* (*cadet*), *pet* (*petit*), *pup* (*poupee*), *fad* (*fadaise*), *navvy* (*navigator*), *bus* (*omnibus*), *mob* (*mobile vulgus*), etc?

"I have done my best for some years past," Swift wrote, "to stop the progress of *mob* and *banter*, but have been plainly borne down by numbers." Take *boss*, which came in as slang, out of the propaganda of a great progressive leader, and what gaps you have left to fill! What would the purist suggest in place of "It's up to you," "I'm up against it," "He went back on me," "graft," "stunt," etc.? "Mossback" and "rubber-neck," the coinage of unrecognized poets, are more expressive than "greenhorn," which has long since won its way in standard English.

In the same way that politics of to-day is history in the making is the slang of to-day language in the making, and for this reason slang is of immense interest to the student of language.

Victor Hugo says in his chapter on slang (*L'Argot* in *Les Misérables*: "To hold up on the surface and keep from for-

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getfulness, from the gulf, only a fragment of any language which man has spoken, and which would be lost—that is to say, one of the elements, good or bad, of which civilization is composed—is to extend the data of social observation and serve civilization itself. . . . To those who study language as it should be studied—that is to say, as geologists study the earth—slang appears like a real alluvium." He remarks in this same chapter: "That exquisite and so celebrated line,

"Mais ou sont les neiges d'antam?" is a verse of slang. *Antan*—*ante annum*—is a slang word of Thunes, which signifies the past year, by extension, formerly."

As to daily use, every man of taste rightly resents the wanton slinging of slang. The present writer finds himself in the same boat with a friend who says: "I don't smoke myself, but I always like to smell a good cigar." And mark you, the cigar must be a good one.

The Brilliant President of Yale

A Trade Paper Editor Who Rose to the Head of a Great American College

From Munsey's Magazine.

Arthur T. Hadley, the president of Yale, began his career as a trade journalist. For years he acted as editor of a railway journal, and in that capacity gained such an insight into the problems of transportation that he became recognized as an authority. The story of his career, as outlined in the accompanying article, is one of brilliant achievements.

PRESIDENT HADLEY is a man in the fifties, with close-cropped gray hair. His face is a narrow New England oval—forehead full and slightly seamed, nose good and strong, chin reticent, not to say retiring, eyes a trifle worn with much reading, but as full of sparkle as his conversation. His mouth is almost overstocked with teeth which, gleaming constantly as he talks, are a living witness to a laughing soul, which is no libel, since President Hadley has been declared to have the keenest sense of humor of any man in America.

He is excessively nervous. In his platform manners he is endowed with an awkwardness which, they say at Yale, amounts to grace. In personal conversation one is not conscious at all of this awkwardness, merely noticing the greatest excess of nervousness and being impressed by a vivacious, chuckling cordiality and a sense of perpetual motion.

The president gets up and sits down; he waves his hands; he vibrates, rotates, gyrates, and all the time is striking off ideas like sparks from an anvil. Expressions scud across his face, which kindles or grows dark, frowns or smiles, nods emphatically with approval, or shakes with stubborn disavowal, conveying the notion of kinetoscopic mental action at once spontaneous and dazzling.

After finishing his course at Yale, Mr. Hadley went to New York. In that city, and solely for utilitarian purposes, the young man espoused journalism as a career, and that part of journalism which was most closely related to his chosen field of economy, namely, the trade papers of business and finance. In this field of topics he soon centered upon the greatest of them all, the railroads.

His insinuating intelligence and nervous industry were swiftly at close grips with this subject upon many sides. He wrote financial articles for the railroad journals, and railroad articles for the financial journals, and presently was assistant editor of the *Railroad Gazette*. Within a few years there was a toime upon the shelves of thoughtful students entitled "Railroad Transportation," by Arthur T. Hadley. This volume, published in 1885, was almost the first attempt to analyze and correlate scientifically the principles of railway management. It is rather surprising now to turn over the pages of this book and see how many of the problems supposedly purely of our own day were already surveyed and their rocks and shoals charted by this analytical young journalist of a quarter of a century ago.

Recently an eminent railroad president remarked: "I have just been reading Hadley's volume published twenty-eight years ago, and, out of my now thirty years' experience, it is remarkable how few words in the book I would change."

By the end of the ten-year period of journalism, the persuasive personality of "this young fellow Hadley" and the thrusting inquisitiveness of his mind had made him widely known and respected. In 1885 Governor Harrison, of Connecticut, was looking about for a labor commissioner. He gave the job to Hadley.

By 1886 Yale had begun to see Hadley, yet only, as it were, with one eye, since it honored the young man with but a half-time professorship in the department of economics. It was five long years before this half became a full, although in the meantime the young Interstate Commerce Commission was coming down to New Haven to take opinion of the lecturing journalist, and his star as an authority on the practical side of economic science was steadily brightening.

However, in 1891 Mr. Hadley was made a full-time professor at Yale, and from that moment he came on swiftly. Only eight years later the corporation was choosing a president to succeed Timothy Dwight. There was much delay, much waiting for nominations from the retiring president, and a prompt disinclination to accept the nomination when it came. A committee was appointed and possibilities canvassed. Considerably to the surprise of the man's most intimate friends, and perhaps of himself, there was a gradual centering upon Arthur T. Hadley.

Once his fitness was seriously considered, it was rather astonishing to find in how many ways he measured up to all the specifications. Tried in almost any light, the man fitted. He was closely connected with the great generation which had passed. He represented the best traditions of Yale scholarship and of Yale

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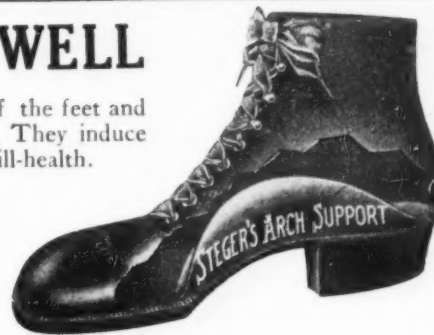
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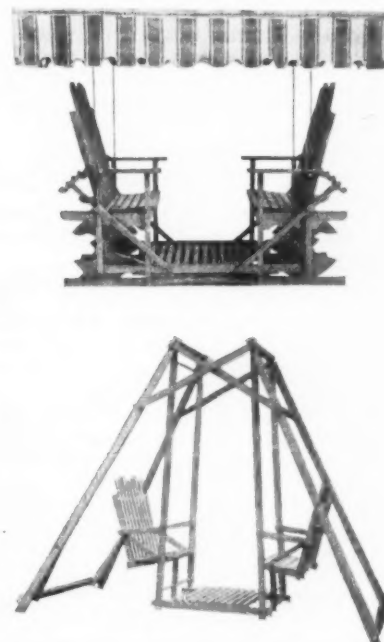
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democracy. By sheer appreciation of ability he had been advanced in eight years to the position of dean of the graduate school. Nor was it that Yale alone recognized his scholarly qualifications; all America had done so, and Europe as well. He had been elected president of the American Economic Association. His books had been translated into foreign tongues. As a teacher, while it was ad-

mitted that he sometimes lost himself and talked over the heads of his students, it was also recognized that his contact upon their minds was sharp and stimulating, and his influence of the highest. He was an able instructor, but a greater man than teacher. What he was inspired as much as what he said.

The president of Yale is more a mediator than master. He is a kind of intel-

lectual clearing-house, sitting with open mind toward the policies of the different colleges and professional schools, dispensing appropriations, granting or withholding concurrence, influencing opinion, giving impulse and direction to the tendency of the whole, but seldom forcing the presidential initiative into the individual departments.

The Lord Chief Justice

A Study in Personality, and Sketch of His Career

From The Pall Mall Magazine.

No career in recent times is more striking than that of the boy who ran away to sea and eventually was raised to the highest judicial honors that England can bestow. This sketch, which is by T. P. O'Connor, was written shortly before Sir Rufus Isaacs' elevation to the high position he now occupies.

SCENE—a railway carriage; *dramatis personae*—the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Attorney-General, Lady Isaacs and myself. The stranger to political personalities in their intimate lives would have been startled if he could have looked into this carriage and have seen the occupation of its travelers. For what was taking place was that the Attorney-General was rolling out these lines:

When I was a-walking down Leicester Square, Give him some time to blow the man down.
And the Chancellor of the Exchequer, swaying himself backwards and forwards, was roaring out thus:

When I was a-walking down Leicester Square, Give him some time to blow the man down.

The scene was eminently characteristic of the two men; it was their real selves, not the solemn, decorous and self-restrained beings they have to be when they are before the public. With all their difference in race, creed, upbringing and minds, there is a strong resemblance between the temperaments of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General.

VIRILE AND AUDACIOUS COURAGE.

If either of them could be induced to write the story of his early days, it would bear a strong resemblance to the immortal American work known as *The Bad Boy's Diary*. The boy wasn't bad at all; he was simply a wild, untamable spirit, full of the joy of life, of virile and audacious courage, and of a thirst for adventure and independence; just the kind of boy that grows up into a strong man, able to make his way through apparently insurmountable obstacles, and destined to take the place which men are always willing in the end to yield to their natural born rulers.

There was the difference between the youth of the two men that one had his path in life very much cut out for him by others, and though the way was difficult he never swerved from it; the other had spent many boisterous and some inauspicious years before he found himself in the profession for which anyone but

himself would have at once seen he was destined by nature.

RAN AWAY TO SEA.

If you hear him to-day singing a sailor song with gusto, it is because he followed the historic condition of the bad boy and ran away to sea. He returned, however, an untamable spirit, and, rejecting a position in his father's business, entered the Stock Exchange. But his gifts apparently did not lie in that direction. And thus at twenty-four years of age this brilliant, daring, high-spirited boy had not yet found himself. But he had not lost a bit of his courage, or of his love of adventure; like so many other bold spirits, he thought of the New World, with its absence of traditions, of settled and pre-arranged careers, and had actually booked his passage and arrived at the railway station of departure when a message from his mother dissuaded him from going. With instinctive second sight, she pronounced the startling verdict that what her boy should be and ought to be was a

barrister. He would have laughed at the advice, but the brother who came to tell it to him had to add that their mother was ill from the grief of parting with him. He took his luggage out of the railway carriage, returned home, accepted his mother's advice, and settled down to study for the profession to which his mother's advice rather than his own instinct pointed the way.

For three years he never went to a place of amusement; he worked with that terrific power he has ever since displayed—but also he played; but he played in the right kind of way—accompanying his father on travels connected with the fruit trade in which his father was interested, and enlarging his knowledge of men and countries and languages; and this is one of the reasons why he is so much at home on the Continent to-day.

So he started as a barrister, but even after he had entered the courts he was still uncertain whether his nomadic spirit had yet found its real home. He stated openly that he was not ready to give more than three years' trial to the Bar; that if at the end of that time he did not see some real prospect of success, he would leave it and start life again.

The three years passed, and though they were not years of unmitigated leanness, they were still without any promise of big success. And just then there came the temptation, in a seductive form, to again change his career; a friend offered him a very tempting opportunity of a business partnership, and quite possibly he would have accepted it but that here again, as on a previous occasion, a woman who loved him and whom he loved came as before to guide and to encourage him.

He had not been more than a year at the Bar when he fell in love and married, and was already a father when the crisis came. And it was his wife that uttered the decisive word. She laughed at his self-distrust, she laughed at their comparative poverty; she knew he would be a great man at the Bar if he only had patience. And he yielded.

And then, all at once, the whole tide turned. Business began to come with a rush, and the curious thing was that it usually came from those whom he had opposed. They realized the formidable powers which Sir Rufus himself did not



Sir Rufus Isaacs.

yet appreciate, and they were resolved that when next they had a big interest to defend it was safer to have this brilliant young advocate as friend than as opponent. Soon he rushed to the front; in ten years he had found himself so busy as a junior that in sheer self-defence, and to avoid being killed by his work, he had to take silk; he was confronted now with peril not from failure, but from success.

Everybody knows what has since happened. He soon reached the point when he had an offer of a brief in every great case. The extraordinary versatility of his talents enabled him to figure with equal effectiveness in the most heterogeneous business. He could argue at one period of the day on some big commercial case on which hundreds of thousands of pounds depended; and in the afternoon defend in a great criminal case, and if he were compelled—for he did not like the business—plead the case of the outraged husband or the neglected wife.

THE SECRETS OF GIGANTIC SUCCESS.

What was the secret of this gigantic success?

First, and above all, the thorough mastery of his case. To accomplish this, this prosperous man of the world, this darling of the social gathering and this prominent figure in the stern array of Parliamentary fight, has had to live a life which might be described as having all the hardness of the lot of the convict and the asceticism of the monk. For years he was called at four o'clock every morning while the Law Courts were sitting; a faithful servant, who is still with him,

brought him his tea, and within a few moments afterwards, in the blazing sunshine of summer or the dim light of winter, he was at his desk, mastering the details of his briefs.

To stand on his legs for hours every day in the heated atmosphere of a court, to pass through all the moments of doubt, difficulty, emergency, anxiety which a great case forces on a conscientious advocate, then to go to the House of Commons, or to sit through a reception till midnight—there was a demand on physical and mental energies that not one man in a hundred thousand could stand, and that this man has stood for all these years, without turning a hair.

I have detected once or twice at the end of a long session of Parliament a certain trace of weariness in the face—perhaps even the suspicion of a little pallor; but these are very rare moments.

As a rule, Sir Rufus is in exuberantly high spirits. "Rufus Isaacs has no nerves," I have heard one of his colleagues say, half in admiration, half in resentment. Dismiss him for a day from the Law Courts and from the House of Commons, and he is again a rollicking boy, singing his old sailor songs, golfing ardently, tumbling down on the grass, chaffing man and woman, walking with a step of feverish rapidity; the lithe frame as taut as a piece of steel wire, and the temper sunny, infectious, cheerful, audaciously eloquent of that joy of life which only belongs to those in whom mind and body are in the faultless accord of perfect health.

Wonderful Cave Discovered

A Large Cavern Like an Underground Cathedral Found by Engineers in Copper Mine

From The Engineering and Mining Journal.

A wonderful cave was opened recently by copper miners at Shattuck, Arizona. With a domed interior like the rotunda of a cathedral, the cave gave its discoverers a feeling of overpowering awe. It far exceeds in magnitude any previous cavern, and the appended description presents it in a graphic light.

IT was first discovered by a drift on the 300-foot level which fortuitously struck it in its lowest and in a central point. A drift a few feet on either side would have passed beneath it and have left it perhaps unknown for years. In shape it is a huge lens approximately following the bedding planes of the inclosing limestone at an inclination of about 35 degrees, and it is roughly circular in horizontal projection. Its upper extremity is 172 feet above the 300-foot level, and the diameter of its circular projection is 340 feet. The vertical distance between roof and floor where its height is greatest has been roughly estimated at 80 feet.

One's first impression of this great cavern, now electric-lighted, with its stalactite-studded dome, is that of the

shadowy interior of a Gothic cathedral. Close examination reveals myriad forms of calcite, crystalline and amorphous, with all its vagaries of structure and color. It is apparent from the structure that a lime-impregnated solution has filled portions of the cavern subsequent to the original formation of the stalactites and stalagmites; left its quota of mineral as arborescent, coral-like deposits on the stalagmites, and afterward drained away. In many cases a second generation of stalagmites has formed, and in places there is evidence that this alternation of aerial and subaqueous deposition has taken place several times. A unique occurrence is shown in the first, that at the left, of the accompanying photographs. Known in local mine parlance as "calcite wiggletails," these curious serpentine growths, ranging from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, emanate from the limestone hanging wall in the most amazing spirals and volutes or shoot out at every conceivable angle. Each one, as described by Prof. Alexander H. Phillips, of Princeton University, seems to be a complex parallel

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growth of elongated and curved rhombohedrons.

Directly beneath the cave is a zone of boulders and detritus cemented with calcite, and below that again is a huge irregular mass of siliceous breccia. The breccia zone extends to within a few feet of the 700-foot level, where it rests on a sill of granite porphyry of great lateral ex-

tent and variable thickness. Throughout the detritus zone and the mass of siliceous breccia are scattered shoots of high-grade copper and lead-silver ore. Associated with this breccia are found several rare minerals unique to the Shattuck, most noteworthy of which is a deposit of a rare copper-lead vanadate.

Several conjectures have been advanced

to explain the origin of this cavern. It is probable that the shrinkage contingent upon the solidification and cooling of the intrusive mass shattered and opened the rock mass for a great distance above it. This left a large open space easily accessible to acid meteoric waters which enlarged the cavity to its present size and left it ready for the calcium carbonate.

A Novel Kind of School

A School Which is Open From 8 a.m. till 10 p.m. the Year Round, With No Holidays

From The American Magazine.

In the opinion of William Wirt, the superintendent of the School System in charge at Gary, and which is here described, no teacher can educate the child. Every child must educate himself. All the community can do is provide the opportunity for the child and adult to improve their conditions. Such is the type of municipal institution Mr. Wirt has established at Gary.

WHY should a child's school life be ever thought of as a distinct existence set off in a water-tight compartment away from his home life, social life, play life? Our own life is not lived on the block system. Our life is a blend of work, play, observation, study, everything together. Why not a child's?

Why should not a school include all possible opportunities and factors of education, instead of only a special few? We ourselves are being educated all day long, here, there, and everywhere, by whatever we get interested in, and a child is no different.

Why should school run only six hours a day? Our own life does not stop at half-past three each afternoon. We have still quite a number of hours that must be gotten through somehow or other after that, and so has a child.

Why should school close three months in summer? We do not stop living in summer. Our life keeps going and we have to do something with it, and whatever we do gives us some kind of education, good or bad. It is exactly the same with a child.

Why should a child be compelled to study anything before he has any interest in it, or any motive for being interested? We never dream of doing such a thing ourselves.

Why should a child be required to sit at a desk when he is not doing work that needs a desk? Nope of us would do that. A desk is only a tool, like a saw or hammer, and we only use a desk when we need it. Why should a child sit at a desk, except when he needs to use it?

Why should children of certain approximate ages and proficiencies be segregated in inelastic "grades"? Our own life is not graded by age or proficiency. We mix with all kinds, young, middle-aged, old, wise, commonplace, stupid. Through these contacts we learn a great deal, and

contribute a great deal to others. Children get and give exactly the same values from the same kind of contacts, because children are exactly like us.

Why should a child be taught anything out of books that he can learn by direct experience? We ourselves always learn things better by seeing or doing them than by reading about them.

In fact, why should school pretend to educate a child at all? The surest thing we all know is that the only kind of education worth anything is the education we give ourselves. Why not let the school deal with children as life deals with us—not try to teach anything, but merely offer endless opportunities and inducements for them to teach themselves?

The only attempt I know of to carry this principle out on an adequate scale is made by the public school system of Gary, Indiana.

These schools run the year round. Children are not obliged to attend all year, but they do. The schools are open all day, from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Children need not be there all day, but usually they are.

The Gary schools pretend only to offer all possible opportunities, inducements and facilities for a child to educate himself. They do not pretend to teach much. The teachers I saw were taking it very easy, talking very little, and surely I will not be misunderstood when I say they seemed to have very little to do. I am thinking only by comparison with the wearing grind and drive of other schools, where the teachers maintain themselves as the centre of interest by trying to teach.

There are several schools in Gary, and all are on the same system. The new Froebel school and the Emerson school are their best buildings. These have around them a very large acreage containing park space, gardens of vegetables and flowers, playgrounds lighted at night, ball grounds, courts for tennis, squash, hand ball, basket ball, etc. In the buildings themselves are well-equipped gymnasiums, swimming pools and showers.

The building accommodates twice as many children as it will hold; that is, it has desk room or actual class-room space for only half the daily attendance. This is why the Gary system costs no more

than any other; in fact, rather less. All the plant (including outdoors) is in use all the time. One set of children being in the class-rooms, another is outdoors or in the gymnasium or the shops. This plan is merely a very simple application of elementary efficiency-study. Next to our churches, our school property is the poorest investment we have, because in whole or in part it is out of use so many hours each day that the overhead charges run up scandalously high. Gary gets every cent out of its taxpayers' investment. The Emerson school, for instance, takes care of a trifle over two thousand children daily, without crowding, while under our usual system it could take care of only one thousand and forty.

The school programme is arranged in such a way that one half the pupils have ninety minutes of school work in the regular subjects: English, history, mathematics, etc., followed by ninety minutes of work in the special subjects, manual training, shop work, science, music, gymnasium and playground activities. The other half of the pupils have the same programme in reverse order, the ninety minutes of special work preceding the ninety minutes of regular work.

There is no separate high school in Gary. Every grade from kindergarten up is in one building; this helps to break up the rigid and mechanical grouping of children in grades. The Gary schools are graded nominally, but really the grading is very elastic. If a child is dull in one subject and good in another, he is not held back until he catches up with himself. He keeps on with whatever he is good at until he develops interest in other things.

The shops at the Gary schools are all practical. A boy learns cabinet-making, not as an exercise, but because the school needs desks. He learns draftsmanship under the immediate incentive of knowing that a real job of structural iron work depends on his blue prints. He learns plumbing because the new Froebel school is waiting to be piped. He learns printing because somebody has sent in a job order, and will pay for it when it is done. He learns to fire boilers because the school dynamos have to be kept running. He studies the practical chemistry of combustion because he wants to keep his coal bill as low as the one

on the other shift. None of his work is play-work. He can always see the end of it, and the end is always real, responsible, serious. There is the trouble with the ordinary manual training in schools; it is not serious, not related to actual life. The child knows this. None of us ever takes a job seriously unless it is a serious job, and neither will he.

Many mechanical features of the Gary schools—I have mentioned a number of them—can be adopted to advantage, unquestionably, anywhere. But the remarkable success of the Gary schools comes

from the fact that all these mechanical features depend upon a spirit, a philosophy, a moving faith behind them; and this, unfortunately, is something that is only broadly communicable.

What we now call the Gary System is merely the special way that William Wirt has found suitable for the expression of his own spiritual life.

And surely there must be other William Wirts in the country. Let them come forward. They are needed. And when they come, let us see to it that they have a free hand.

Wreck Raising

How Ship Salving is Carried Out—The Great Difficulties Encountered

From London Magazine.

The world-saddening accident which resulted so recently in the loss of one thousand lives in the Gulf of St. Lawrence has brought the question of sea navigation in all its many phases very prominently forward. Special interest will therefore attach to this article, which tells how wrecks are raised.

A GIRDLE of lighthouses and light-ships encircles the United Kingdom, and every night and all night a string of three hundred and twenty-three lights glows in the darkness, flashing messages of caution to the men who "go down to the sea in ships."

Yet in spite of all the money which has been spent to mark the dangers of our shores and some of these lighthouses have cost as much as £90,000—the sea takes a big toll of the shipping every year—so big the toll that the figures are almost unbelievable, totting up as they do to about £9,000,000, which is the average value of ships and cargoes lost round our shores annually.

With such a huge loss going on continuously, several firms have found it pays them to devote all their time to salving ships, and some of them have performed something akin to miracles in snatching ships from watery graves.

There are various methods of salving ships, and the method employed in each case depends on the nature of the wreck. For instance, if a vessel sinks close in to a sandy shore, she is probably raised in the following fashion; divers go down to see how the wreck is lying, and, after this examination, two lighters are moored so that the wreck lies directly between them, and pointing the same way.

Having gone down again, the divers signal for cables to be lowered. These cables the divers pass right under the keel of the vessel—and very difficult this proves sometimes—and the other ends of the cables are taken to the surface and fixed to the other lighter.

The ship then rests in a series of slings, the number depending, of course, upon the ship and its size. These slings have to be adjusted very cleverly so that all the

weight does not fall on one part of the ship, otherwise all this work would be in vain. Suppose that only two cables were used, one being at the bow and the other at the stern, the likelihood is that when the wreck was lifted she would simply break her back and fall in two, because the center of the ship would not be adequately supported.

Assuming that the cables have been properly adjusted, the salvors wait for low tide, when they make the cables absolutely taut. As the tide rises, the lighters also rise and lift the wreck from her ocean bed. At high tide a tug tows the lighters towards the shore, with the wreck supported between them, until she grounds again. Low tide is then awaited, when the cables are again tightened and the wreck is towed still further inshore. By working in this way she is ultimately beached or brought into shallow water, where the divers can carry out temporary repairs. Pumping out and floating follow, and the salvaged ship is then towed to the nearest port to undergo a thorough overhauling in the docks.

Of course, the salvors have to judge to a nicety the weight of the wreck, so that they can attach to her lighters capable of lifting between them a much greater weight, for if the lighters were not big enough to lift her, the rising tide would sink the lighters beside the wreck they should have raised.

The case of the *Puffin* is a notable instance of a ship being so salvaged. She was a lightship moored off Daun's Rock, near Cork Harbor.

On October 8th, 1896, a gale came on to blow, and when it had abated the *Puffin* had disappeared from her station. Several days later it was found that she had sunk at her moorings with all hands. It seems the irony of fate that she, a ship placed to prevent other ships from being wrecked, should be wrecked herself.

At low tide ninety feet of water covered her, and she lay there, the sport of the ocean, for some months. Then the authorities decided to recover her, and an Irish firm undertook the task—a most

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difficult one, owing to the fearfully strong tides. Indeed, work was only possible on very few days during the summer, and then only when the tide was slack.

However, six cables were eventually placed round the *Puffin*, and as she was lifted she was towed inshore until she grounded in forty-eight feet of water. At the next lift she was carried into harbor and beached.

Altogether she was carried about six miles, and when she was beached she was a most remarkable spectacle, for the entire keel and bottom of her were ground away completely, as though she had been put in a giant grindstone. The action of the currents had kept her scraping continuously against the sea-bed, and there is no doubt that she would have worn herself away entirely if she had remained there much longer.

Sometimes, instead of using lighters or hulks, twin steamers, joined together by strong girder bridges, from which depend the ropes supporting the wreck, are called in to action. These twin steamers are even more effective than the lighters, but as there are only one or two in existence they are not so commonly used.

If a steamship sink in fairly deep water, the procedure of salving her is as follows: first of all, the divers go down to find out the extent of the damage. When they have satisfied themselves on this point, they signal for a slate to be let down to them, and on this slate they make a rough sketch of the shattered part, to facilitate the fashioning of a plate with which to repair the breach. Next comes the labor of removing the cargo bit by bit to lighten the vessel and lessen the weight to be lifted.

Then the new plate, which, meanwhile, has been forged in the floating workshop of the salvage ship, is lowered and clamped over the rent in the hull.

Now the divers go carefully over the ship and close every opening. Hatches, ports, and ventilators, all are secured and made quite airtight, and the pumps are then able to start to pump out the water in the vessel. As the water is forced out, so the ship gradually rises to the surface until she floats.

In order to assist her to rise, pontoons may be filled with water, sunk into position, and lashed to her. These pontoons are pumped out, and, being exceedingly buoyant, they naturally strain at their moorings to try to get to the surface, and in this way help to raise the wrecked ship once more. All that remains to be done is to tow the vessel to port, and there repair her.

Sometimes, when it is found to be impossible for the divers to repair the wrecked vessel, she is lifted solely by pontoons, which are securely fastened all the way round her. Each of these pontoons has to be pumped out at the same rate by the aid of compressed air, so that each exerts the same amount of lifting power as the others.

In this way the ship is raised evenly until she lies awash on the surface, the pontoons all around her supporting her dead weight.

Powerful pumps are next got to work on her to lighten her, and she is then

either beached or towed cautiously to the nearest dock. In a case like this, there is always the risk that one or more of the pontoons will give way, and if it does so the balance of the whole thing is destroyed, and the ship plunges to the bottom again.

Simple though this system seems, it is really beset with difficulties. A wrong calculation, a nasty ground-swell, a choppy sea, a broken cable just at the critical moment, and the work of weeks is all undone, and the salvors have to tackle the job afresh.

Many a ship has been raised by means of a coffer-dam. Put briefly, this method is to construct a superstructure on top of the sunken ship. From the deck of the wreck the divers start to build up the sides of the vessel toward the surface of the sea until they reach a certain height, which has previously been very carefully calculated by the engineer in charge of the work. The sides are then decked in.

This coffer-dam, as the built-up part is called, might almost be likened to an extra deck. It has to be constructed very strongly to withstand the great pressure exerted by the sea.

The divers patch up all the rents in the wreck, the coffer-dam is made watertight, and the pumps are started to work. As the pumping goes on, the buoyancy of the coffer-dam lifts the wreck until it is possible to tow her into port or beach her for repairs.

Very often it is discovered that the coffer-dam is not quite watertight; the sea pours through cracks and crevices almost as fast as it is being pumped out.

Should this happen, the salvors simply feed spun cotton and oakum into the water, which rushes through the holes and joints, carrying the spun cotton and oakum with it, thus effectually stopping the leaks.

Not so very long ago, on April 25th, 1908, to be exact, the sinking of H.M.S. *Gladiator*, which came into collision with the liner *St. Paul* during a blizzard in the Solent, created a sensation. The raising of the sunken vessel is one of the finest pieces of salvage work ever recorded. The cruiser was not completely covered by water, but was lying on her side, with a little of her grey armour showing above the surface. Upon examination by divers, it was found that a huge hole fifty feet long had been torn in her side, and several of the boiler-rooms were open to the sea. How to get her back to Portsmouth was the question. But an even more urgent matter was to prevent her slipping into deep water, but the sea-bed where she rested shelved rapidly, and the strong currents made of her nearly six thousand tons' dead weight a trifle, to be played with at will.

Accordingly, steps were taken to get her nearer the shore, and to aid this plan the divers began to dismantle the ship.

First of all the guns and their shields, weighing about fifteen tons each, were slung out of her and salvaged. Then the divers, making great use of submarine pneumatic tools, got to work cutting out various other fittings.

The great funnels were then cut off and hauled out; ventilators were treated

similarly; the boats and davits were retrieved; and so the stripping of the ship went on to completion, not without many delays, for the tides ran very strongly, and the *Gladiator* was in an exposed position, so that often the divers could not work.

Then came the stopping up of every opening in the vessel. Wooden covers were made to fit where the funnels had been, and wooden covers were made and fitted with bolts to every other opening in the ship until she was watertight—except for the gash in her side.

To this the divers now turned their attention, and it was found that some of those great, thick armour-plates had folded down as though they were but tin-foil.

To prevent any further damage to the hull, these ragged, jagged pieces were carefully blasted away with gelignite, after which two pontoons about fifty feet long, and each capable of lifting one hundred tons, were moored to the wreck to help ease her while an attempt was made to tow her inshore.

A steam-dredger now came on the scene, and began to clear away the sand which the swirling waters had deposited in front of the ship's bow, while five gun-boats, each carrying powerful steam-driven pumps, moored bow-on to the *Gladiator*, and waited while the divers placed the suction ends of the pumps in position. It was recognized that tugs alone would not be able to move that vast amount of metal, so two giant steam-capstans were erected ashore, and from them two monster steel-wire ropes were stretched to the wreck, to which they were securely fastened.

The signal was given. All the pumps started to work, the cables stretched to the shore began to strain, and after a time the vessel started to slide and continued to slide—for a distance of just six feet, when she stopped, owing to a projecting part of the ship digging into the sand. So, to prevent her slipping back to deep water, the pumped-out compartments had to be refilled, and the wreck sank again!

Another and another attempt was made. On one occasion one of the great cables strained from the ship to the shore snapped with a tremendous report. It was lucky no man was in the way as it flashed, writhing like a lash, over the sea, for it would most certainly have cut him clean in two.

Tripods were raised on the side of the sunken *Gladiator*, and by attaching cables to the masts and over the tops of the tripods it was sought to pull the ship upright. Other pontoons were made, until seven, with a combined lifting-power of about one thousand tons, were fastened to the wreck. To assist the vessel still further to right herself, pigs of iron weighing 280 tons were placed on the keel.

Gradually, inch by inch, the vessel began to assume an upright position, but the upper deck was still several feet under water, and so the salvors, after consideration, determined to cover it in with a big coffer-dam.

At length, after five months of disheartening work, the day of the grand

effort dawned. The pumps were started, and water began to pour from the ship. For hour after hour the pumping went on, and at last the salvors found that the six thousand tons of dead weight lying at the bottom of the Solvent were beginning to shift and rise. Pumping went on with unabated fury. The water, from a yellow color, turned to grey, and then to black, and the salvors knew they were getting to the bottom of the waters in the *Gladiator*.

Bit by bit she rose until pontoons and pumps had conquered. The tugs fastened on to her, and very carefully, very slowly the little procession crept across the Solent and nightfall saw the crippled *Gladiator* safe in Portsmouth harbor.

Frederic Mistral

Some Accounts of the Provençal Poet and His Work

From The Outlook.

There lately died at Maitland in Provence, France, one of the most picturesque and charming figures in contemporary literature. He was born, lived and died in that part of France known as Provence, the language of which is akin to French, but so unlike it that the literature of Provence must be translated into French for the educated Frenchman.

MISTRAL was born in 1830, and as a very young man became associated with a group of young Frenchmen, who were his neighbors and friends, in studying, preserving, and reviving the Provençal language and literature.

His most distinguished literary effort is his epic poem "Mireille," which was crowned by the French Academy. Mistral wrote it first in Provençal, in which its title is "Mireio." For the general reader we think his most delightful work is his autobiography, entitled in French "Mémoires et Récits." This also was originally written in Provençal, and was "translated" by Mistral into French. As a matter of fact, Mistral wrote French with the skill and art of a literary master, but it was one of the expressions of his enthusiasm for Provençal to maintain the pleasant fiction that he wrote in the old language of Provence, and merely "translated" when he put his creations into their French form.

His story how Jarjaye got into paradise and how St. Peter, St. Yves, St. Luke, and a cloud of cherubs conspired to get him out, since he manifestly did not belong there, is one of the most delightful folk tales that we know. The legend of the Divine Horse-shoer of Limousin, which Mistral relates, shows how the devout Catholic of Provence successfully combines comedy and reverence.

The society which Mistral and his colleagues established for the revival of Provençal letters is called the *Félibrige*, and its members are known as *Félibres*.

The spring of 1913 will long be remembered in the annals of Provence. For it was in May of that year, at the Festival of Sainte-Estelle, at Aix-en-Provence, that Frederic Mistral made his last great



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appearance in the Félibrige. The society of Provençal poets fetes the spring every year, but it is only once in seven years that it publicly celebrates its boasted descent from the Troubadours. Seven is a mystic number for the Félibrige; it was a group of seven young poets who—now just fifty years ago—met at Fontségugne to pledge themselves to the Provençal renaissance.

Mistral, the greatest of the original group, had long been its sole surviving member, and Aix-en-Provence was made the seat of the 1913 festival because it was near enough to his village of Mailane for him to spend a day there without too great fatigue. Extraordinarily active and vigorous for a man of eighty-three, he had nevertheless reached his *Olivades*—his last published volume of verse (1910) takes its title from the last harvest of the Provençal year; and in the winter of 1913 he had had his first serious illness.

Aix is the university town of Provence, a place of old aristocratic and learned traditions—which date from the time of good King René, and earlier still—and there Mistral himself had studied law as a young man.

Aix is usually the sleepest corner of old Provence but her quiet streets were a gay and animated scene when the Félibres and their friends were in possession. The poets had come not only from every corner of Provence proper, but from other parts of Southern France whose dialects are closely allied to the Provençal. Aix greeted them warmly; old Provençal music was in the air; garlands decorated the fine old houses; and the least excuse was enough to start a farandole.

Sunday the first day of the fetes began with a solemn mass in the Cathedral. In the afternoon thousands of people filled every inch of space in a large public garden enjoying a series of Provençal folk dances and getting their first sight of their lovely new queen, Mlle Marguerite Priolo who was distinguished by the angel-winged coif and quaint dress of her native Limousin. About her were grouped the prettiest daughters of Aix wearing the noble high-set coifs, the kerchiefs with their stiff inner folds of muslin, the long silver earrings and crosses of Provence. Many women of all classes wore this costume all through the fetes.

Cannonades and music greeted Mistral's arrival on Monday morning, and he looked indeed a splendid and heroic figure as he drove through the streets, with a body-guard of civic authorities, students, and officers of the Félibrige walking behind and crowds shouting themselves hoarse from the sidewalks. The spontaneous sincerity of popular feeling made Mistral's years vanish away and his head in its broad-brimmed hat had all the fire and force that distinguished his early pictures. The students expressed common feeling when, unharnessing Mistral's horses, they dragged him in triumph to the Law School.

The address of the student leader and Mistral's reply were very moving. A banquet followed and then the Félibres sat down at large tables in the Roman garden. The loving cup was passed round and Mistral's splendid "Song of the Cup," which symbolizes the common union and

faith of the Félibrige was sung by the whole company with the force of a solemn hymn.

The day ended with the pretty ceremonies of the Court of Love. The crowd streamed into the garden, the late queen yielded her place to her successor who crowned her young consort, the Poet Laureate.

Songs were sung and all the list of literary prizes were awarded to the men who had sent in their works to be judged. Mistral, sitting like a glorious patriarch in the midst of the flowery band of Queens and ex-Queens, embraced each prize-winner as he came on the platform. Was he repeating to himself the insistent refrain of his poem "The Countess": "Ah if they knew how to listen to me—Ah, if they wished to follow me!"

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Trial by newspaper it not popular with the authorities in this country, and the proceedings in connection with contempt of court are so unpleasant that the editors of our English journals have to curb the zeal of their young investigators. It is largely due to the irritation caused by the curbing of journalistic zeal in the investigation of mysterious crimes that of late years there has been a disposition on the part of certain newspapermen to belittle the intelligence of the detective police, to scoff, more or less good-humoredly, at the English detective system, and to compare it unfavorably with the French system.

The French system is, it may be admitted, more scientifically expert than ours. Many men of science have taken up criminology in France and devoted themselves to its development. We have no Bertillon attached to Scotland Yard. But, apart from their possession of more scientific methods, the official criminal investigators of France have a great advantage over their English *confreres*.

In France every person arrested is at once challenged to prove his innocence. He has not been in custody many minutes before he is closely questioned by the police officers in charge of him.

Here a person is at once told that anything he may say will be taken down in writing and used in evidence against him. He is warned, colloquially speaking, not to "give himself away." In France every effort is made to inveigle the prisoner into a confession of his guilt.

In France the police do not hesitate to arrest half-a-dozen people one after the other, in the hope of finding the right man among them. In England the police, knowing what public opinion is in the matter, hesitate to arrest anyone without they have a certain amount of evidence to justify the arrest.

In connection with many of the crimes which so far as the public are concerned are still "mysteries," long and anxious consultations have been held by the chief authorities before it has been decided not to act on strong suspicion in making an arrest. The English police authorities have always been disinclined to charge a person against whom they are not able to bring evidence which would be likely to satisfy a jury of the prisoner's guilt.

The French police have not the same restraining influence. They can go on arresting and leave it to the investigating magistrate to interview the prisoner, badger the prisoner, examine and cross-examine the prisoner, denounce the prisoner, confront the prisoner with witnesses, inquire into his past life and his present associations, and generally to "turn him inside out" before deciding whether his case shall be submitted to a jury or not.

It is necessary to put the case for the English detective clearly, and to show the disadvantages under which he labors, before dealing with a certain number of cases in which English detectives have shown remarkable skill in solving the mystery of a crime and running the criminal to earth.

The Promise of Wheat

It is Predicted that there will be a Crop of Fall and Winter Wheat in the U.S. of about 1,000 Millions

From The Literary Digest.

Investors and financiers in Canada will be interested in the discussions going on in the American papers as to the wheat crops for this year. It is fully understood that many slips occur between the cup and the lip but these little plays with estimates and probabilities make very readable matter.

THE most recent advices as to the condition of the wheat crop this year fully bear out the earlier ones; indeed, there are grounds for believing that the Government estimates may be exceeded. Observers declare that a combined crop of spring and winter wheat, amounting to 900 million bushels, "seems almost a certainty"—that is, providing no serious devastating agencies get to work, such as drought, excessive rain in the harvesting period, and black rust. That there will be a large surplus for export seems beyond question. That some grounds exist for a still larger crop than 900 million bushels has been pointed out by a writer in the *New York Times Annalist*. He names as a possibility a round billion bushels.

"The largest spring-wheat yield ever recorded in this country was in 1912, when the farmers of the North-West harvested 330,000,000 bushels. The acreage from which that crop was gathered was not so large, by a considerable margin, as that which has been seeded this season. If 70,000,000 bushels can be added to the 1912 total this year, and the winter crop turns out as large as now indicated, the billion-bushel wheat harvest will have been achieved. A crop of that size will mark a new epoch in the history of the country's agriculture. It has been made possible by the rapid development of new farming lands, both in the South-West and the North-West, along with improved methods of agriculture. The big winter wheat yields indicated in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, experts who have been making a close study of conditions in those States declare, are in a measure the result of the efforts in recent years to teach farmers to raise crops scientifically."

"Holland," a well-known writer for *The Wall Street Journal*, declares that a harvest of this size, which is "higher than experts have ever named," is a fair possibility. He says:

"Recent information tends to confirm the belief that in the United States there is to be harvested of winter wheat more bushels than the combined average harvest of winter and spring wheat for the past five or six years. Some weeks must pass before there can be a fairly reasonable estimate of the spring-wheat harvest, but the information now at hand justifies the hope that unless there be

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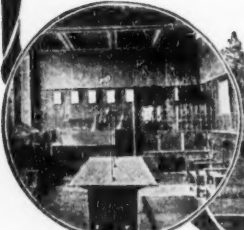


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serious climatic disturbances this harvest will be a very large one.

"Therefore it is within the range of possibilities, even probabilities, that there will be garnered this year between 900,000,000 and 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat. There does not appear to have been any attempt upon a nation-wide scale to practise highly scientific wheat cultivation. There has been steady improvement in the cultivation of wheat, but not enough fully to explain the prospect for the 1914 harvest.

"The experts, Mr. Hill among them, have been accustomed to say that in England wheat is cultivated so as to yield about thirty bushels an acre, although the soil of England has been under cultivation a thousand years or more. Fourteen bushels an acre have been the average wheat production in the United States in recent years. Mr. Hill believes that the production should be at least 100 per cent. greater. It must be greater if we are to rely upon our own soil for wheat, which is the grain food of highly civilized people.

"No one can tell at this time whether the promise of an enormous yield of wheat is due to an ephemeral spurt or whether it does not point to large increase in the wheat harvests hereafter. Of course, climatic conditions have been favorable, although this is not believed wholly to explain the promise of a great increase. This promised harvest, should the promise be realized, will be of very beneficial influence in stimulating business and in its effect upon our money markets. It should provide a greater surplus for exportation than any that we have had in recent years. It should serve considerably to increase our visible trade balance."

The influence such a crop is likely to exert on general trade and transportation interests is discussed by a writer in the *New York Evening Post*, who raises the question whether this crop is likely to supersede politics, legislation, and the Mexican situation as an influence for prosperity. He recalls past experiences with bumper crops as follows:

"In the twenty-five years before 1913 we had half a dozen wheat crops of a sensationally record-breaking sort. One was harvested in 1891, when the crop stood 200,000,000 bushels above the year before and 111,000,000 over the previous maximum. It was the year after London's 'Baring panic'; our own markets were overstrained and our currency disordered in a way that made serious trouble, two years later. Yet the great wheat crop of 1891 for nearly a year completely reversed the situation; it was a season of sharp recovery.

"In 1898 we were plunged in the Spanish War; of our great corporations, a good part had been bankrupted in 1893 and had just emerged from reorganization. Just then came the second 'bumper wheat crop' of the period. The yield ran 145,000,000 bushels beyond 1897 and 64,000,000 beyond the previous high record. Following a famine year in Europe, it started the ball of prosperity rolling, even before the Spanish War was over.

"In 1901 the huge stock-jobbing boom had been violently arrested, first by the

Northern Pacific panic in May, then by the corn-crop failure in July and August, then by McKinley's assassination in September. Many people expected an immediate financial reaction. But we raised a wheat crop 73,000,000 bushels above any previous harvest; the financial and industrial boom continued, and the reckoning did not come until 1903.

"The year 1906 was a year of prodigious strain of capital, with credit close to the breaking point; the year 1909 came in close sequence to the great panic of the decade. But in each year the twelve-month came to its end with great industrial activity, and by no means the least important reason was that the wheat crop of each year rose to heights never approached at any other season except 1901. The bumper wheat crop of 1912 repeated the story, and led the way to the undoubted trade revival of the harvest months.

"Of 1913, when all of these other wheat yields were surpassed, yet when prosperity certainly did not follow, it is not so easy to draw conclusions. The corn crop shortage was a serious offset; the condition of financial Europe perhaps a greater one. Now, however, comes the prospect of another and an even larger yield, and the precedent of 1913 must at least be measured against the precedents of 1912, 1909, 1906, 1901, 1898, and 1891."

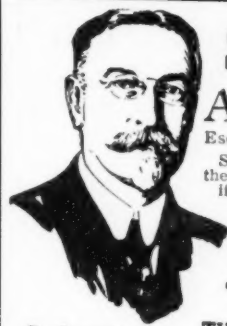
Man 150,000 Years Old

M. R. HANS RECK, of the Geological Institute of Berlin University has discovered at Oldoway in the north of German East Africa, a human skeleton which he computes to be 150,000 years old. He brought the skull home with him among his linen for greater safety, while the rest of the skeleton and the animal remains found near it are still upon their way.

It is a wonderful skull and wonderfully preserved. It is long and narrow, with an unmistakable negroid jaw, and the back of the head finely developed and deep. The ribs and breast are akin to those of an ape, but the skull is unmistakably human.

There are indications that the muscles of the neck were enormously strong and that the man did not walk quite upright. His thirty-six teeth are complete and beautifully preserved. There are marks upon them as if they had been filed. The formation of the eye-sockets and the bridge of the nose is akin to that of the primitive African bushman.

The man was found lying on his back with his head turned over to the right, his hands before his face, and his legs drawn up in a crouching position. Dr. Reck is almost certain that the position is not one of burial. On the spot where the man was found there was once a lake and it is conjectured that the man was drowned. The body was gradually covered with deposits of sand and chalk which in the course of centuries turned into the volcanic tufa in which the skeleton was found.



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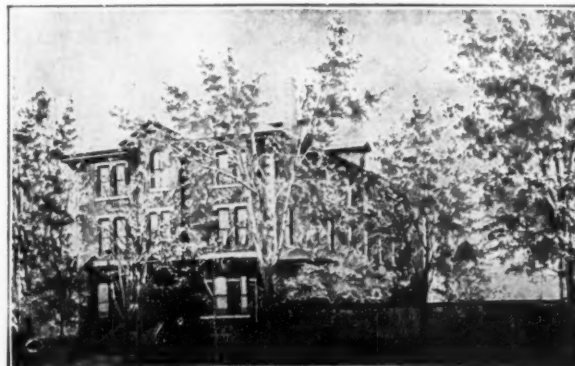


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Building Up the Infant Character

By DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The development of the infant mind is a wonderful thing. Parents have a grave responsibility in watching and directing the budding intellect. The future of the child is often decided during the years of early childhood. Encouragement will lead to a healthy development, while coercion or harsh treatment will discourage the child and hurt beyond repair the growth of the reasoning powers. In the accompanying article Dr. Marden gives a straight talk on the duty of parents, with some sound advice.

"I AM so full of happiness," said a child, that I could not be any happier unless I could grow."

It was N. P. Willis who added to the beatitudes, "Blessed are the joy-makers"; and if all parents understand that the child's mission is to keep joy alive in the world, children universally would be the object of our greatest tenderness and reverence.

Alas! how few parents are awake to their sacred trust! Until recently children were looked upon as chattels. They were brought up with the idea that they had no special individuality, and precious few rights which "grown-ups" felt bound to respect. A generation ago, even, they were often flogged and cruelly treated.

Many fathers seem to think that their career is the great thing in their lives, but really the most serious business they are ever given to do is the training of their children. The state is beginning to discover that children are a tremendous asset which it can not afford to allow to run to waste through neglect, bad rearing, or bad training on the part of parents or teachers; that the vast sum spent in our criminal trials and in maintaining penitentiaries, institutions for defectives and reformatories, would be largely done away with, if children were properly trained and educated. Even from a monetary standpoint, the making of useful citizens would mean untold increase of wealth, by rendering productive what are not only non-productive, but also enormously expensive encumbrances. This new emphasis on the civic value of childhood calls for improved methods in child-rearing.

Only the happiest children can make the happiest and most useful citizens. Play is to the child what sunshine is to the plant. Children cannot have too much heart sunshine, too much love. They thrive on play and fun. It is their normal food, and the home is the place above all others where they should get an abundance of it.

Most homes are far too serious. Why not let the children play and frolic to their hearts' content? They will get rubs enough, hard knocks out in the world; they will get enough of the seamy side of life. Let them at least be just as happy as parents can make them while at home, so that however unfortunate their later experiences, they can look back upon their home as the happiest spot on earth.

If children are allowed to give vent to all that is joyous and happy and spontaneous in their natures, they will be in-

initely more likely to blossom out into helpful men and women, instead of se-date, suppressed, sad-faced individuals. Children who are encouraged in self-expression through their play instinct will not only make much more normal human beings, but will make better business men, better professional men, better citizens, better men and women generally. They will succeed better and have a nobler influence in the world. Joy and fun are great developers, calling out our richest resources, educating our fuller powers.

Unattractive, cheerless homes, and harsh, unsympathetic parents, are responsible for a large part of the misery, the unhappiness, wretchedness and crime of the world, and the frightful conditions of the submerged class.

There is many a poor wretch in the failure army to-day who can trace his failure and disappointment to early discouragement. If a father wants to get the most out of his child, he can not do it by cramping him, by watching him all the time, or by criticizing him. Children become so discouraged by being constantly denounced, scolded, and perpetually reminded of their shortcomings, that they lose confidence completely in themselves, and even their self-respect.

A poor boy who had been taken from the slums to a boys' farm home, and who had been told all his life that he was good-for-nothing, said to the other boys: "I dunno nothin' and I allus did. My parents allus tole me I wuz nobody and never would be."

These denunciations so discourage a boy after a while that he does not care, and does not try to do his best. Then, of course, his standards drop and he deteriorates.

Many a parent talks to his boy in this fashion: "Now hurry up, you young good-for-nothing. What makes you so slow and stupid? Why don't you get a move on? You'll never amount to anything, anyway!"

It is a dangerous thing to destroy a child's self-faith. It is fatal to make him think that he can never make anything of himself.

Parents do not realize how easy it is to imprint indelibly upon the plastic, impressionable mind of a child a picture that will curse his whole life. How often mothers and fathers tell visitors what a "little terror," what a "good-for-nothing," or a "bad boy" John is. They little thing that this curse brand can never be entirely erased from a child's mind. Cruel cutting

remarks are like initials carved in the green young sapling, which deepen and widen with age.

Children are very easily discouraged; their progress is to a great extent dependent upon praise. Approbation is the strongest possible motive with them. They will do anything for a parent or teacher who believes in them, encourages them, and tries to help them; but disparagement disheartens them and they succumb under continual nagging and scolding. Their little sky is easily clouded.

If a child has great weaknesses or grave faults, he should not be constantly reminded of them. Parents or teachers should see the ideal side—the best things in the children, and dwell on these. People, young or old, can best be reached by appealing to the divine in them; but human nature rebels against antagonism, denunciation, criticism, and scolding.

If one has a particularly dull child or a stupid pupil, he should not be continually reminding him of his deficiencies. Older people should not forget that many of our greatest men and women were, in the estimation of those about them, very slow, stupid children.

One should hesitate to condemn a child who is slow in developing, and even apparently dull and indolent. He may simply be struggling to find himself. The wise parent or teacher will help him to self-discovery; feel for him in his difficulties, for they are very real to him, and he may be suffering intensely when an unsympathetic person would think him merely lazy. He may be growing so fast that all his energies are exhausted in the growing processes.

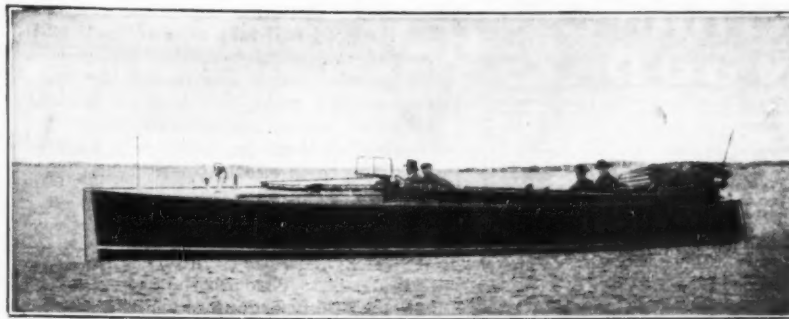
Instead of constantly calling a boy's attention to what he lacks, to his unfortunate traits, teachers should encourage him by telling him that he was not made for failure, but for success and happiness; that he was made to hold up his head in the world, not to go around sneaking and apologizing, doubting his ability. He should be told what he can do, not what he can't. Parents should substitute assurance for timidity, replace doubt with confidence, and they will soon find that they have a new boy, with a new purpose, new determination. When they have planted hope instead of discouragement, confidence in the place of doubt, courage in the place of timidity, they will have won a great victory in a boy's life.

Many parents and teachers know how boys will work like troopers under encouragement and praise. There must be no obstruction, no ill-feeling between the teacher and the pupil, if the best results are to be obtained. Pupils will do anything for a teacher who is always kind and considerate, and shows an interest in them, but a cross, fractious, nagging one so arouses their antagonism that he often proves a fatal bar to their progress.

Not long ago a boy asked his mother this question: "Mother, haven't I been a good boy to-day?"

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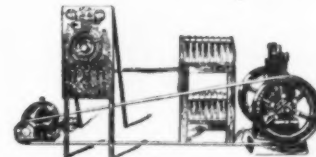
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It is all too easy to condemn what is wrong in a child and take it for granted that the good will take care of itself and needs no comment.

A certain mother has reared her children entirely upon this plan of praise. She never lets an opportunity go by for commending them for doing well, for appreciating their efforts to do right. This she says, has infinitely more influence with them than perpetual scolding.

"Don'ts" injure more children, dwarf and discourage more children than almost anything else. Through the use of harsh methods, highly organized, sensitive children have often been ruined by those who do not understand the child nature and who scold and nag and bully children into obedience. Children treated thus invariably become sullen, obstinate, irresponsible.

Very few teachers or parents know how to bring out the best in a delicate, shrinking child. Such a child, so often extremely nervous and high strung, is usually misunderstood by every member of the family, even by the mother.

There are parents, and especially mothers, who make a point of correcting children in public places or before others, because they think that the humiliation will teach them a lesson. Nobody who has not suffered the agony of such experiences can realize the terrible sense of mortification, the embarrassment, the distress, such treatment costs a sensitive child. Children suffer for days after being held up to public ridicule and shame.

A teacher once punished a small boy by making him sit in her lap before the whole school. Of course, all the pupils laughed at him. He was terribly mortified and did not get over the disgrace for months. It was a long time before he could look the other boys and girls in the face.

The fact is that most parents and teachers do not realize the difficulties of child life. Children are easily disappointed, they are easily crushed under denunciation, because they have not developed a life philosophy sufficient to fall back upon when things look dark. When they are discouraged they are completely disheartened, because they have not had the experience which comes from many disappointments born of contact with the world.

It is perfectly possible, through the power of suggestion, to develop in children faculties upon which health, success, and happiness depend. Most of us know how dependent our efficiency is upon our moods, our courage, our hope. If the cheerful faculties were brought out and largely developed in childhood, it would change our whole outlook upon life and we would not drag through years of half-heartedness, discouragement and mental anguish, our steps dogged by fear, apprehension, anxiety and disappointment.

Every kind, sympathetic mother, whether she realizes it or not, is constantly using the power of suggestion in rearing her children, in healing all their little hurts. She kisses the bumps and bruises and tells the child all is well again, and he is not only comforted but really believes that the kiss has magic to cure the injury. The mother is constantly antidoting and neutralizing the child's little

troubles and discords by giving him the opposite thought.

The parent who wants his child to be brave and strong, should hold the brave thought. What is suggested to others tends to develop corresponding qualities in them. He should think of the child as brave, courageous, strong, and self-reliant. Everybody knows how lives are molded by the pictures which are presented to the mind during the plastic years when everything makes such a vivid impression. Suggestions born of anger, criticism, or animal suggestions can never call out the godlike in a child.

Fifty years ago a boy's attention was kept upon the wrong state of things, upon the bad, upon the evil, a large part of the time. The minister was always preaching about the terrible things that would happen to people who did wrong; was constantly commenting upon the depravity of the race and the fall of man. Now the tendency is the other way. People hear a great deal more in the pulpit about the good, and less about the bad. They do not hear so much about the result of their awful mistakes; the good is magnified, the evil seldom emphasized.

The parent's mind is like a magnet, which attracts the qualities in the child similar to those which are projected into the child's mind. If the good thought, the cheerful, sympathetic, charitable, magnanimous thought, the industrious thought, the honest thought, can be held long enough and constantly enough in a child's mind, he is almost sure to grow up into a normal, successful man.

The child's self-confidence should be buttressed in every possible way; not but that he should be taught to overestimate his ability and his possibilities, but the idea that he is God's child, that he is heir to the infinite inheritance, magnificent possibilities, should be instilled into the very marrow of his being.

If parents would appeal always to the divine natures in their children, if they would think of them as the divine beings God intended them to be, instead of the burlesque creatures which our low and unworthy thought brings out, they could develop the sublime, the beautiful side of youth.

It is wonderful what a powerful influence the little courage plays, and the justice plays, the social plays, and the courtesy plays in the kindergartens have. Children in the slums who are brought up in homes of darkness and squalor and wretchedness, and who never get a glimpse of better things, go home from the kindergarten, after they have been practising the social plays, the good-manners play, and carry into their homes new ideals. They become polite and gentle. They salute everybody courteously. And their parents say that, in many cases, they entirely revolutionize their homes by their kindergarten ideals.

The greatest thing in the rearing and education of a child is to develop his natural, normal, joyous self-expression. Yet how seldom are boys and girls trained perfectly along natural lines, so that there is no repression, restraint or cramping of faculties, and self-expression is free, natural, untrammelled. Perhaps the majority of children are warped and twisted by

being forced to do things instead of being led by motives that will make them anxious to do them.

When a child does not show enthusiasm in his study, in his work, there is something wrong, for enthusiasm and bubbling buoyancy are as natural to child life as song to the bird. You must free from drudgery a child's study or work if you would have him get the most out of it.

President Eliot says: "The aim in modern education is joy and gladness in achievement. I need not say that freedom is necessary to this joy. Schools used to set children doing things they could not do well. That is the unpardonable sin in educational administration. It is not for the happiness of the children only that this new motive—to increase joy—has come to bless us. It brings new happiness to the teacher also. It is a means of happiness for everybody throughout life. As a result of the advent of this new policy we are learning not to use with children a motive that will not work when the children are grown up. To be sure, we must admit that this doctrine condemns almost all the school discipline of the past, and much of the family discipline; but the future will not mind that, if it finds the new doctrine beneficent."

Already the world is learning that it cannot force power out of any human being, that compulsion brings out the worst, attraction calls forth the best. The great achievements of the world have been spontaneous; they have been joy achievements even in the barest poverty.

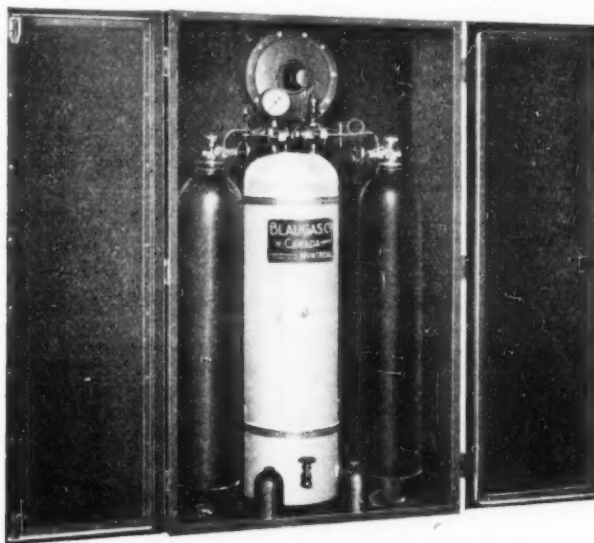
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Hess, of the Vienna Radium Institute, has recently published the results of some remarkable experiments. He has investigated the penetrating radiation which occurs in the upper atmosphere by means of balloon ascents, and he arrives at the startling conclusion that at a height exceeding 2,000 meters there is a rapid increase in the intensity of the penetrating rays. At these heights the penetrating rays from the earth itself would be absolutely negligible, while that from the radium emanation in the air, which has its origin in the earth and is of limited life, must be, at any rate, less than at the surface. So that it would seem we must assume some extra-terrestrial source for these radiations. The conclusion that a great part of the penetrating radiation cannot come from the known radio-active constituents of the earth and atmosphere is one that must evoke general interest, and calls for the further radio-active exploration of the upper atmosphere.

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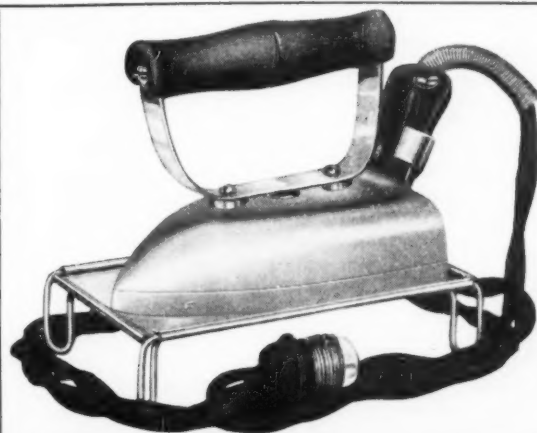


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'Tis Scarlet in the Woods

By WILFRID HUBBARD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here is a story of unusual power, the recital of what happens when the veneer of civilization warps off in the heat of passion and primitive nature prevails. The writer is new to MacLean readers. He has the power of grasping the essentials of a big situation and has presented the story with a vivid style that at times attains to the height of dramatic presentation. Read this story and you will want to read more of Wilfrid Hubbard's work.

IN the midst of the woods by a big spruce tree, the brown bear stopped short in his aimless amble and sniffed. Something was happening—or had happened.

It wasn't the staccato yelping of a company of wolves who were running around in circles, snarling and snapping; that's the way they have of palming off ten as a hundred. Bruin knew it and heeded them not. Yet whether the wolves came nearer or dashed off further, it was to the Laugh they returned; the Laugh was always the centre of their circle. He knew there was not much danger or the curs would not be there. He guessed they were trying to work their fury into courage to attack some helpless thing near at hand. So he turned from his path and headed straight into the chorus of Hell Regained. The wolves saw him and dashed away to a safe distance—for they feared the lumbering bear with a wholesome fear—and gave a superb rendering of Inferno Fortissimo.

In a small clearing a man lay, quite still. His forehead was deep in the grass; and onto the green ran scarlet.

"Blood!" sniffed Bruin. He knew what it was.

A few paces behind the silent figure in the grass was a man who sat in a queerly cramped posture and who was waving his arms about and laughing a high falsetto—a strange key for a man. "Fighting!" grunted Bruin, as he shambled on. It was no place for such as he when men fell out.

On the next evening, he passed that way again. The wolves were still executing the devils' fandango around a decreasing circle. The central object still lay unmoved, but the red stream was turning to black; and the other still sat in the same place and in the same cramped position. This time he saw Bruin but he did not rise or run—just laughed with the cracked crescendo of the harrowing hyena.

"Fighting still," sniffed Bruin; and shambled on again.

* * *

A man sat in a log hut on an upturned box, carefully polishing the barrels of a gun so that they shone like a mirror. While holding the gun up in front of him, he suddenly stiffened and looked with fixed attention at the glistening barrel. Then quietly and carefully he put the gun down and turning, faced a stranger who stood in the doorway, covering him with a gun.

"Got yer, Steve," said the intruder.

"That's my name."

"Got yer twice then—if your name's really Steve. Look y'ere, I could have let daylight in your back and you'd never have knowed who done it."

"That's so," said Steve, coolly and easily, "and you could let it in front way's now."

"Well," said the stranger, a heavy black-avised fellow, lowering his arm, "I ain't going to now. Leastways I don't know that I am. Only you should be more careful. I might have done it for fun. Some days I should have done it if it looked like getting something, but there ain't enough here, by the look of it, to warrant the risk. 'Sides, I want someone to talk to. You *should* have ears and eyes even if you do live in the woods."

"I heard you ten minutes ago," said the man called Steve. "I could see you fix your horse up to the balsam before you crept down. I had a good look at your picture in the gun barrels, before I turned round."

"Then why didn't you get the drop first?" said the other.

"What for?" asked Steve.

"What for!" answered the man. "Why for self-protection. There's nobody within a score or more miles from here. How do you know what sort I am?"

"You ain't got any evil intentions, have you?" asked Steve. "If so, let's get on with it and get it over."

The stranger dropped the point of his revolver and regarded Steve with slack-jawed wonderment.

"You're a queer one," he said. "What are you, a bluffer, an out-and-out cool 'un or a ninny?"

"You haven't hit me off yet," answered Steve. "Guess you'll want a drink. I'll get it but don't shoot while I've got the bottle. Glass cuts."

"Well," said the other, "you're queer right enough. I'll have a drink. You don't value life much, do you?"

"Ask yourself what the value of it is," answered Steve, "when it has to be lived out here twenty miles from the nearest point with nothing but howling coyotes for companions. I can't make out how you wandered here."

"Neither can I," said the man. "I just seemed to be drawn right along. I've wandered off the trail all day and now I guess I'm clean lost."

"That's strange," mused Steve. "I've sort of been expecting you ever since sunrise. I wasn't surprised when I saw

you but I don't know you from Adam."

"My name's Jake. Somehow I think I've seen you somewhere or other. Ever been to the Peace Country? Or on to the Yukon? Well, maybe it was up in the gold country somewhere. That's where I've come from now. They don't seem to love me just at present; so I left. You're a trapper I suppose?"

"They call me one," answered Steve, "but I ain't really. I don't trap. I shoot. See those few skins? That's all I've got in six weeks. If I'd been trapping, I'd have had scores."

"Then why don't you?"

"It's cruel," said Steve, "horribly and wantonly cruel. I can't do it. It ain't fair."

Jake laughed, a course guffaw with an ugly note of derision in it.

"You're a softy!" he said. "I can see you'll never be no good so long as you're alive. Why man I've been at the trapping game too. It's funny to see the little marten roll himself up all in a ball and starve to death with one paw just caught. Do you know, a lynx will live for weeks without food or water when caught. I've tried 'em. How I've laughed at the ways dead falls catch bears. But you want a steel trap for real trouble."

"That may be what's worrying me," said Steve. "It's the only kind of trap I've got. I don't like it but I had to get it. You see I want a bear bad. There's one or two about but I can't get a decent pop at them. I believe they know I don't trap; and that's why I'm sure to get one in time."

"Hope you've got a strong chain and a heavy drag-pole," said Jake. "That's where the fun come in. Lord, what queer things they will do to get rid of it. Of course when they start off with the trap, the drag-pole soon gets up by trees or boulders and they don't get far. Not many, but some, tear through miles and get finally all tangled up in the chain and drag-pole, and lie in some shrubbery. But you can easily trace them. It is no good fastening to a stake or a tree. Their first great jump to get away when the teeth close, sometimes tears their paw off. Sometimes they'll even climb a tree, and when the pole's entangled, will throw themselves down, trusting their weight will jerk the claw out. I've found them stunned or bleeding to death on the ground, their paws still suspended in the air. I've seen them hanging by it, moaning like lost souls. It's real fun to see

live bears hanging like toys on Christmas trees."

"Real horrible," said Steve. "That's what it is. I ain't got a drag-pole. I've fixed the chain to a young sapling that an elephant couldn't uproot. Besides I've got an old gun tied so that it must explode when the trap's touched. That will be the signal for me to go and shoot the poor creature."

"Well of all the poor, chicken-hearted sucklings, you certainly do take the cake," said Jake, with a scorn that verged on incredulity. "You mustn't let sentiment interfere with business, or waste your time about who suffers or what suffers, so long as you don't. I've handled bigger game than bear—and roughly too. I told you they didn't love me around where I come from last, didn't I, Softy? I'll tell you why. A few years ago, a regular Peach lived there. You know what I mean. Her name was Mimi. Get that? It's a good name. Mimi Scott it was in full. She was a good girl too, I reckon. You ought to have seen her hair, black as a raven's plume; it would have fallen to her ankles let loose. The only one she cared for at all until I buzzed around, was a quiet, plain little chap who they say could speak of nothing, not even of himself. He was pointed out to me once, passing a saloon I was in. He didn't know me or my game, and never did, but I sent after him to come and liquor up, but he never came. They say that he was too slow for anything. But I tell you he certainly loved that girl. He didn't gush—just loved, that's all. A word from her and they say if it had been her wish he would have just gone off and died. So I hadn't much to beat, had I? In three weeks I had her over the other side of the line, and in six I was dead tired of her. I didn't let sentiment stand in the way of letting her know it. She went home. Hell, but I treated her rough, sure enough. Well, what do you think, when she came to see the other guy again she found that she loved him. He never knew but she confessed it before she died."

"Died," repeated Steve. His face had gone suddenly white.

"Yes, she died right enough. First time I ever heard tell of any one doing it of a broken heart. She just asked him to go away—and gave no reason. Sure enough he went. I went over to the old place a while back and they cut up rough, some of them. I didn't see that they had anything on me but it seemed best to light out. I suppose you wouldn't look at it in my light, would you?"

"No," said Steve.

Then he coughed and spat shakily. "Pass that bottle, Jake," he said, "and don't tell any more tales. I don't like it."

"All right, old sport," laughed Jake, who had indulged in this flood of boastful biography to shock his companion. "Hello—what's that?" A dull and echoing crash reached them from the depths of the wood.

"Beaver," said Steve. "I've seen that tree falling for two days. I thought at first it was the signal for my bear. Do you know, Jake, I've been thinking I've a mind to go down and have a look.



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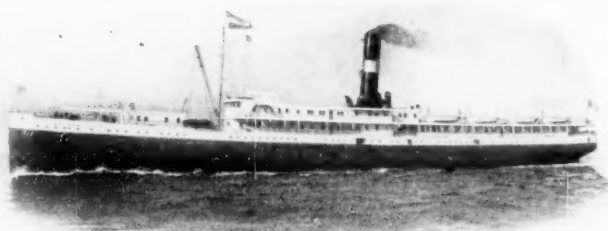
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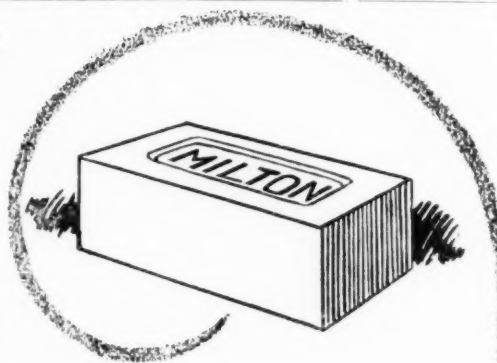
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Maybe he's there, and the gun won't work. Would you like to come and lend me a hand?"

"Sure," said Jake. "You've not my kidney, Softy, but somehow I sort of like you."

"Will you take that gun?" asked Steve.

"No," said Jake. "You're carrying one and I've got a Colt. It's good enough for any blamed trap bear."

"A Colt? Let's have a look at it," said Steve. "Um! It's a good one. Loaded in all chambers. Cost you a few dollars, I bet. Have a drink before you start?"

"Yes," said Jake. "Good luck. Here, hand me back my gun. Gee, but I wasn't thinking. Suppose you hadn't been a simpleton. Suppose you had only been kidding. I was disarmed. You could have killed me."

"What for?" asked Steve.

"Well, my horse perhaps," laughed Jake.

"When I kill anyone it won't be for a horse," said Steve.

"I know," said Jake. "Of course, I know you're alright. Come on. Which way—give us a lead." And so into the woods the two walked together.

"Through to the north-west," said Steve. "It's about two miles in; I've laid the trap well. Nothing to distinguish it from the surroundings. I left a fine bait. In about half an hour we'll be near."

"Right-O!" answered Jake. "Maybe there'll be some fun."

And half an hour later Steve pulled him up. "Go easy," he said, "We're getting near. Now I want to find three stones and then take a line through two more ahead. Cast round a bit for them."

"Here's your stones," said Jake, "I'm a better woodsman than you, I think. Where's your eyes—there's the other two this way."

And just then there was a loud detonation. "Something in the trap," said Steve.

"Hell, yes! I am, you fool, I am!" roared Jake, in a frenzy of pain and rage. "Here, come quick. The teeth are clean through my leg. You've blundered me right into it."

"I laid it well," said Steve. "Traps are terrible things."

"Let go the springs!" cried the other. "Push them back."

"Can't you reach them yourself?" asked Steve.

"You know I can't," cried Jake. "Don't stand talking, in Heaven's name! Don't stand as if you're petrified. The pain's terrible!"

"I expect," said Steve quietly, "it gets worse."

"Say," said Jake, apprehension following the pain in his eyes, "Say, do you want that horse? I give it to you."

"I wouldn't take anything of yours if I had to die for refusing," said Steve.

"Say then," groaned Jake, "Let me free. You can't let me stand here in agony, while you talk. What's the joke? There's no fun in it."

"There's no fun in watching a bear hanging by a bleeding claw, either," said Steve.

"Are you mad, or what?" said Jake, cursing. "I don't suppose I'll ever see fun in it again."

"You won't!" said Steve, confidently.

"God, man! cried Jake, "you ain't going to let me stay here! You ain't going away to leave me! I'd slowly starve in torture. None would see me for a week or a month, here."

"They couldn't hear you at all in a month," said Steve. "You won't be making much noise then. You ain't a lynx."

"This is terrible," said Jake, his face becoming clammy. "This is terrible! I can't endure it! What are you going to do?"

"Tell me," said Steve, "Tell me that girl's name, again."

"Girl!" cried Jake. "What girl?"

"The one that died of a broken heart," said Steve.

"What does that matter? Her name was Mimi Scott. She's dead. She's not suffering. I am."

"And I," said Steve.

"You!" gasped Jake. "You! Why how? What do you mean?"

"I loved her," said Steve, fervently, "God, how I loved her!"

Jake watched him and something came to him and dazed him like a blow. Beads of sweat were on his forehead. "Stevey!" he said pleadingly. "Stevey, I didn't know it. How could I, chum?—And Steve," he said, suddenly whipping out his revolver, "Let go those blasted springs."

Steve looked right down the barrel and smiled. "There's just one bullet in that gun," he said, "I took the others out and I cleaned your cartridge case, just before you caught yourself. I've given you a sporting chance."

"Sporting chance," groaned Jake, "A nice chance, God knows!"

"Well," said Steve, "it is. You can shoot me, and remain in the trap and starve,—or you can keep your one bullet for yourself, when you can't endure it no longer. No one will pass here, Jake, not in a year. I've been here two and you are the first I've seen. I knew you were coming, Jake, I knew it all day. But when I saw you I didn't know why you'd been sent. Now I know."

"Stevey!" cried Jake. "I know you better. You couldn't live with this on your conscience!"

"I don't want to live," said Steve. "I've given you the chance to stop me. Take it if you like. I think you will," he added. "Let's see how far I get. Good-by."

"Steve!" cried Jake, breaking into tears like an overwrought child. "Stop a minute. Listen. It's the starving, Steve. Don't let me starve, Stevey!"

"You could roll yourself up like a marten," said Steve. "It'll be fun to see you. But maybe a bear will happen along and maul you about a bit. You won't quite die of starvation, Jake. When you get weak enough the wolves will take courage."

Jake sobbed and wrung his hands imploringly.

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"Go on," said Steve, his face set and grim. "You might gnaw your leg off and get free. You can't cut it off. I've got your knife here. There are some cigarettes in your pocket. Good by!"

The prospect of being left alone stirred the trapped man to action.

"Stop!" he yelled. "Stop! Three more steps and you're dead!"

"Let's see," answered Steve. "How far will that take me? One takes me to the brown stone; two takes me to the mole-hill; and three, takes me to—"

"Hell!" shouted Jake, all pleading gone in a gust of fierce hate and rage. His pistol cracked and Steve stopped dead in his stride, then crumpled up in a heap in the grass.

"I found them," remarked a man to the Sheriff's officer, "by following the trail of a horse that came in here loose. It led to a balsam tree he had broken away from. Twenty miles away at the edge of Hickory Wood, below and down a slope, I found the kit. Tracks led to where I found them."

"He must have been in the trap over a week from what the doctor can make out about how long the other had been dead," said the officer.

"He was alive when I got to him. I see him hit at a wolf that left the other man, and snapped at his arm. He only just waved it, it's true. I could swear he chuckled when I let the spring back, but he became unconscious and never spoke. There was a bear standing upright, and looking at the hullabaloo the wolves had kicked up over the one who was shot when I first got there."

"Well," said the sheriff's officer, "it's easily explained. The trapper was walking in front, and somehow failed to remember just where he set his trap. His friend was walking behind, carrying a revolver. The surprise and sudden pain, when caught, caused it to go off. The trapper was hit in the back of the head, and the other couldn't release himself. A pure accident. It's rough, but there's nothing to it."

The "record" low temperature registered in a sounding-balloon ascent is reported from Batavia, where the remarkable minimum of 133.4 deg. Fahr. below zero was found at an altitude unfortunately unknown, as the clockwork stopped during the ascent, but supposed to be about 10.6 miles. On December 4th, an almost equally low minimum was registered; viz., 131.6 deg. below zero, at an altitude of 10.2 miles. In this case, the apparatus worked satisfactorily and recorded an extraordinary rise of temperature between the above-stated minimum at 10.2 miles and a reading of 70.8 deg. below zero at 16.2 miles; i.e., a total rise after entering the stratosphere of 60.8 Fahr. degrees. On August 6th, 1913, a balloon sent up at the same place showed a rise of 34.0 Fahr. degrees after passing the altitude of minimum temperature. In this case, the balloon rose to 13.7 miles. These observations show that the name "isothermal layer," applied to the stratosphere, is sometimes a misnomer.

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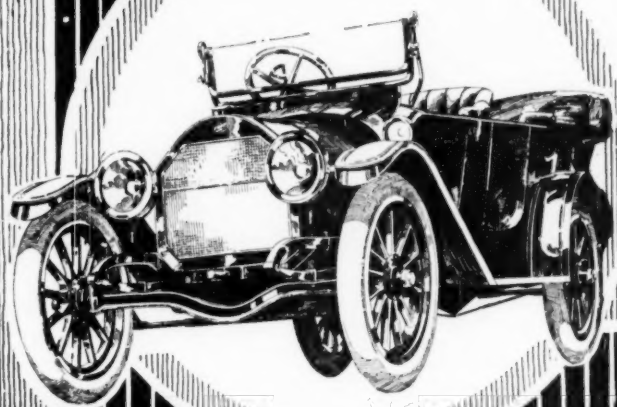
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Best Selling Book of the Month

William J. Locke's "Fortunate Youth"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor of Bookseller and Stationer

ABOUT a year ago William J. Locke, who has been called "The Apostle of Cheerfulness," was represented in the "six best sellers" with his admirable novel, "Stella Maris," and here he is again with "The Fortunate Youth," which, it will be observed, comes in as a good second to "The Inside of the Cup," the book that, dropping to second place during an interval of one month, while "Diane of the Green Van" topped the list, is back again in first place.

One writer has spoken of Locke as the "kindest spirit in English letters since Lamb." He is essentially cheerful and none who have read "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "The Beloved Vagabond," or "Pujal" will be likely ever to crowd the

Paul Kegworthy whose exact status in a domicile of unspeakably miserable attributes, is not disclosed until later for reasons involved in the working out of the story.

The household includes Mr. Button, Lancashire bred, diminutive and dissolute, who "divided the yearnings of his spirit between strong drink and dog-fights, while Mrs. Button, a viperous Londoner, yearned for noise." There were six little Buttons and what little was forthcoming in the way of favors or consideration, left no surplus to be devoted toward ameliorating the loveless life of little Paul. "When Button came home drunk he punched his wife about the head and



William J. Locke.

delightful characters in those books, very far back from first place among their favorite friends in fiction.

In the new book this author of good cheer certainly has dealt most kindly with his hero, the lucky fellow whose ultimate success is foreshadowed by the title of the book.

We make his acquaintance amid most disheartening surroundings. He is little

kicked her about the body, while they both exhausted the vituperation of North and South to the horror and edification of the neighborhood. When Button was not drunk Mrs. Button chastised little Paul. She would have done so when Mr. Button was drunk, but she had not the time."

What wonder then, that Paul absented himself from home whenever opportunity offered?

Paul was of a type that differed from the general run of the children of Bridge street where the Buttons lived and with his "wavy black hair, dark olive complexion, great black liquid eyes and exquisitely delicate features of a young Praxitelean god," he was as conspicuous among the other urchins as would be a little Martian bundled down to earth.

To the disgust of Button, little Paul attended Sunday school and when he heard of the devil, "he pictured the Prince of darkness not as a gentleman, not even as a picturesque personage with horns and a tail, but as Mr. Button!"

Fortunately for little Paul, he found solace in reading and his "library" was a retreat all his own, an out-of-the-way spot in a deserted brickyard adjacent to Bridge street, and there he read volumes of a remarkably diversified character, including books favored by a Socialist co-worker in a factory where the boy was forced to begin work at a very early age. This was before kindly Education Acts and Factory Acts decreed that no boy under twelve years of age should work in a factory.

One Saturday afternoon in August while Paul was in his brickyard library, along came Barney Bill seated in a lumbering conveyance, which was at once his dwelling and his shop, and by which he was known on the road from Taunton to Newcastle and from Hereford to Lowestoft. It caught the fancy of Barney Bill to find the little fellow reading "Kenilworth," for he, too, proved to be a book-lover. "I do a bit of reading myself," he informed Paul, "If it wasn't for a book or two, I'd go melancholy mad and bust myself. You'll find a lot of chaps as don't hold with books. I've heard some of 'em say 'What's the good of books? Give me nature,' and then they goes and asks for it at a public-ous. Most say nothing at all, but just booze."

That meeting with Barney Bill marks the first real step in Paul's fortunate progress through life, although an incident at a Sunday school picnic had resulted in giving him a vision splendid by which he was convinced that he was of noble birth, although by some mischance, inexplicable to him, he had come into the keeping of the Buttons. The woman's unnatural treatment of him strongly bore out this belief.

What had given him this inspiration was the notice taken of him, the ragamuffin at the picnic, by a beautiful young lady, who to console him in the loss of a foot-race, had given him a small cornelian heart. This charm Paul treasured for many years, up to the time of the dramatic climax of this tale of his career.

After an interesting period put in with Barney Bill in his peripatetic up and down the land in his picturesque old van, especially following a chance meeting with an artist who was sketching an inn, as they pulled up to it, ambition stirs the soul of Paul and he decides to go to London, where, through the influence of this artist, he gains lucrative occupation as an artist's model and lives bountifully and happily until certain incidents and influences bring home to him the fact that his occupation is really not a man's work. Among these influences is the sound common-sense of a little London girl, Jane,



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his companion of those early years. The fortunate youth, with the certainty of his high destiny firmly fixed in his mind, in casting about for a manly pursuit is impressed by a group of pictures of famous actors shown in a shop window. He calmly announces to Jane his intention of becoming a great actor. Jane, exhibiting her characteristic common-sense, wants to know whether he can act, but Paul has no misgivings.

Four years of ups and downs, chiefly "downs," in barn-storming about the country fail to reveal any degree of histrionic ability above the most mediocre, but his "vision splendid" is not dimmed. Stranded a hundred and fifty miles from London, after giving practically all his remaining funds to a fellow member of the troupe in hard straits, he sets out afoot for a long tramp to London, but illness overtakes him and, as it chances, his footsteps lead him into the grounds of a wealthy member of Parliament, whose sister, Miss Winwood, becomes Paul's "good angel." Paul becomes the private secretary of Winwood, M.P., and eventually finds his proper place in life on the platform as a politician. His further progress, with notable reverses, together with his love affair with a Continental princess and its outcome providing tense situations, serve to keep up the unflagging interest of the reader to the denouement.

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- 1.—Sir Chas. Tupper's Reminiscences.
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Discussing American and English humor in "Life," G. K. Chesterton finds greater consistency and continuity in the American humorist's product. "Huckleberry Finn," he says, "goes straight to its end in a way in which 'Pickwick' does not go straight to its end. . . . American laughter . . . goes ahead; it does not go astray. By this it misses much; for the adventures of Gil Blas or Pickwick are found by going astray. But it also gains something: . . . it gains its object."

May Irwin—Peeress of Stage Widows

Continued from Page 36.

It was all a great picnic, though. May Irwin loves the country. She loves fresh air and sunshine in large quantities. She has always loved out-of-doors, and each summer she spends on her island in the St. Lawrence where the winds can blow away the season's inertia and make her fit and strong when autumn comes.

It is only natural that she should love the outdoor world. She used to romp her childhood hours away, under the vigilance of a village sun. An Ontario village, moreover, situated so that the breezes from Lake Ontario can have a clean sweep over it. Whitby was the birthplace of May Irwin about half a century ago and probably no one woman has ever had such varied experience in widowhood as she. Not that she has had a wide experience in matrimony. Not at all. In fact, she is very happily married and the mother of two handsome sons.

It is on the stage that she is such a renowned widow. It is doubtful if the theatre-going world has ever known anyone who can appear to better advantage in weeds and tear drops than May Irwin. In short, she is the last word in weeping relicts of lately deceased husbands.

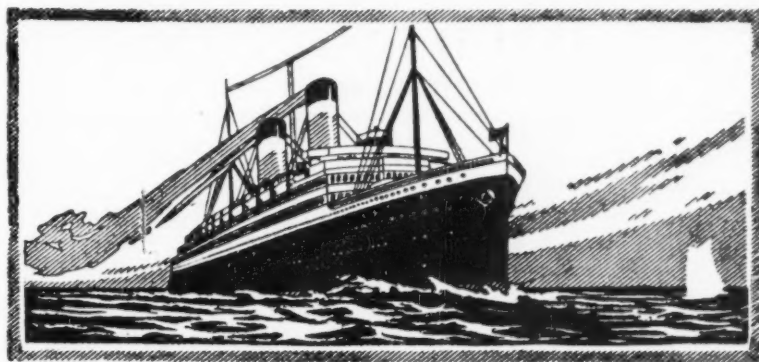
It was not always so. It could not be. One would never associate a sylphlike girl, of soubrette dimensions, blonde curls and all, with widowhood. That is why May Irwin did not begin her stage career that way.

She was always gifted with a laugh. Also a correct retort, when she was made the subject of a laugh. Two very good gifts, everyone must admit. Consequently, when she found herself fatherless, when but a child in her early teens, it seemed natural that she should give some slight consideration to the question of her future welfare.

When May Irwin decided to try her luck on the stage, there was a great hubbub in Whitby. Although Robert Campbell, her father, was a man of excellent standing in the community, the villagers expected that at his death, May would apprentice herself to the village milliner, or enter some trade equally as eminent. And what was the effect it all had? May Irwin—such being the name she had chosen for herself—quietly went her way and paid not the slightest attention to all the comments. Which showed how wise was the flaxen head which rested on her young shoulders.

She was only a very young thing then. Thirteen, to be exact. But she had determination far in advance of her years. And she remained singing in vaudeville for a whole season. The Adelphi in Buffalo was also one of her early remembrances.

There is one thing about early associations. They leave either of two impressions. One of pleasantness or of unpleasant memories. May Irwin always thinks back on her Adelphi days, with a smile and a sigh. When a sigh is accom-



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panied by a smile, it signifies a thought from which one does not shrink.

About that time, Tony Pastor had his famous company of players at the old Metropolitan Theatre, New York. It was an excellent opportunity for any young player who was ambitious to "get on." May Irwin has always been noted for her observation of opportunities. Her sojourn to the Metropolitan Theatre and later at Tony Pastor's own theatre on 14th street, lasted six years. It was in the latter playhouse that she appeared in her famous role in "The Pie Rats of Penn Yan."

The last role which Miss Irwin enacted in the old Pastor Theatre, was Lady Angela in "Patience." That was on the night of January 23rd, 1883. The result of this performance must have been gratifying to her. Her performance was noticed. She received a good press report. A good press report is the balm of discouraged Thespians. It does not matter if the press has been "fixed" by the press agent. The extravagant epithets are appreciated, just the same. Insincerity has a way of clothing itself to make it appear perfectly sincere.

The sincerity was genuine in the case of May Irwin's Lady Angela, however. And May Irwin was glad, but not satisfied.

Later on in the same year she joined the well-known stock company of Augustin Daly. Perhaps he did more than anyone else in America to give the stage finished actors. For three years May Irwin remained in his company. Those three years did much to round out her performances. She had already decided that hers would be the comedy field. She had felt the call of the comedy field, so to speak. Or fairy, whichever you prefer.

It is not easy to play for three successive seasons in stock. It means hard work, irregular meals, unending rehearsals. But our comedienne did not mind any of these obstacles. She rather enjoyed them. For it is a curious thing, when one is a worker one welcomes laborious tasks.

These were a few of the plays in which she appeared, during those three years: "A Recruiting Officer," "A Night Off," "Nancy and Co.," "A Woman's Won't," "The Magistrate," "After Business Hours," and many more. Such a repertoire is bound to do either of two things. Round out an actor's art, or convince her that she has chosen the wrong vocation. May Irwin realized that the stock theatre had been her best training school.

The next year, Daly took his company to Toole's Theatre, London. May Irwin remained there for four or five seasons. And London laughed with her and wept with her, just as she chose. It was mostly laughing. She was becoming internationally famous.

In the autumn of 1892, she returned to America, and the following spring, appeared as Lottie Singleton in "His Wedding Day." Managers had their eye on her. The day was not far distant, when she would see her name in huge electric letters before some theatre entrance.

In September of the same year, she appeared in her last role as an ordinary individual. Which is to say that a change

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was about to take place. The change of stardom. This last role was in "The Poet and the Puppets." Her work was so excellent and won such praise from the critics that a producing firm called Rich and Harris decided it was time to enlist her as a star.

It was in the autumn of 1893 that she saw her name blazing forth the news that a new star had arrived. That was a great bit of news too. For in those days a star did not spring up overnight as they are wont to do to-day. The one requisite to stardom was ability. Nowadays,—well, why become cynical? To speak of the present method of producing theatrical satellites must needs necessitate cynicism. How fortunate are those who were created under the old order of things!

The time had almost come for Miss Irwin to demonstrate her ability in the role of stage widow. Now, there are widows and widows. Sometimes that word implies characteristics which are not altogether complimentary. For example, there is the widow who may have become such by the clever usage of potash or salts of lemon. Such a widow is not desirable. May Irwin could never appear in such a role. The widows she invariably creates are dear, good-natured ones, of the plump-and-forty-or-nearly type, who are addicted to tears and rich pastry.

Beatrice Byke, in "The Widow Jones," one of the roles she played during her first season of stardom, probably was responsible for her decision to depict the wiles and smiles of the modern widow. In 1895 she played Dottie Dimple, in a comedy called "Courtied in Court." The next season, she was a Countess. "The swell Miss Fitzswell" was the name of this play. From a Countess to a dry goods buyer seems a long jump. Yet such a jump was made in a single season. "Kate Kip, Buyer" offered her this opportunity.

In 1899 she played Alice in "Sister Mary" and the following year became an attorney in "Madge Smith, Attorney."

All these parts were only preparatory. The goal she desired to reach was marked by a gloomy-looking individual in black alpaca. The year 1904 gave her the opportunity she had been preparing for. The name of the widow in case was Mrs. Black, the name of the play "Mrs. Black is Back." And ever since then, the wiles of widows have been occupying her theatrical attention. They are almost all the same kind of widow. That is, May Irwin makes them almost all alike. She could not help making them good-natured, if she tried. And the rest of their characteristics are always according to the May Irwin standard of widows. A pleasant intermingling of tears and titters, some coquetry and a great deal of tact.

Her next theatrical name was Mrs. Wilson, in a play called "Mrs. Wilson, that's all." Most brilliant, all these choice of names. But Miss Irwin did not have the choosing of them, needless to say. The Mrs. Wilson in question first had her being in Plainfield, New Jersey. That was in September, 1906. Later on, she moved to the Bijou Theatre, New York, where she remained for a year,

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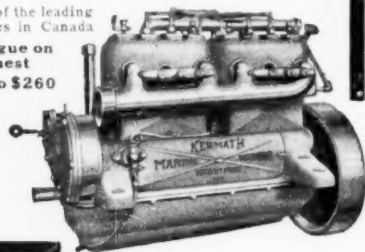
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after which time she succumbed to the second-rate malady.

Mrs. Wilson's successor sounds rather formidable, both as to name and inclinations. One hears her name, and one ceases to wonder at her state of widowhood. One hears of her pastime, and one heaves a sigh of relief that the originator of the name is communing with the worms. "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse" took place in 1907, and strange to say lasted two or three years. Small wonder that at that time people were becoming rather tired of it. Two seasons in the same Carouse are bound to produce mental nausea.

Miss Irwin's last successful venture in the wiles of widows is called "Widow by Proxy."

And she still smiles and dimples and weeps and wears her weeds, as only May Irwin, inimitable in her own parts, can smile and dimple and weep. But she owns an island on the St. Lawrence, where she hies every summer, to forget all about the sombre-hued clothes of her working world.

Gold of Cupid

Continued from Page 38.

hands on the boards and sobbing like a child.

Frenchy, studying his companion blankly, cast his own eyes toward the corpse. And he also saw. The realization was characteristic. Mouth agape, clutching his hair, he staggered backward, whispering hoarsely, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! An' he nurse me! Two mont' he nurse me."

Abruptly he pulled up. A sharper cry broke from him. "Maybe he's not dead! Maybe he's not dead!" His voice rose in a shrill scream of hope as he sprang towards the body.

The chair crashed to the floor and O'Rourke rushed after. He swept the bending Le Banc aside, and leaned over their victim.

"He is! He's alive!" O'Rourke's voice was a delirious shout. "Quick! Some water!"

Frenchy darted for the water bucket, and O'Rourke raised and bore the limp form to the nearby cot. Five minutes later, although still unconscious, McLeod was breathing more easily, and the bandaged wound in his chest had ceased bleeding.

Frenchy was almost beside himself with delight. "I will nurse heem! Mais oui, I will nurse heem two, t'ree mont'—a year!"

Then it was came the great idea. "I have eet! I have eet!" cried Le Banc. "I will go for her! To-night I will go for her!"

The cup from which O'Rourke was bathing the wounded man's face fell to the floor.

"Frenchy, you've hit it! You little devil, you've hit it! But hold on! We don't know—"

"Look at nodder lettair!"

O'Rourke hastened to the table and turned out the contents of the tin box. In the bottom was an envelope evidently

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returned to its writer unopened. He read the address, "Miss Margaret Dannan, Shubenacadie, N.S."

"Bon! Bon!" cried Frenchy. "I will go for her! To-night I will go for her! An' I will tell her eet is lies 'bout Scottee!"

"No you won't!" O'Rourke spoke decisively. "You'll hike over to Oxbone, and telegraph. That's what you'll do."

Frenchy protested. "Mais, non! I cannot tell her by wan leetle telegram! She will not come!"

"She'll come all right. You watch. I'll write it."

O'Rourke found a pencil, tore the back from a letter, copied the address, and wrote heavily, with much thinking, for some minutes. He concluded.

"What is your reg'lar name, Frenchy? I'm going to sign you to it. You're to meet her when she comes."

"Pierre Maxime Le Banc. But she will not come," wailed Frenchy. "For one so leetle message she—"

"She will. Take it, and git!"

O'Rourke had written:

"Scotty Maccloud shot. He was the whitst man in the Kooteny. He dident do what you said. Some blame kyute must have lied. He was shot reading one of your letters. He needs you bad. Come quick."

She came five days later, a tall, fine-featured, dark-eyed girl in gray, a pallor of anxiety on her face. It was two hours' drive from Oxbone. For every mile of the way Frenchy Le Banc told some new tale of the "whiteness" of his "cher ami Scottee"; and when Margaret Dannan reached the little cabin, so pitifully lonesome up there on the mountainside, it did not need the greeting of the man she loved to make all right between them. Still unconscious, as she ran across the room toward him he raised himself on his elbow and whispered with hoarse energy, "I'll not give it up! There is no map! It's a letter! A letter from the dearest girl God ever—And it was not true! The way they told it, it was not true!"

And the dearest girl caught him in her arms.

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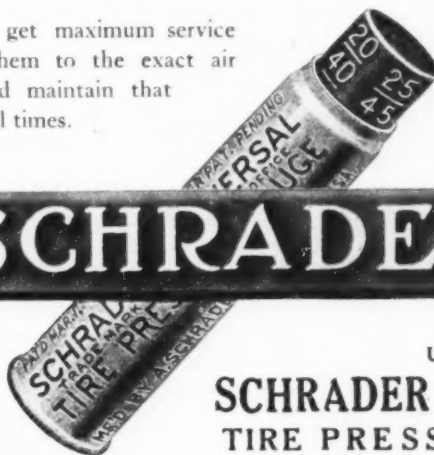
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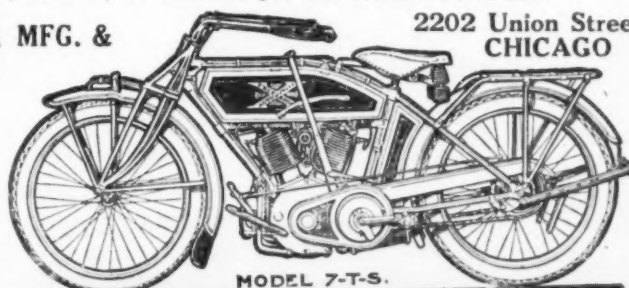
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Alcoholism — From the Angle of Efficiency

Continued from Page 23.

sound judgment is unsettled, and reason loses sway. Mental processes do not work consecutively. Snap judgments replace mature decisions.

Nor does drinking result in physical stimulation. A momentary access of strength, like a passing gust of passion, may sometimes be felt, but it will be of short duration, followed by a relaxation of weakness. A drunken man in a brawl is the picture of impotence, as with all his faculties replaced by a flaring rage, he endeavors to match his fevered strength against the cool prepossession of an opponent. And when the short spell of power has passed, he is left as weak and defenseless as a kitten.

TIME THE GREATEST ASSET.

But, after all, the immediate effect that liquor exercises on the mind and body is not perhaps the greatest reason why its use prevents a man from making himself a fully efficient machine.

The drinking man does not have time to become efficient.

The moderate drinker is in every case a man who drinks for the sake of conviviality. He does not take it for liking of the drink itself. He does not drink by himself. It is only when he falls in with friends that he renews his acquaintance with the "flowing bowl." Thus it follows that he is on friendly terms with a circle of "good fellows," jovial friends who are certain to take up a large share of his time—who will encroach on his spare moments as much as he will permit. He always knows where he can find some of them and thus he is supplied with a perpetual incentive to get out "for a good time." How often will he settle down for a quiet evening with a book after "Bill" has telephoned that "the boys" are arranging a quiet little game or a visit to some favorite haunt of Bacchus? Truth to tell, the business of being a "good fellow" is an all-engrossing one.

The daily routine of the man of to-day is so crammed with work, his life has become so complex in its far-reaching activities, that he has at best little time for study, for books, or restful recreation. Out of the little time that his business leaves him, can he spare any to hilarious companionship over the wine glass?

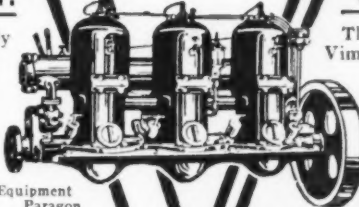
General experience shows that a man cannot very well divide his spare time. He cannot aim to make good use of a part of his leisure hours and throw the rest away. If he is going to find time to keep up with quaffing acquaintances, he must relinquish all other ideas. Few drinking men are readers.

There is so much in this life that a man many books to read, that he has no time to give to the society of "good fellows." The competition he faces in his business should do, so many studies to master, so

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has been adopted by the Government for Cadet Corps—a sufficient endorsement of its quality, and it is now offered also for general sale. It is the best all-round gun for boys. Shoots .22 shorts or long, or .22 long rifle cartridge; is accurate and has perfected adjustable sights for which no extra charge is made. This rifle is suitable for any game except the largest, and, while a single shot, its action is remarkably quick. Price only \$12.00. For large game get the other Ross Models 303 or 280. They are recognized as the best sporting rifles in the world. Prices \$25.00 and upwards.

Send for full illustrated catalogue.

ROSS RIFLE CO.

QUEBEC



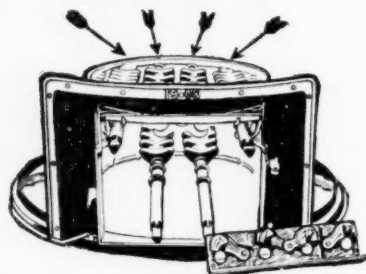
They buy it for what it does. That's why the Ford is servant of more than 530,000. It holds the world's record for all 'round dependability. And it's the lightest—the strongest—the most economical car on the market. And don't forget the service.

\$600 for the runabout; \$650 for the touring car and \$900 for the town car—f.o.b. Ford, Ontario, complete with equipment. Get catalog and particulars from any branch Manager or from Ford Motor Co., Limited, Ford, Ont., Canada.

You shake down the
ashes—not the coal—
in the

"Hecla" Furnace

There are
FOUR
grate bars
in the
"Hecla"



Each
one can
be
shaken
separately.

You don't have to shake the whole fire to get out the ashes around the edge of the firepot.

You don't shake down a lot of good coal with the ashes.

You don't have to use a poker at all.

The "Hecla" Triangular Bar Grate allows you to shake just the part of the fire where the ashes are, without disturbing the rest of the coals.

Naturally, one grate is easier to shake than four all geared together. That is why people find the HECLA "no trouble to look after."

Fused Joints—a patented "Hecla" feature—keep the house free of gas, smoke and dust.

Write for free copy of our new catalogue which describes these and other special features.

Clare Bros. & Co., Limited

Preston, Ont.

A "Hampson's" Delivery Service Increases Trade



The "HAMPSON" is a light, durable carrier that fits any bicycle. Puts the small parcel delivery system on a paying basis. Customers appreciate the quick service rendered.

Quickly attached, easy running, very durable. Made for ordinary bicycle or motorcycle. Pays for itself very quickly. Frame built of Weldless Steel Tubing, giving tightness with great strength.

We also make the "HAMPSON" TORPEDO passenger side car for motorcycles; neatly upholstered and finely finished.

Our "Hampson" Bicycles—newest Models—can't be beat for the price. We carry a complete line of bicycle and motorcycle accessories.

Get our booklet "H" and see if you cannot use a Hampson to advantage and profit. Prices will please you.

HAMPSON'S

433 Parliament Street, Toronto, Can.



HOTEL GRISWOLD

Grand River Ave. and Griswold St. - Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY.

RATES \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP.

POSTAL HOTEL COMPANY

FRED POSTAL, Pres.

CHAS. POSTAL, Sec.

life is too keen to permit him to barter his opportunities of self-improvement for unproductive hours with boon companions.

* * *

Since this article was completed the writer spent an evening with Colonel Mosby, whose exploits as a Confederate cavalry leader during the Civil war were probably never equaled in history. He was the only one of us at dinner not taking wine and he apologized, saying that he had always been an abstainer. In the discussion that followed he made the statement that the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, Robert E. Lee, General J. E. B. Stewart, and General Jackson never touched liquor. This group did the most brilliant work of any on either side during the war. Lord Wolseley has said that the three greatest soldiers in the history of the world were Cæsar, Napoleon and Lee.

OUR FUTURE PAVEMENTS.

Beds of asphalt ready mixed and easy to get at lie along the Athabasca River in northern Alberta. Engineers have estimated that there is enough raw material in them to pave half the cities in America and all that is wanting is the means of getting it to market, but the railroads have not yet pierced that northern wonderland.

The banks of the Athabasca, two hundred miles north of Edmonton, show heavy outcrops of tar-sand, and for miles at a stretch tar oozes out of the cliffs as if some great cauldron were overflowing. Disintegrated limestone underlies this overflow of tar, with clay occasionally cropping out. For many years the Indians have been using this tar for making their canoes watertight, having only to boil it to get it into a workable condition; but it is now known to be of great industrial value, with a market waiting for it as soon as it can be taken out. Within the past year and a half a further outcrop has been found much nearer Edmonton, covering an area of a thousand acres at a depth below the surface of from three to twenty-five feet, and estimated to be one hundred and fifty feet in thickness.

Street paving in the Canadian West will be merely a form of civic relaxation when all these tar-sand areas are within reach. They comprise what is probably the largest supply of paving material north of the Gulf of Mexico, and are of practically the same formation as those of California, differing only in a larger percentage of oil which has to be removed by a process of slow cooking. They contain about 82 per cent. of sand. This sand may be used in its native state for roofing, and with very little refining it makes an excellent pavement, tests of it on Edmonton streets having proved satisfactory. A thousand square miles of native asphalt, it is estimated, are in the Athabasca region, the beds averaging one hundred and fifty feet in thickness.

A Breeze From the West

A Virile, Many-sided Optimist and the Place He Has Won

By ROBSON BLACK

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Of all the men who have come from the West to sit in the House of Commons at Ottawa, none has presented a more interesting personality than the subject of this sketch. Mr. Black presents Glen Campbell in a few phases of his many-sided personality, in a thoroughly understanding way. But the portrait is not complete; space would not permit of an attempt to present the whole story of this breezy Westerner.

GLEN CAMPBELL, journeyman-Westerner, stood before an animal circus just outside of Winnipeg. Above the heads of the crowds, a lion-tamer bawled forth an offer of "fifty dollars to the gent'man or laydee who will undertake to remain in this cage for sixty seconds." Back of the lion-tamer loomed a gigantic circle of steel bars and the piercing yells of the impatient beasts sent the desired shiver through the spines of onlookers.

"Fifty dollars," repeated the barker.

Glen's chin was for moving on, but Glen checked him. "Hold a minute," said he, "that sounds like awful easy money, and I'm game."

"Game for what?"

But the man was careening his way through the crowds to the door of the cage.

"Where's that fifty?" The crowd heard the challenge and cried out a hearty approval. Timidly the tamer of the jungle held up a ten and eight fives. Glen looked them over, took a familiar grip of the fifteen-foot rawhide, and stepped inside the barred door. A hush of expectant disaster crossed a thousand craning heads. Then the whip crashed like musketry, and lion after lion leaped into a circular procession, heads down, tails clinging close, whining their terror like a pack of guilty schoolboys. When Campbell had worked the rust off the repertoire that belonged to his mule-team days, he quit the cage, commandeered the fifty dollars and rejoined his friend at the rear of the crowd.

This same Campbell man stood up in the Canadian Parliament the other year, member-elect for Dauphin, Manitoba, and spoke his maiden speech. He gave the House an unpretentious soliloquy on what

Glen Campbell thought were the deserts of the West, an intelligent, balanced, queerly-individual speech, salted here and there with a few lines of Cree, a phrase of expressive French-Canadian, and a good deal of colloquial-academic "slamming" of things in general. When he got through, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Prime Minister, nudged a colleague. "Who in the world," said he, "is that astute giant who just sat down? I heard him speak a little Latin, a little Greek, some French-Canadian and I think some English." Sir Wilfrid had failed to recognize the interpolated sentences of Cree as phonetically different from the Odyssey.

Some men's lives must be read like a De Balzac novel—two-hundred-thousand-words and patient arm-chair seances to work up atmosphere. Others are lived as an endless chain of incident, anecdotal staccatos as it were, little matters of unplanned conduct that etch out the map of character with detail and great penetration. They spin along like the biograph versions of "Monte Cristo," scene pumped on scene, small of brimstone and creak of dungeon door; and when a piece of the film looks tiresome they scissor it out and preserve the "pace" unbroken. Glen Campbell is a human movie. That word may win me a broken pate, so I prudently lop off any intentional slur. What I mean is that through an unbidden mass of circumstances his story from first to last revolves as an endless reel of incident, the imitative and conventional parts snipped out by those

who pass his film across their tongues. For that reason the world that now and again hobnobs with Western Canada has come to know Glen Campbell by his pictorial reputation—they piece him together in little oblongs of unordinary



Glen Campbell, M.P.

"We're Having The Time of Our Lives"



"Every day we're enjoying hundreds — yes, thousands of new boating pleasures with our Caille Portable Boat Motor. We go everywhere and anywhere regardless of distance. We never have to take turns at the oars. Nobody is tired out — we're all simply 'full of the old Nick' and having the time of our lives with our

Portable Caille Boat Motor

and a common row boat." It attaches to any row boat by simply turning two thumb screws. Generates 2 H.P. and drives boats 7 to 9 miles an hour or slow enough to troll. It is adjustable to any angle or depth of stern and steers with our

Patented Folding Rudder

which rises over weeds and obstructions and then drops back in place again. It also gives you complete steering control even after motor is shut off. Our weedless propeller is also protected by a substantial fin. Caille motors can be furnished with batteries or magneto ignition. Magneto is mounted on top of cylinder where it is instantly accessible. We regularly furnish our motors with a remarkably effective muffler, but if desired, we will furnish our

Underwater Exhaust Without Extra Charge

It deadens all noise and makes the motor run as silent as the "T" in Caille.

Send for Beautiful Catalog. Get the details. Write today. A postal brings it.

Sold by Leading Sporting Goods and Hardware Dealers.

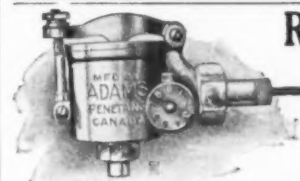
We Also Build

a complete line of marine motors from 2 to 30 h.p. — one to four cylinders, for all classes of boats. If interested, send for our free Marine Motor Blue Book. Write now.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co.

World's Largest Builders of Two Cycle Marine Motors

1417 Caille St., Detroit, Mich.



Repairmen! Agents!

Here is a real money-maker for you. Every engine owner needs the practical

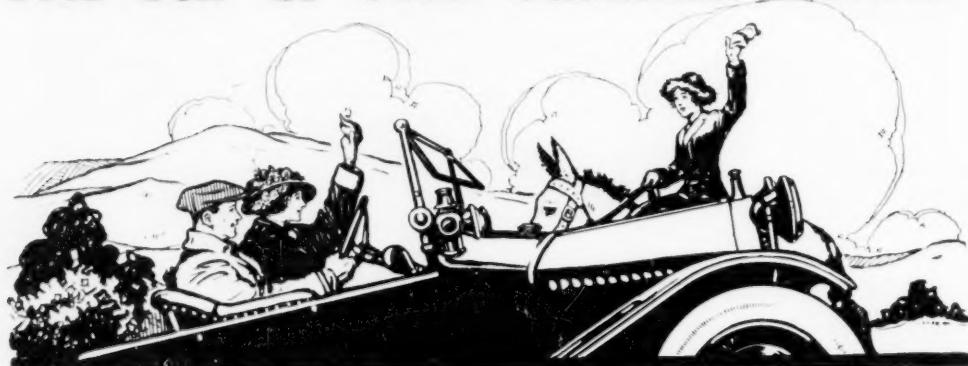
KEROSENE CARBURETOR

It fits any two-cycle engine. Burns any fuel, kerosene, distillate, or crude oil. Excellent for gasoline. Very economical. Price \$10. Our Agents' proposition is a good one. WRITE NOW. A card will bring our free booklet "A." IT SHOWS THE EXCLUSIVE FEATURES OF THIS MONEY-SAVING CARBURETOR.

ADAMS LAUNCH & ENGINE COMPANY
PENETANG, ONT.

Hupmobile

The car of The Canadian Family



Touring Car or Roadster, with regular equipment **\$1200**
 With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims over-size tires and tire carrier, \$1380. Prices, f. o. b. Windsor

40,000 Owner-Salesmen

Wonderful stories have come to us from dealers everywhere of the number of sales made as the result of friendly interest shown by Hup owners.

Some weeks ago we instructed Hup salesmen visiting all parts of the country to make a detailed report on this point.

These reports, covering every State in the Union, are now in our hands; and they reveal an astonishing and gratifying condition.

Out of 1,500 dealers more than 90 per cent. testify that the Hup owner is by far the most important factor in making new sales.

"I will have to admit it," says one big distributor, "even if it deprives me of some of the credit for this season's splendid business."

It seems to us that nothing we might say to you about the Hup could possibly inspire you with greater confidence in the car than this attitude of Hup owners.

We do not mean to imply that other owners of other cars do not feel kindly toward those cars.

But we do believe that such wholesale and unanimous enthusiasm as this is unique.

We do believe that it is unusual for people of all sorts and conditions to go out of their way to help the Hup dealer make sales.

We are certain that they could not so commit themselves if they did not feel sure of what the Hup is and what the Hup will do.

We consider it proof positive of our repeated assertion that the root of Hup popularity is continuous service at a lesser cost.

It shows us that, almost to a man, Hup owners back us in our belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world.

And we confidently refer you to the Hup owner and the Hup dealer in your home town.

Hupp Motor Car Company, Desk F, Windsor, Ontario

Talking to the Point—

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS. get right down to the point at issue. If you want something, say so in a few well-chosen words. Readers like that sort of straight-from-the-shoulder-talk, and that is the reason why condensed ads. are so productive of the best kind of results.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS. are always noticed. They are read by wide-awake, intelligent dealers, who are on the lookout for favorable opportunities to fill their requirements.

TRY A CONDENSED AD. IN THIS PAPER.

nature. It was in the wilderness of the northern Canada, at a Hudson's Bay Company post governed by his iron-sheathed Scotch father, that Glen sped through his first dozen years of life. When he had outstripped the school-teaching facilities of the Western hamlets his father packed him off to Scotland and there he remained at college until nearly twenty years of age. He arrived at Quebec a six-foot Hercules, impatient to take his part in the new activities just then stirring across the prairies. Opportunity pounced upon him from an unexpected quarter. Louis Riel started a rebellion; half-breeds and Indians swarmed to his crazy standard, and Canadian troops were sent to give him battle. Glen Campbell put himself at the head of a band of scouts. In buckskins and red bandanna, his black hair floating to his shoulders, he harassed the ranks of Riel by day and night, spying on the camps by virtue of his Indian disguises, and supplying the Government troops with strategic information of high value. Time after time, according to the evidence of prisoners, he was selected by Riel's sharpshooters for punishment and by as many miracles escaped his doom.

Twelve hundred miles he walked—twelve hundred of the stiffest winter miles in the world—from Mackenzie River to Edmonton, and the testimony of that feat lies stamped to-day in those frost-bite monograms from cheek to cheek. Once when a few friends had gathered at his ranch near Dauphin, he saddled two of the crankiest bronchos that ever kicked a heel. Four men took hold of each, and into the first saddle climbed Mrs. Campbell, a brilliant horsewoman; Glen gripped the other. "Those bronchos shot into the air like rockets," a man who witnessed the thing told me; "and for twenty minutes of mad careering, snorting, and wicked contortions in mid-air, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell fought for victory. Presently Glen had his pony well in hand and came to the assistance of his wife—for which by the by, I don't think she thanked him."

In the course of time, civilized, peaceful, intensive-business time that ached against his soul, Glen was balloted in as member of Parliament. He went down to Ottawa, and within three months had hypnotised to his Stetson-hatted person such a procession of friends, as perhaps has happened to no M.P. before his day. Newspaper men spoke to him and of him as a sort of big brother. Members in the opposing party declaimed in hotel rotundas that a Manitoba M.P. who, after once rolling in the eiderdown of a national capital, retained a preference for prairie grass was "some Westerner." They owned up, too, that a man who could aeroplane on a broncho's spine and walk across the Arctic on snowshoes, and yet turn at will into an Otho Cushing criterion in evening dress and dance on waxed floors to the envy of men and the cooing of women, was "some character"—an indolent way of getting round the idea of individuality.

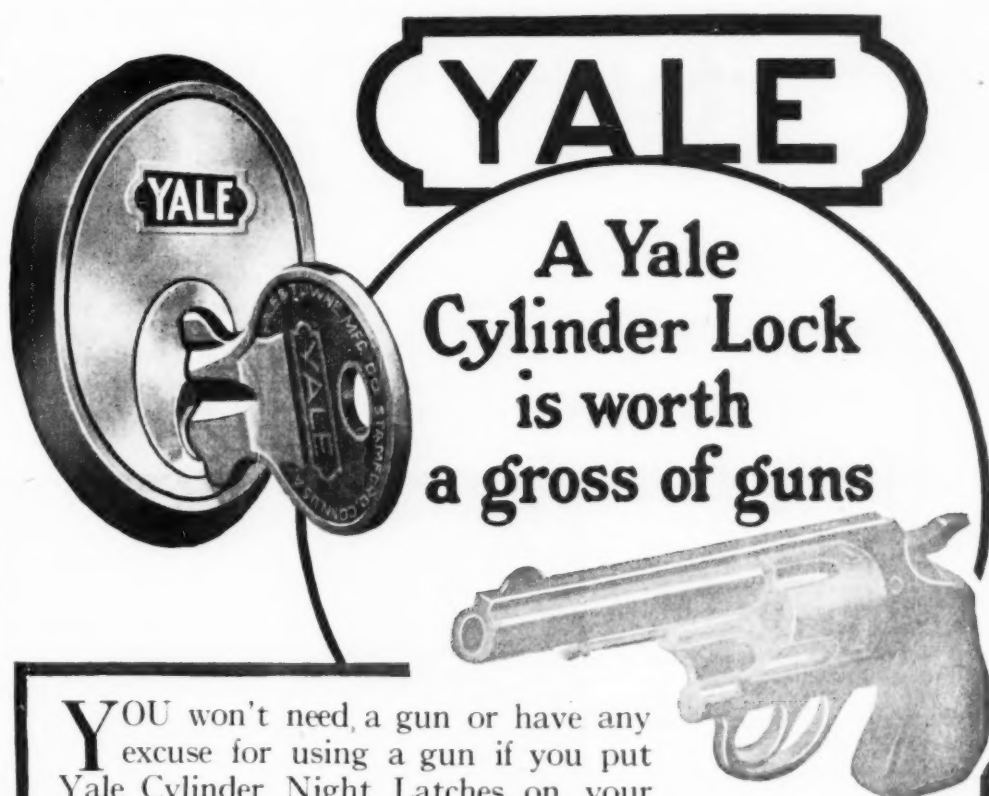
To drive home that peg about the "some character," permit me to introduce Mr. Stapells, member of Parliament, confessor to Campbell in his joys and his politics. Said Stapells one fine day in Ottawa:

"Glen, I'm going to have some fun at a big departmental store," and Glen said: "Count me in." When the pair had attracted the attention of the brightest male at the stationery table. Stapells broke the spell with an amiable and confiding solemnity: "I am Mr. Stapells a Western member of Parliament. This is Chief Wananimitchoomatchedash, head of the powerful tribe of Sloefoot Indians. Poor fellow, he speaks not a syllable of English. Being down to the capital on business of his tribe, he expressed the curious desire for a few bright lead pencils to carry home as souvenirs. Have you a large stock of perfectly nice bright lead pencils?" The clerk's amiability swam in Stapells' sunbeams. He looked at the six-foot-four, dark-skulled, sober-visaged Campbell and took a five-barred stepladder with alacrity. Box after box of pencils came flying to the counter, yellow pencils, white and blue, green and orange, black ones and nice curly pink ones. Chief Sneeze handled each with critical deliberation, pawed over scores and scores, muttering imprecations in the Cree language. From the many hundred on view he selected possibly one. "I am afraid," said Stapells, "your stock is incomplete. Would you mind calling the senior salesman?" So the senior salesman appeared, listened soberly to the ludicrous yarn about the Chief's mission, and in turn summoned the assistant manager to assist in selecting about fifteen cents' worth of goods. At the close of half an hour Campbell had found the five articles he desired and requested through his interpreter that they be wrapped separately in tissue paper and the whole of them enclosed in a dark blue cardboard box. When the services of the department store had been about exhausted, he signalled to Stapells in a flow of Cree and they walked from the building with linked arms.

There! I knew I would spend all my space and miss my man. Two or three anecdotes and he is only ten per cent. "seized." Still, ten per cent. is a pretty fair dividend. You can't expect much more out of a biographical smelter. (vide Bosworth v. Johnson).

COPPER WIRE.

Copper wire can now be made by an electric bath process, which is said to be very successful. A fine copper wire is connected to one pole of a battery, and is made to traverse a bath of sulphate of copper such as is ordinarily used for electro-plating, with a small amount of sulphuric acid added. In the bath is placed a heavy copper plate as the second electrode. The fine wire acts as a core and is covered with the deposited copper. Then after passing through a washing tank it is dried and runs upon a reel on which it is hardened by means of friction. The wire then returns to the plating bath and takes another layer, and so on until it has attained the required thickness. It is advisable to have the plating done by degrees and not all at once, as the metal has a better quality.



YALE

A Yale Cylinder Lock is worth a gross of guns

YOU won't need a gun or have any excuse for using a gun if you put Yale Cylinder Night Latches on your front and rear doors and Yale Padlocks on other outside and inside places that need to be really locked.

But you must see the name Yale on the lock you buy, or you will not get the Quality the name Yale guarantees.

"Light on Latches" is an interesting worth-while book. We will send it to you for the asking.

Canadian Yale & Towne Limited

Makers of YALE Products in Canada: Locks, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware and Door Closers.

General Offices and Works:

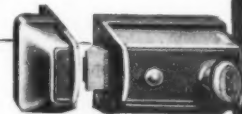
St. Catharines, Ont.



When you think of locks and hardware, what is the one word you think of first? Yale. But be sure you get Yale. There are more than 200 designs in Yale hardware.



Got a Garage? Stable? Boat House? Tool Chest? Lockers? Or anything else that needs to be locked? There's a whole lot of difference in the insides of padlocks. Buy your padlock with the name Yale on the outside.



Have you a doubtful lock on any outside door? If so, don't trust it. Back it up with a Yale Night Latch. No. 44, as here illustrated, is a burglar-proof, dead-locking latch.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Hyslop Bicycle with coaster brake and all latest improvements.



We ship on approval to any address in Canada, without any deposit, and allow 10 DAYS' TRIAL. It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days. **DO NOT BUY a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price until you receive our latest 1914 illustrated catalogue and have learned our special prices and attractive propositions.** **ONE CENT** is all it will cost you to write us a postal, and catalogue and full information will be sent to you **Free Postpaid** by return mail. **Do not wait. Write it now.** **HYSLUP BROTHERS, Limited** Dept H. TORONTO, Canada

Dr. DeBlois' Sanatorium Three Rivers, P.Q., Canada

For rest, quiet, recuperation and health. One of the foremost institutions of its kind on the continent. A delightful, home-like, restful place for those who are run down in health, an ideal place to recover normal vigor, greatest results in all nervous and chronic diseases. Neurasthenia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Heart and Stomach Troubles. No operations, exclusively natural remedies, water cure, inhalation of ozone, electric baths, X-rays, hot air and vapor baths, Neuheim baths, massage, Swedish gymnastics, diet cures, etc. Two resident physicians give their exclusive services to the patients. Contagious, insane and offensive cases not received.



The Master-figure of German Industry

"King" Thyssen Has Built Up the Steel and Iron Industry of the Fatherland

By FREDERIC W. WILE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of stories of the men around the Kaiser, Frederic W. Wile has given insight into the reasons for the rapid rise in importance of the German Empire. The affairs of the Fatherland have been controlled by big men—giants of intellect and industry. Among

the greatest of them is August Thyssen who is sometimes known as the "German Carnegie" and who undoubtedly is the dominant figure of Germany's throbbing industrial life. The story of the master-builder is well told in the accompanying article.

"**I**F I rest, I rust." In these five words are encompassed the philosophy and the policy of August Thyssen, captain-general of German industry. He has formally adopted them as his watchword. If he affected a coat-of-arms, they would be its slogan. "King Thyssen" is the title his supremacy in the steel, iron and coal trade has won him. "The German Carnegie" is another of his sobriquets. By universal consent he is the dominant figure of the Fatherland's throbbing industrial life. No other man so thoroughly incorporates the aggressiveness and magnitude of the German business age. No one's life-story so typifies the New Germany's fabulous rise to power and wealth in the interval since the Franco-Prussian War.

In the twenty-five years between 1885 and 1910, to select the segment of principal growth, Germany's production of pig-iron increased from 3,688,000 to 14,794,000 tons, an advance of 301 per cent. In the same period production of coal and lignite mounted from 73,675,000 to 222,375,000 tons, an increase of 201 per cent. In the production of iron ore, and of iron and steel, Germany has come far to outstrip Great Britain, which led her by wide margins a quarter of a century ago. These were the totals for 1911:

	Germany.	England.
	Tons.	Tons.
Iron ore	29,888,000	15,769,000
Pig iron	15,572,000	9,875,000
Steel	15,019,000	6,565,000
German mining production in general—coal, lignite, iron, potash and other salts, zinc, lead and copper—is six and one-half times its volume in 1871. In money it represents an annual value of over \$500,000,000. Barring America, which is far in the van, Germany's supremacy in steel, iron and coke is unapproached. In Europe her lead is indisputable. She is		



August Thyssen

now behind the United Kingdom only in the production of coal.

Among those who have directed this Brobdignagian development, August Thyssen, of Mulheim-on-Ruhr, is the towering personality. In the coal and iron trade of Germany he has been what Rockefeller was in oil and Carnegie in steel—the master-builder. The history of all three, who may be bracketed as the commercial geniuses of their age, has been much alike. Each grew from nothing. Thyssen's career is more comparable to Rockefeller's than to Carnegie's. Like the Petroleum King, he is still at work. He has not gone in for peace, libraries and philanthropy like the American Thyssen, but, a hardy

septuagenarian, still derives his joy in life from mining coal, puddling iron and rolling steel. He intends to die in harness. The emblem of Bismarck's escutcheon—*Patriæ in serviendo consumor*—would fit Thyssen precisely, if rendered to read that he is consuming himself in the cause of labor, instead of country. He is a restless workman. He has been known to tire out three secretaries in one day. Much of his time is spent traveling about the country on his own business. His home, a feudal castle, is really a branch office of his firm. Adjoining his bedroom is a workroom. He believes that neither men nor iron should grow rusty.

The pioneer of Americanism in German industry, Thyssen's career has been typically transatlantic in its origin and development. The Standard Oil Company was the outgrowth of an original investment of \$72,500 by the firm of Rockefeller & Andrews. August Thyssen inaugurated his career about the same time, in the early sixties, with a capital of \$6,000, with which he built a rolling-mill employing sixty workmen. To-day he employs 50,000. His largest property, the Deutscher

Kaiser Colliery at Hamborn, has a payroll of \$130,000 and mines over 5,000,000 tons of coal a year. His fortune is variously estimated at \$50,000,000 and \$100,000,000. It is probably more than the former and less than the latter. His interests long ago outgrew merely local dimensions. To-day, in addition to vast coal-mines, blast-furnaces, rolling-mills, by-product factories, salt and potash mines, harbors and docks at Hamborn, Duisburg, Mulheim and other points along and contiguous to the Rhine and the Ruhr, Thyssen's influence extends around the globe. From Caen, in Normandy, he imports iron ore taken from his own mines, and from Montigny half-finished products founded and cast in his own

mills. They are loaded into his own steamers from his own docks—a genuine German base on French soil. At Nikolaieff, on the Russian coast of the Black Sea, he has warehouses and docks for the storage and shipment of ore for his devouring furnaces on the far-off Rhine. In Brazil and India, the German flag flies over Thyssen wharves and harbors. His dominating ideal is to insure German industry in general, and his own properties in particular, sources of raw material supply which will render them forever independent of foreign influence. It is a little known fact that August Thyssen was the father of the idea which eventuated in Germany's ill-starred Moroccan venture. Several years ago he planned to make Sultan Abdul-Aziz a loan in exchange for a monopoly of Morocco's incalculably rich iron-ore deposits. The German Government frowned upon the enterprise, only later to threaten Europe with war in defence of mining rights meantime secured by another group of Rhenish industrialists, the Brothers Mannesmann of Dusseldorf and Remscheid.

From America Thyssen borrowed the idea of concentrating capital and amalgamating allied industries. He founded the Rhenish-Westphalian Steel Syndicate, the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate, the Pig-Iron Syndicate, and practically all the important "Cartels" now existing in Germany for the control of output and regulation of prices in the industries allied to the steel, iron and coal trade. He is a firm disciple of the despised Trust idea as an effective means of preventing crises caused by over-production or price-cutting competitions. For his own purpose he improved on the transatlantic pattern by forming a Trust in which a single person should be board of directors, executive committee and shareholders all rolled into an autocratic one. The Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Corporation and other octopuses dispose over assets which reduce Thyssen's properties to comparative insignificance, but their shareholders' meetings are not nearly so harmonious as his. The Thyssen Trust belongs to Thyssen. He is monarch of all he surveys. A brother and an eldest son are nominal partners, but the King of Mulheim wields a sway no American Trust magnate ever enjoyed. He is the only German industrialist who has no entangling alliances with Banks. "Interlocking directorates," which the United States Government is fighting, are a recognized and integral feature of German financial organization. On the boards of all great industrial corporations sit representatives of the banks, usually with all-powerful voices and votes. Representatives of the Dresdner Bank, Germany's second largest concern, are on the Boards of 200 companies with an aggregate capital of \$650,000,000. No bank has controlling fingers in King Thyssen's pies. He has no shares to list on the Berlin Bourse. Speculation is never carried on in his name. He brags that he does not understand the A. B. C. of the Stock Exchange.

Thyssen's declared income for tax purposes is a paltry \$750,000. The ac-

KEEP COOL

Comfortable and Dressy by wearing a pair of light

Remember the name.

King
COATLESS
SUMMER SUSPENDER

Refuse substitutes.

Out-o-site under your shirt. Hold trousers up and shirt down, giving neat shirt-waist effect. Made large size to fit those wearing trousers low at the waist—adjustable to any size.

LOOK FOR NAME "KING" ON BUCKLES

Three Styles

2 button loops, fasten 1 at each side, as picture.
3 button loops, fasten 1 at each side, 1 at back.
4 button loops, fasten 1 at each side, 2 at back.

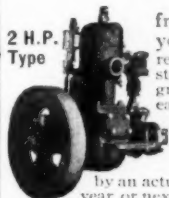
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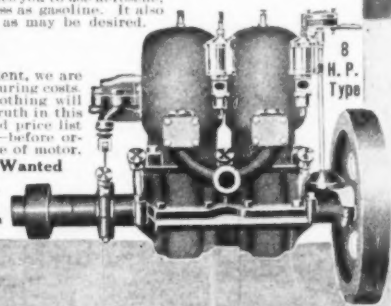
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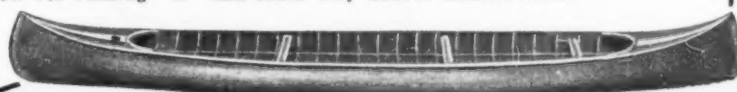


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tual revenue derived from his enormous interests is admittedly in excess of that figure, but as his policy is immediately to re-invest profits in extension of plant, the bulk of them is not subject to income taxation. From his humblest days he has adhered to the principle of incessant expansion. Every thousand marks he has earned has gone back into the business. He cares nothing for money as a mere possession. Its only attraction to him is as an instrument for acquisition of fresh power. His consuming ideal is a steel, iron, and coal autocracy subject to one indisputable will. Such an industrial empire this Rhenish Caesar has built, and he remains its absolutist ruler. He mines his own ore, owns and navigates the ships which transport it, built the docks and harbors where they unload it, and himself digs the coal for the furnaces, mills and foundries which are to turn out coke, sheet-steel, armour-plate, ingots, billets, tubing, rails, ammonia, tar and the other dozen by-products of his trade. Uppermost always in Thyssen's mind is the reduction of the cost of production. That, he says, is the beacon-light on which industrial energy must rivet its gaze. Devotion to that principle has as much to do with the development of German industry as any other single thing. It accounts for the fact that the German works are full of technical experts. For every ten artisans in a mill or factory there will be at least one technical man or engineer. Avoidance of waste is their great specialty. They will devote years to evolving processes for cheapening production or creating by-products. In the Chicago stockyards, as all the world knows, the pork-packers utilize all of a pig except the squeal. Down August Thyssen's way they make use of everything except the smoke. And even now he has Charlottenburg graduates at work on a process of converting that into a marketable commodity.

The German Government paid an extraordinary tribute to Thyssen two or three years ago by inviting him to overhaul the business end of the Admiralty at Berlin. Dockyard scandals at Kiel had revealed a woeful lack of purely commercial acumen in the department otherwise so ably administered by Admiral von Tirpitz. Conscienceless tradesmen were pulling the wool over the Navy's eyes in lamentable and costly fashion. A master of buying and selling was needed to lick things into shape. The Admiralty did the natural thing and invoked the aid of the greatest merchant-mind in the country, August Thyssen, to put the Navy on a business basis. Recently, it came to light that the Vulcan Shipbuilding Company of Stettin and Hamburg, the biggest in Germany, delivered Dreadnoughts to the Admiralty in 1912 at a loss of \$500,000. The company had to wipe out its entire building reserve to cover the deficit. Things have changed since the days when the rag-merchants of Kiel could bamboozle the Navy. It is King Thyssen who taught Tirpitz how to drive a bargain.

Like Mr. Chamberlain, Thyssen thinks international politics in this day and age are business politics, pure and

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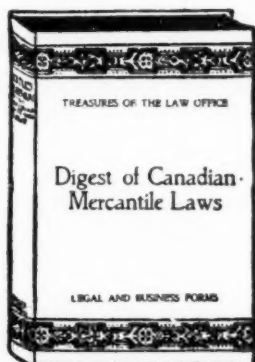
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Berlin Correspondent of the "Daily Mail"

Tells about the German Giants of Industry,
Education and Statesmanship

The German Empire has been striding the highway of progress with seven-league shoes. Its development in industrial, financial, and educational matters during the past few decades has been almost unprecedented, nay epochal. To make such development possible, a nation needs men of broad vision, determination and genius. Germany has had many men of this stamp—mental and constructive giants who have towered above their countrymen and loomed large in world affairs. Starting with grim Bismarck and the Kaiser himself, the list of outstanding personalities extends to every branch of enterprise, and includes many names which will be written large in the history of the world.

The world prominence of the German Navy, which only yesterday was a negligible quantity in Europe's international diplomacy, fingerpoints to one man. That man is one of the subjects of this book. He it is also who recently replied to Hon. Winston Churchill's suggestion that the competing nations of Europe take a naval holiday.

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Emperor William of Germany

simple. He attributes the strain in Anglo-German relations to British envy of German competition—a myopic theory widely held in the Fatherland. He believes diplomacy ought to be taken out of the hands of courtiers and transferred to engineers, merchants and manufacturers. Trade relations are so internationally interwoven, Thyssen declares, that political relations ought to be adjusted on the basis of reciprocal interests. Approached from that standpoint he thinks England and Germany could soon discover the groundwork of an entente cordiale. He favors international treaties for regulating prices of world commodities like coal, and is persuaded they would do more to cement friendship than defensive and offensive alliances dependent on battleships and army corps.

Thyssen is seventy-one years old. Passion for work, rugged independence, almost sullen silence, and democratic simplicity are August Thyssen's outstanding qualities. He cares nothing for titles, society, or external honors of any kind. He is a Roman Catholic who says he is old-fashioned enough to be religious. His hobby is the welfare of his workmen, for which he provides liberally. He wears three-guinea suits. He apologizes for an incorrigible inability to over-estimate his fellow-men. Only one of three sons has inherited the sturdy traits of their father, Fritz, the eldest.

The one outward trapping of great wealth about August Thyssen is his home, the beautiful Castle Landsberg, a glorious old Gothic Schloss high up on the wooded ramparts of the Ruhr, near Dusseldorf. He acquired it in 1903 and like everything else he ever owned has "extended the plant" by reconstruction. Castle Landsberg, rich in moss and memories of the Middle Ages, is a fitting abode for a king. To-day it shelters a monarch whose proudest boast is that he is a working man, who intends to keep on laboring as long as there is life within him.

THE NOBEL PRIZES.

From 1901 to 1913, sixty Nobel prizes have been awarded. If we class the prizes by countries, comparing the populations, we see that the most favored countries are the three Scandinavian countries: Sweden, Norway and Denmark, which is significant in view of the nationality of the jury. Then come Holland; France with 14 prizes and 39 millions of people; Germany with 18 prizes and 65 millions of people. After these come Switzerland, Belgium and England. Finally the United States and Russia have each received only one prize.

In a recent lecture, Kamerlingh Onnes, who has been awarded the Nobel prize for physics, remarked that we can now obtain, experimentally, a temperature which is only removed from the absolute zero of temperature by one degree. The temperature thus obtained is lower by two or three degrees than the temperature of sidereal space, which, according to the calculations of the astrophysicists, is about four degrees above absolute zero.

Trials of the Circulation Manager

No. 2

The MacLean Publishing Company are publishers of the following fourteen magazines, trade and technical newspapers:

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MacLean's Magazine

143-153 University Avenue

Toronto, Ontario

To Foster Canadian Art

Continued from Page 18.

ing of teachers in drawing, modeling, painting, and design.

Concurrently with the Governmental foundation of the Ontario College of Art a valuable and extensive collection of pictures, drawings, etc., which had accumulated at the Toronto Normal School, was distributed among the other Normal Schools of the principal cities of the province. This was done under the direction of the Department of Education, with the idea that each Normal School should possess a certain number of art treasures as educational factors in the training of the children; and further, that the small collections, thus arranged, might form the beginnings of municipal art galleries for the benefit of the citizens at large.

At the end of his autobiography William Holman Hunt, "the high priest of the Pre-Raphaelites," wrote: "The purpose of Art is, in love of guileless beauty, to lead men on to distinguish between that which, being clean in spirit, is productive of virtue, and that which is flaunting and unnatural, and productive of ruin and despair. . . . The eternal test of good Art is the influence it is calculated to exert upon the world."

A "GREENWICH TIME" MONUMENT IN FRANCE.

On March 11th, 1911, standard time of the meridian of Greenwich was adopted for official and railway purposes in France, in place of standard time of the meridian of Paris. Funds are now being raised to erect a "monument de l'heure" at the point where the Greenwich meridian intersects the northern coast of France; viz., at the seaside resort of Villers-sur-Mer (department of Calvados). A model of the proposed monument, designed by the sculptor Leduc, was exhibited at the Salon of 1913: Phoebus in his car, drawn by fiery steeds, holds aloft a lance with which he points out the standard meridian, while the Gallic cock, surmounting a terrestrial globe, is in the act of crowing to announce the hour of noon. The latter feature is an allusion to the fact that the International Time Conference of last October selected the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower as the central official time-piece of the world. Writing in the *Comptes Rendus*, M. L. Leduc calls attention to the coincidence that the location chosen for the monument is very near the port of Dives, from which William the Conqueror sailed for England, thus recalling the historical connection between Normandy and Great Britain, and is also not far from the birthplace of the great astronomer Laplace. Lastly, the date on which the new time was adopted in France was the centenary of Leverrier.



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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

The Barred Gate

Continued from Page 29.

"Of course, I shall write to you, but letters seem such poor things after this. You know what my life is; so you won't perhaps hear very often. It will almost hurt to write, because it will remind me of the irony of the situation."

"You must write, dear, or I shall feel you are forgetting."

"Never think that. Nothing makes any difference, neither time nor space, nor silence. Nothing makes any difference; remember that."

The dreadful minutes were racing to bring the last one nearer. Her heart sobbed as he took her in his arms and looked deep into her eyes.

"Listen, dear,—this is not good-bye I love you—I love you. If you ever want me, I will come from the ends of the earth. I shall not forget, and sometime—sometime—" His voice broke. Then suddenly tearing himself from her, he strode away, not daring to look back. Her tears blurred his vanishing figure, and the turn of the path brought complete emptiness.

It seemed to him as he went that the gate of Paradise had closed behind him. The tall pines above swayed in the sunset breeze.

For her, all nature was singing a dirge.

III.

SIX months later Hallam received the following letter:

"I am in great trouble. There has been a panic in Wall street. My husband has lost all of his fortune. It has come like a bolt from the blue. I am so confused and stunned, I can't make any plans; but my thoughts turn to you, knowing that I shall have your love and sympathy. Oh, if I could only see you! Florence."

He longed for an aeroplane to carry him to her; a wireless, to convey the instant response of his heart; but when the letter finally reached her: "My darling, your trouble only brings us nearer together. Keep a brave heart. You never can be poor, if you are you—" its message of courage and hope came as a strong support in her crushing trouble.

Since their parting, she had refrained from writing often, because she felt that her love and his were too vital to need any written word of assurance; it was conveyed by far more subtle and electric messengers—the air, the sun, the wind—and all those spiritual forces which seemed to her ready to tell him of the loyal beat of her heart, and had he not made the phrase, "I shall not forget," the keynote of his passion? What need had they of the written word?

But in the months following her misfortune, distracted as she was by the terrible plunge from her life of ease and luxury into the unknown bleakness of an existence filled with anxious care, and with the spectre of poverty before her, she sent frequent frenzied little notes

full of pitiful calls upon his devotion. She implored him to give her courage to face a future that looked so bleak it needs must crush her; and she told him that his love was the one thing that made life worth the living.

She wrote: "I scarcely recognize myself. I am still so dazed that I feel like one but half alive. We have to give up our house, of course, and we find that after all the debts are paid there will be remaining only the barest pittance to live on. My husband is ill, as you know, and I am trained nurse, cook, and maid of all work. We have a small cottage in the country, and I, with what wits I have left, am trying frantically to discover if there is anything in this brute of a world that I can render marketable in my small collection of assets. Phil dear, can you see how the thought of your love is my one ray of light?"

"Do you remember the story of the two bishops confined in the dungeons in Loches? They carved a tiny altar in the solid wall, a Christ on the Cross, where a spot of sunshine appeared for a few minutes every day. So, dear, in the darkness of my prison of misery and trouble, I have raised an altar of thanksgiving for your love and constancy. I have to hold on with a desperate grip, to the highest moments of faith in myself and others."

Hallam received this letter, he suddenly remembered, after breaking the seal, just two years from the day he parted from her in the forest.

He had been, the night before, to a smart dinner given to him on the eve of his departure for Egypt, on a special mission, which he hoped if successful would promote him to an under-secretaryship. Among the guests were many distinguished politicians, and well-known women, who by reason of birth or wit had become leaders in the smart set of the season. His mind was full of the success and brilliance of the occasion, and especially of the hit he had made in his own short speech, and he still felt the glow of gratified vanity, and recalled with satisfied pride the parting words of his chief as he grasped his hand: "Hallam, I congratulate you; you'll be talked of."

Being in a self-congratulatory state of mind, after reading the letter, he continued to feel pleased with himself, that he had for so long expressed devotion and tenderness to her in her trouble, and had unselfishly given up his time, as he now felt, in writing letters to encourage and help her.

He thought of her as she sat under the trees in the flickering sunlight. He even remembered the color of her gown, the gleam of her pearls, and the little trick she had of suddenly sitting forward when interested, the slow, charming smile that curved her lips and shone in her eyes. "That was when I was telling her of Jack," he thought. "By Jove,

I fell in love at that moment. I remember how I felt that night. But Florence poor! a drudge! cooking! Stripped of all the luxurious setting of her life, the countless aesthetic and beautiful accessories that add their allurements to even the most beguiling of women! Impossible!"

For the first time, he realized with a cold shock the real deprivation he had suffered in her trouble. Fate had too mercilessly robbed him, by stripping his love of her rights. Almost the justification for his passion had been withdrawn, in the exposure of life's sordid and commonplace realities.

The scene of the last night whirled in vivid fragments before his eyes—the dainty feast, the women in bewitching raiment, the sparkle of jewels, the significance of fashion and rank. That was his world; he belonged to that—and so did she; but the grim powers of destiny had blotted it out for her, and she was there no longer. She was slaving to keep the breath of life in a selfish invalid, and trying to earn a pittance for daily needs.

His emotions were terrifying, and seemed brutal, even to himself, as he faced his own soul, and acknowledged that what was once an impulse of devotion was now an effort.

His self-esteem was wounded by the confession that he no longer loved her as he had. His feeling was one of pity, but of pity without passion.

He suffered in the admission, for he vaguely felt the truth of the fact that sentimentally creates a seething ferment in the shallows of the soul when an enduring love lies placid in the depths.

By the flick of his awakened conscience he was stung into a coward's refuge of blaming some one else, and the thought that she was taking inconceivable things for granted brought a kind of temporary balm.

With the weakness of an egotist who hates to wound the woman who ministers to his self-esteem, he wrote the word he felt she wanted, and then plunged into his work. She received the falsehood with joy and a lightened heart, and glorified the lie into strength to help her meet the cruel trials of her life.

But, as the months passed, and she searched the short missives that came at longer and longer intervals, for the little significant, illuminating word that was not there, she wrote: "I remember your promise to come if I needed you, and your assurance that nothing would make any difference, and find comfort."

He, resenting her faith in him, and the logical consequence of what he now called his folly, and irritated by the unchanging note of sadness that struck like a harsh discord into the happy absorption of his mind in his ever-widening sphere of work, decided to make the intervals between his letters still longer, when an event happened which decided his mode of action irrevocably. He received the notice of her husband's death.

He was then in Egypt.

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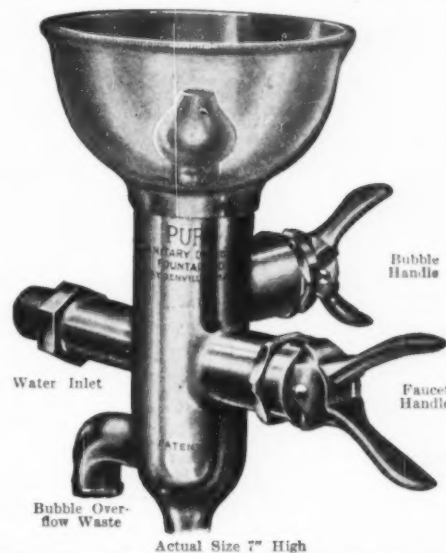
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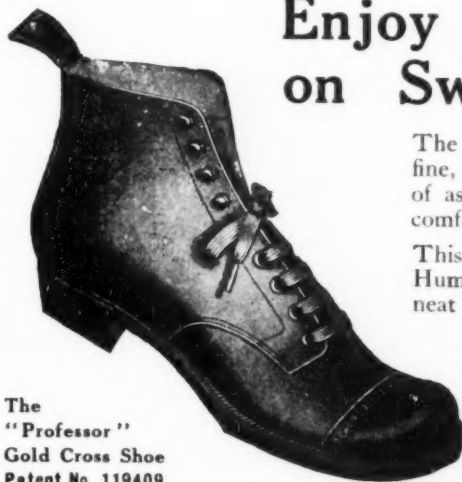
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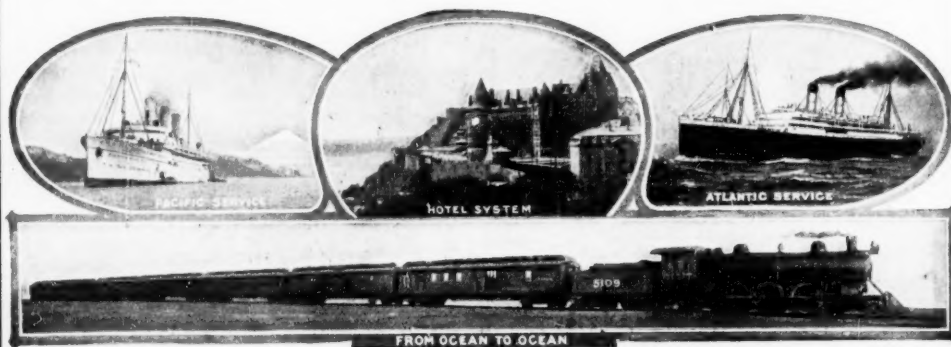
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TORONTO

IV.

FOR a long time she wanted to die. She mourned her lost lover, not her lost husband. She felt that the bitterest of all the cruelties fate had heaped upon her, was the fact that she had given all, and he had given nothing. There were days when she burned with shame at the remembrance of the whole-hearted rendering of the gift, which he had been willing to forget.

The phase of her suffering caused by mere privation, by the absence of beauty and comfort; of the graces of a complete existence—always, before, a matter of course, the potency of which she had never dreamed, until cut off from them, and for which she longed with a shamed longing that at times obsessed her—was as nothing compared to the misery of blankness and silence.

Up to the present, with all the strength of her nature, she had fought through the fathoms of such weakness to the surface of, at least, a negation of desire, until a fresh inspiration took possession of her spirit in the thought that her love still remained.

Now, the future faced her with the certainty that his love had failed. Her Gibraltar had sunk into the sea.

Then at times her soul was torn by a very hurricane of jealousy, imagining some one else had taken her place, and she despised herself in knowing that the keenest torture came from such a fear.

A long lassitude succeeded the storms that ravaged her, when feeling of all kind lay dormant in her heart, and she cared not whether she lived or died.

Thus, many months went by and in the interval all the little imperceptible cords that bind us to the great sources of life drew her into a clearer sphere of higher outlook, and, resolving not to be beaten, she braced herself to the burden of living.

The closed doors of her mind and soul, which had been locked for so long, began slowly to open and let in an awakened ambition that, out in that world which was all about her, that world of staring egotism of health and strength and noise and tumult, and struggle and happiness, there was a place for her, somewhere.

There are some griefs that make standing room for the soul, and sometimes we are taught, though by anguish and pain, that unselfish love is never a curse.

So, though she had tasted the dregs of the cup of bitterness and the pain could never be forgotten, she came to a second sight and a clearer vision that are not blurred by the mists of unreality.

On the day when once more the grass seemed green to her, and the skies blue, she gazed with critical intentness at her mirrored image, and found that her many tears had washed away her bloom, and etched channels in her temples. Then she remembered with a melancholy smile the remark of an old uncle, years ago, when she presented herself at the time of her debut, for his inspection:

"Gad, Florence, don't ever have an unhappy love affair; it will spoil your

beauty. But, after all, you'll have outline, you'll always have outline."

She was thankful there was any salvage from the wreck. She realized at last that she still possessed one of the best gifts of life—the power to feel intensely.

V.

ONE evening, eight years later, Hallam was seated in the Savoy Restaurant.

He had just returned to London after a long absence. As he called for his bill, and settled it, he did not notice the entrance of a party who took possession of a table near his own, until they were seated; then glancing carelessly toward them, the blood rushed to his head, and surged away, leaving him with a mad impulse of flight. Florence was seated not twelve feet away from him!

Before the successive emotions which possessed him had resolved themselves into action, the disposition of the moment was settled by a familiar voice: "Well, by all that's lucky, Hallam, old man, where did you drop from?"

"How are you, Grantham? I've only just come. It seems good to be back after all these years."

"Come and join us, do, and tell us about yourself. We have come in for a short dinner before the play. It's the first night of Dillon's latest, 'The New Moon.' You know that Mrs. Manning collaborates with him. You know the rest of us, don't you? But let me present you to Mrs. Manning."

It was like a dream; but, after the first dazed moment of meeting and of refusal to join them on the plea of fatigue after his long journey, he heard with a cleared brain her pleasant, even kindly greeting.

"I saw by the papers that you were coming to London, Mr. Hallam, and I hoped it would be before I leave. Won't you come and take tea with me to-morrow afternoon? Unless I secure you early, I am sure I shall have no chance with so popular a personage."

Then, with a phrase of explanation to her friends:

"I met Mr. Hallam years ago in Carlsbad—before he was famous. To-morrow, then, at five?"

As he walked away, Hallam wondered if he had heard aright the almost whispered comment of Grantham, following her last remark: "And before you were."

What did it mean? He had tumbled into a sequence of events widely at variance with his own plans.

His return to London had not been entirely for business reasons. Lately, he had made up his mind that it was time to reward Lady Gordon for the patient devotion of many years; for there are drawbacks to the career of a bachelor ambassador, which would be removed by an establishment graced by the presence of a clever woman of the world.

It still seemed like a dream, when he arrived the next afternoon at her apartment. Her maid told him he was expected, but Madame had suddenly been called out. She had gone in an automobile and would be back directly. Would he kindly wait?

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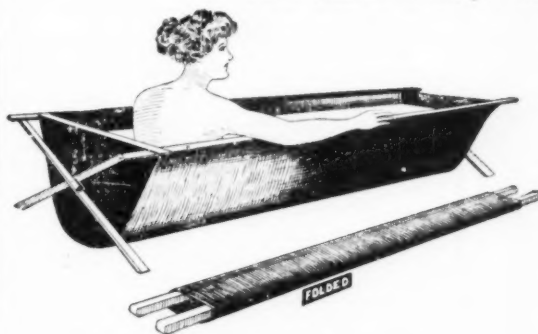
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He was not reluctant to do so, for he wanted to brace himself for the coming interview. He wondered why she wanted to see him. How could they possibly bridge the gulf that lay between them, except by ghostly hands that could never touch or meet? How futile it all was! How impossible the attitude of faithfulness with nothing but a spiritual communion! Of course, she couldn't have kept it up, any more than he could! How unlucky the meeting of last night! What imp of fate had led him to be such an ass as to go to so fashionable a place and run the risk of meeting friends, fresh from his journey? It would be so much better to bury the whole affair.

But why did she want to see him?

Was it possible—?

The maid came in with the tea-tray, and withdrew after arranging the curtains, and lighting the fire.

The charming atmosphere of the room had been unnoticed in his discontented survey of the past, until the singing of the kettle, and crackling of the fire, recalled him to the poignancy of the moment. It looked like home, this dainty room.

He discovered with puzzled recognition some photographs of his own friends, some books signed with the author's names, even some autograph pictures by well-known artists of the day, etchers, and painters. How extraordinary!

And then she came in.

"I am so sorry to be late, but perhaps you have learned that promptness is a waste of time, and have not waited long."

"You have such a charming place to wait in, that one could not—"

"What a large collection of pretty speeches an Ambassador must always have ready. I don't suppose you ever make an awkward remark."

"Oh, I assure you there are many situations that one is never prepared for. There—"

"But this isn't one." And laying aside her wrap, and drawing off her gloves—

"Come nearer the fire, and let me give you some tea." As she lifted the cup, and he waited for the usual question she said, "Oh, I remember how you like your tea—no sugar, a little cream. No! milk—I never could understand why English people like milk better than cream. You look very well."

"Thank you, I am well. You, too, look well, and are so little changed," he said, "I knew you at once."

"Not changed? I? Well, I thought I had, but, maybe, you have not noticed it."

To her it seemed as if she were looking at a man who reminded her of some one she had known very well, a clear fine cameo of youth, with its aspirations, ideals, faiths, overlaid with the follies, faults and weakness of later years. He was like some one strangely familiar, but frosted by change.

He asked some questions of last night's play, and then the conversation turned to the politics of the hour, the books of the day, and she said:

"You have not written much lately. Why not?"

"To tell the truth, my last effort was

so fatally popular that I was ashamed. Somehow, it was not so good as those that were less so."

"No—not quite. But why?"

"I suppose I wrote what I thought the public liked, and then I hated it when I found it the nurse-maid's delight."

She led him to tell of his life in the East, of his travel and missions, and sitting in the fire-light, with the stimulant of her interested intelligence, he talked of his work with a vivid brilliance that surprised even himself, and painted pictures of many dramatic incidents in far-off countries which he had never troubled to tell before. As she listened, it conveyed the impression of an effort to show her how brilliant and fascinating he still was; and she wondered, as she listened, and linked the past with the present, to how many women he had taught the bitter lesson she had learned.

The guarded note of curiosity as to why she had summoned him faded in the sense of pleasure at being able so gracefully to carry off a meeting that might have been awkward, and even to enjoy it; for, as he proceeded, he found himself recalling the old days with a new feeling. In the fire-light he thought she looked very little older than she did in Carlsbad, but that was a dream!

The dusk had come, and the maid removed the tea-tray, and they were sitting nearer the fire, and nearer together.

In a way, they both knew they had been talking for effect, and a silence fell between them.

She rose to pull the chain of an electric lamp in the corner, and he thought as he watched her: "I was justified in my folly. She is still charming, and how home-like this is!"

Then he said aloud: "Is this your home?"

"Yes, I have lived in London for five years. I should like to tell you something about myself. After my husband died, I was ill for some time. Fortunately, his life insurance was enough to keep me from the necessity of work, and I could take the rest I so much needed, after those dreadful years. My old friends—well, you know how it is with the world, when one drops out of the running."—He winced, and a deep red rose to his bronzed cheek.—"And as I had no near relatives, and only one or two of the old set ever had time to look me up, I had to begin and make my life over. I tried my hand at writing, and strange to say, my scribbles were accepted. You know I'm not one bit clever, I only wrote as I saw things, and as I thought, and a few of the things I had felt; but before I knew it I was quite absorbed, and my first book being a success, now, in a small way, I'm the vogue. Isn't it amazing?"

"Then I came here. I have always had heaps of friends here, and, voila!"

Philip made no response to this recital, and she continued:

"I think the idea of writing first came to me in Carlsbad after meeting you. I admired your first book—you remember?"

"Yes," he whispered, and his eyes told her he liked to recall the past, and

would like to take her into his future. "Philip, do you know why I asked you to come to see me? It was not a conventional thing to do. I am so glad you did come. For years I have wanted this chance. I have thought of you every day for years."

A gratified smile grew upon his lips. And then she went on:

"You know for how many, with love and longing, for I told you, and then later, after my husband died—and you—Well, I won't go over that, but I want to ask you to forgive me."

"I?—forgive you?—Why, Florence, what have I to forgive? It should be the other way round." She continued:

"When I realized that you had forgotten, I was very bitter, and very wrong. I felt that all men were faithless and heartless, and I made you the model for all the faithlessness, and heartlessness I have put in my books. That is what I want you to forgive me for. Will you? The world doesn't know it, no one knows it; but I can't forget it, and I had to tell you, for I have not been fair or just. Will you forgive me, Philip?"

He sat as one stricken and dumb. She knew then that if she had wished for a revenge, none more complete could have been devised.

"Florence, I have nothing to forgive. I only wish I had been worthier of you."

"I could even thank you," she continued, and the whimsicality of the idea pleased her, as his gesture of shame attempted to stop her, "I must tell you. Why, don't you see how much I owe to you? I owe you everything that has come into my life since. You were the means by which I was taught how ideal and wonderful love could be, as well as how bitter. The suffering that came through you opened my eyes to the real truths of life. It was a touch-stone by which I could tell the false from the true. I was undeveloped and asleep, and now I am alive and vital, and life is a wonder and a joy."

"Florence, don't—don't! I can't bear it."

As he looked into her eyes, he saw a radiance that must have been woven into the fibre of her daily life for many years to have produced that luminous shining.

"I wish I had been worthier of you," he repeated. She felt he was sincere in that. His gaze dwelt on her sadly, longingly, and she recognized a new note of humility, as he said:

"My life now seems to me very empty. I hope this is not the end. You will—you'll let me come and see you? Florence, tell me it isn't too late, dear."

"Philip—don't! Can't you understand?"

"Don't send me away. I want you—you are so wonderful—so strong. I need you," and, leaning towards her in his eagerness, "Let me come again."

"No."

"Ah, let me come to-morrow."

"No, I think not to-morrow."

"You can't send me away forever. Tell me I may come sometime. Next week. We'll begin all over again. You can't refuse to be my friend."



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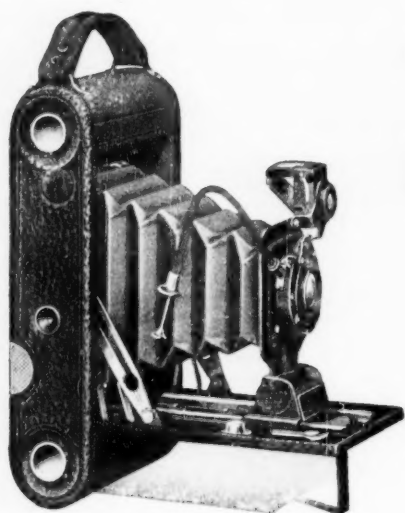
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"Next week, I am going to marry your friend Jack."

And, for the second time, Philip felt as if the gate of Paradise had closed against him.

Odd Cure for Depopulation

AMONG the remedies that have been suggested for the depopulation of France, which is becoming more and more acute, have been several affecting the disposal of property. One proposal is that every estate should be divided at least into four parts, those not going to children being confiscated by the State; another is complete exemption of large families from taxation. Another suggestion of a different kind, which, though much less drastic, would probably be much more effectual, has recently been made. This is to incorporate in the scheme of electoral reform now under discussion the principle that every living French citizen should be represented, including women and children. While waiting for female suffrage every head of a family should have as many votes as he represents persons—one if he is a bachelor; two, if married, without children; three, four, five, etc., if he has one, two, three children, who do not themselves vote. This seems logical, and would give men who do not shirk their duty as citizens a plural vote, which would have to be reckoned with. Fathers of families would no longer be crushed as they now are under military burdens proportionate to the number of their children, and under taxes on food and houses, which increase with the number of little mouths there are to fill. At every turn of legislation—fiscal, successional, military—the influence of big families would come into play, because they would be effectually represented and defended, and because they would count at the poll, and therefore could not be neglected by politicians out to catch votes. The force of the big family may thus become a lever which by continual movements would adjust the balance of political power, and the result might be a gradual modification of the mentality of a people which has no longer the wish to reproduce itself, and in this way is manifestly tending to national extinction.

According to Dr. Mellus of John Hopkins University, no cell of the brain cortex, or outer surface of the brain, is fully developed at birth. The entire thinking apparatus is then in a merely formative or receptive condition. No one knows how many individual cells must be linked together and co-ordinated to make possible a mental process such as the memorizing of a word or the development of an idea. But we may fairly suppose that the number is large.

The question then arises as to whether there are in the brain enough cells to afford a continuous supply of new sensitized plates, so to speak, to enable an individual to go on day after day and year after year, gaining new impressions and developing new lines of thought. As to this, the computations of the micro-

scopist are most reassuring. His estimates give us an almost bewildering conception of the possibilities of mental development, even on the supposition that every new impression or idea involves a large number of cells. For the total number of cells in the cortex of an average brain is estimated by Dr. Mellus to be about 6,000 million.

A simple mathematical calculation shows that a brain containing 6,000 million cells could expose or put into action about a third of a million cells every day for a period of fifty years, using each group of cells only once, without exhausting the original supply or being obliged to call for new recruits.

When we recall that most of us confine our mental operations in the going over and over again of the same mental territory—seeing the same things and thinking the same thoughts day after day—it will be obvious that the brain of the average man of fifty must contain some billions of cells capable of receiving new impressions and developing new associations of ideas but never brought into action. It may be doubted whether a man ever lived who came anywhere near exhausting the possibilities of his mental development as suggested by a mere count of his brain cells.

The Miracle of the X-Rays

Continued from Page 32.

plate known as the target. It is from this that the X-rays are reflected.

In operation the tube is filled with a greenish phosphorescent light. One is apt to jump to the conclusion that this constitutes the mysterious rays. X-rays are invisible, however, and to even see their results one must use a fluorescent screen, i.e., a screen which the rays will cause to glow or fluoresce.

Go into a dark room where an X-ray tube is in use and hold your hand between yourself and the tube, and you will see—nothing. Hold between yourself and your hand a screen coated with, for instance, barium platino-cyanide and the picture appears. Immediately the screen glows with a curious greenish light. In its centre you see your hand; not your hand perhaps, but its ghost, its skeleton. Every bone is there in finest detail. The ring on your finger and your cuff buttons away on the other side of the screen cast shadows so distinct that you think you see through the solid cardboard; and to all intents and purpose you do.

Such are the outward and visible signs of a wonderful discovery. The deeper and somewhat controversial questions of the exact constitution of the rays and the discussion of the relation of their wavelength to that of light may be properly left out of so brief an article. The idea has been merely to depict something of their utility. Anyone who has any conception of the assistance they have rendered to physician and patient the world over must realize that this is great indeed.

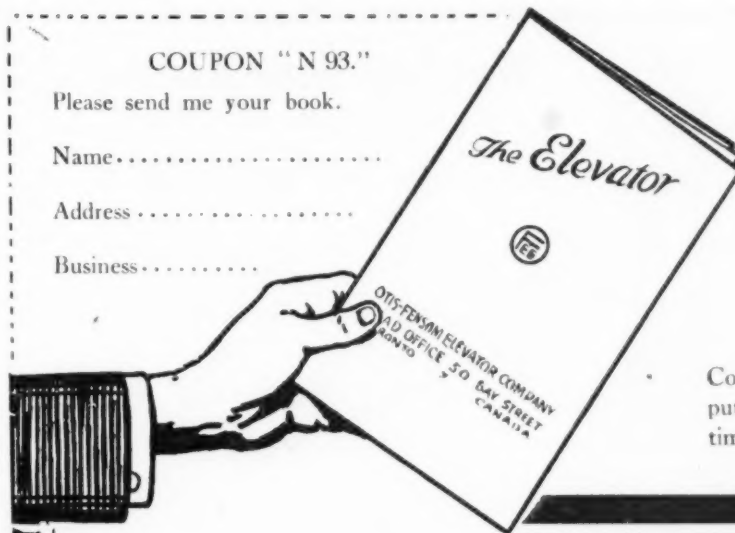
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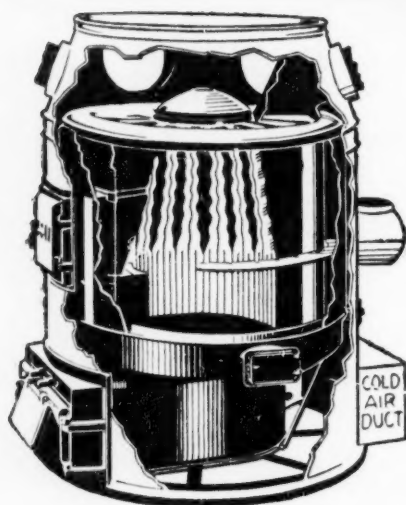
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Spanish Gold

Continued from Page 21.

one of them with the edge of the shovel and lifted the others out. A hole lay open. Meldon peered into it, but could see nothing. He fumbled for his matches. O'Flaherty fetched the candle from the stone seat in the hearth. He lay flat and, stretching his hand into the hole, held the candle down. Meldon saw piles of coins standing in neat rows. He, too, lay down on the floor, reached into the hole, and, touching them with his fingers, counted the piles. There were ninety-eight of them. He lifted one and counted the coins in it. There were twenty.

"Hold the candle here," he said.

Thomas O'Flaherty, rising to his knees, set the candle on the floor at the edge of the hole.

"They're all gold, every single one of them," said Meldon. "If those were no more than just ordinary sovereigns you'd have pretty near two thousand pounds. But by the weight of them I'd say that they're worth two or three sovereigns each. You're a rich man, Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. There may be richer men in the Province of Connacht, but I don't believe there's one with the same command of ready cash. I declare to goodness if it wasn't for Gladys Muriel, I'd wait a few years on the chance of getting Mary Kate. How ever did you get all that money up out of the cave?"

"I did have a bit of rope fixed to a big stone the way it wouldn't shift on me and me going up and down. The lids of the iron boxes gave me my 'nough of work before I got them lifted, and them rusty with the damp there was in it. But, with the help of God, I got them lifted at the latter end. Then I'd be putting the gold into a bit of a bag that I had on me. It was very little I could take at the one time, for it would surprise you how heavy it is, and me having to climb the rope and not one at the top to give me a hand. Maybe it wouldn't be more than once in the day and often not that much itself that I'd go down. I did be in dread that some of the boys would discover what I was after. From first to last I wasn't less than a whole year at the job."

"You would be all that," said Meldon. "It's a mortal pity I wasn't here at the time. We'd have rigged up some sort of pulley at the top of the hole, and with me filling at the bottom and you taking the stuff at the top we'd have had it out in a single day. But there's no use talking about that now. The gold's here, right enough, however you got it."

Meldon turned the coins over and over in his hand, held one to the light and then another, felt the weight of them singly and then two or three at a time.

"What put you on to it?" he said. "What made you think of looking in that hole?"

"Sure the people always had it that there was a deal of gold on the island somewhere. My father knew it and his father before him, and everybody had heard tell of it. Long ago they did be

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searching for it. There was two of the gentry once came to look after it. But people got tired, finding nothing, and at the latter end they gave it up. It's maybe a hundred years since anybody laid down his mind to look for it. But there was one place that I knew nobody ever searched, and that was the Poll-na-phuca."

"Why not?"

"They'd be in dread on account of them that do be in it."

"Them that—oh, the fairies, of course!"

"Well, I used to be turning it over and over in my mind and me no more than a gossure. And I said to myself that seeing the gold was somewhere and that there was just one place that nobody would be caring to look for it, it was there it must surely be. It came into my mind, too, that the like of them that hid it first wouldn't be in dread of who might be in the hole or who might not. I've heard them say that the gentry doesn't give much heed to them tales. Indeed, they might choose out the Poll-na-phuca just by reason of there being many another that wouldn't go next or nigh it."

"That was a fine piece of deductive reasoning," said Meldon. "I couldn't have argued the thing out better myself. I say, Tom, you won't mind my calling you Tom, will you? I'll say Pat if you like, but your whole name is too long for frequent use—the wind's rising. Did you hear that last gust? It's going to be a nasty night."

"It was long enough," said old O'Flaherty, shading the candle from the draught, "before I could get my mind laid down to go into the Poll-na-phuca. I'd be saying to myself in the daytime that I'd go and thinking maybe I'd better not when it was dark. Or it would be the storms in the winter and the noises there'd be coming out of it would make me think it would be wiser to leave that sort of people to themselves and not be meddling with them. But in the latter end, when I was getting used to living near it and no harm coming to me, I went down."

"And did ever you come across a leprechaun or anything of that sort? Tell me the truth now."

"I might, then. Believe you me there's queer things that nobody, not the clergy themselves, knows about, down in the depths of the bowels of the earth where the sun doesn't be shining. There's queer things there."

"Higginbotham says there's pliocene clay."

"There might. I wouldn't say but there is. The likes of him would surely know. But there's more."

"I wouldn't wonder," said Meldon. "I didn't come across anything of the sort myself; but then I was only there once, and besides, I'm not the sort of man that a fairy would come near. But we can't afford to spend the night in gossiping. Are you still bent on my taking the gold away with me in the yacht?"

"I am."



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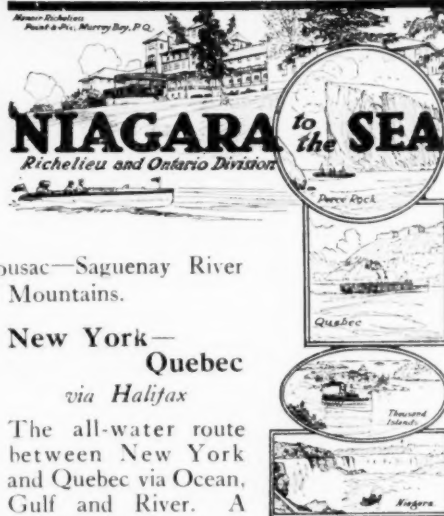
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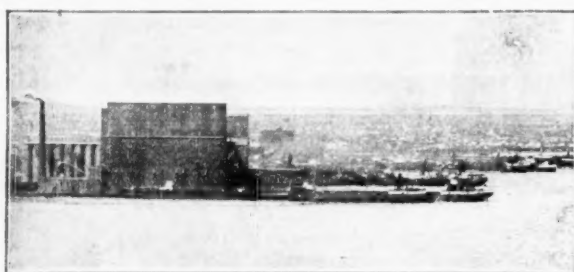
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O'Flaherty rose, climbed on his stool again, and grubbed among some dirty sails and nets which hung on a beam above the hearth. He descended with an ancient flour sack in his hand.

"That's not such a small bag as you led me to believe," said Meldon. "I wouldn't care to go off in our punt with that bag full of gold. You may have noticed that ours is one of those patent collapsible punts, and you have to be uncommonly careful what you take in them. The best thing we can do is put a few hundred of your doubloons in the bottom of the sack, ferry them off, and then come back for more. My goodness, listen to that! There must be half a gale of wind blowing this minute and that won't make the job of navigating the Major's beastly hat of a punt any easier. Still, if nothing else will do you except to get the stuff on to the Spindrift, we'll—Hullo! what on earth are you doing with the candle?"

Old O'Flaherty rose suddenly to his knees as Meldon spoke, held the light aloft, gave an inarticulate cry, and then dropped the candle. As he did so Meldon was struck on the head from behind and rolled over senseless on the floor.

"I've settled the curate," said Sir Giles Buckley. "Have you got a hold of the old man?"

Euseby Langton had not got hold of O'Flaherty. His nerve had failed him at the moment of assault and he stood helpless in the door. Thomas O'Flaherty realized his position at once. He rose from his knees and began to move silently through the hut. It was quite dark. "No," said Langton. "I—I missed him."

"Damn it!" said Sir Giles; we must get him or he'll raise hell all over the island. I can't see a stim."

O'Flaherty guessed from the sound of his voice that Langton was in the door and that his way of escape was barred. He moved through the hut in the hope that Langton might be tempted to pursue him. Sir Giles felt after him in the dark; but the place, familiar to O'Flaherty, was strange to him.

"Stay in the door, Langton," he cried. "Don't let him pass you."

He struck a match and caught sight of O'Flaherty standing a few yards in front of him. But the old man was ready for



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the manoeuvre and had his wits about him. He struck at the match with his hand and extinguished it. Sir Giles made an effort to grapple him, failed, and dropped his match-box. O'Flaherty moved away from him, felt the shovel with his feet, stooped and picked it up. "Strike a match, Langton," said Sir Giles.

The moment the first sparkle of light shone O'Flaherty struck at Sir Giles with the shovel. He brought the flat of the blade down on the arm which Sir Giles stretched out to guard his head. Then, with a call to Langton for help, Sir Giles flung himself on the old man. O'Flaherty was feeble, but he fought desperately. Sir Giles' right arm was numbed from the blow of the shovel. He called again for help. Langton seized O'Flaherty round the neck and pulled him backwards. Between them they overpowered the old man and laid him on the floor. They had come well provided with what they were likely to want. Ropes were produced. O'Flaherty was securely bound and gagged. Sir Giles drew a candle from his pocket and lit it.

"Now for the curate," he said. "I've knocked the senses out of him anyway. It's a good job I hit hard. I wouldn't care to be scrapping in the dark with him. The old fellow gave me enough to do, and you're nothing but a damned coward, Langton. Now, we'll tie up the Rev. J. J. Meldon and gag him, so that he won't stir even if he comes to. When there's light enough we'll lower the two of them into the cave and leave them there."

"That'll be murder," said Langton, "and I told you I'd have nothing to do with murder."

"Don't be an infernal ass. There's no murder. Some fool or other will find them to-morrow or the day after, and they'll be alive all right. We must get a clear start out of this. Don't you know that the steamer would overtake us at once if she started after us? And she will if those two fellows are found and tell their story. Come and give me a hand."

Meldon's legs were tied together. His hands were lashed to his sides. A gag was forced into his mouth and secured.

"Now we have him safe," said Sir Giles, "even if he does come to. Let's get at the gold. We've no time to waste."

Meldon's head was a hard one. Very shortly after he was bound he recovered consciousness. He recognized Sir Giles and Langton and saw that they were stooping over the hole where the treasure lay. He saw them lifting out the coins and putting them into a leather hand-bag which lay beside them on the floor. He could recollect nothing of what had happened, but he grasped at once the obvious fact that old O'Flaherty was being robbed. He struggled at the ropes which bound his hands and feet, but found that he could not stir them. The gag prevented him from either speaking or crying. One form of activity alone remained possible for him. He rolled across the floor of the hut.

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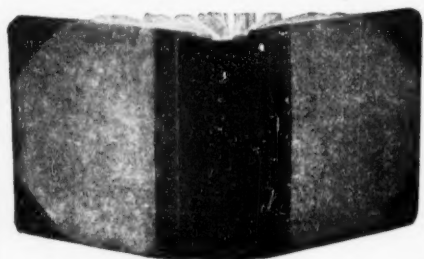
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body, like a biased bowl, has a tendency to turn on the hips as on an axle, and arrive ultimately somewhere near the place from which it started. But the distance which Meldon had to travel was not great. He succeeded, after convulsive efforts, in cannoning with some force against Langton. Taken completely unawares, Langton toppled forward, extinguishing the candle in his fall. A further effort upset the bag in the hole, and then Meldon followed it and fell, doubled up, on top of the treasure.

Sir Giles cursed vehemently. He stood up in order that he might curse with better emphasis. As a further relief to his feelings he kicked Langton, who still sprawled beside the hole. Then he went down on his hands and knees and felt about for the candle. The search drew from him other expressions of annoyance. Meldon, though his position in the hole was extremely uncomfortable, found a good deal of pleasure in listening to Sir Giles. At last the candle was retrieved and lit again.

"I'd better knock that infernal parson on the head again," said Sir Giles. "It's the only possible way of keeping him quiet."

"Don't; you'll most likely kill him."

"Nothing would kill that fellow. He wouldn't die if you hanged him."

"I won't have you smashing his skull anyway. Can't you take him outside the door and leave him there?"

Meldon was pulled out of the hole, dragged across the floor of the hut, and deposited on a bank of grass opposite the door. It was raining heavily.

"Cool yourself there awhile," said Sir Giles. "When it's light enough I'm going

to drop you down into the cave that the treasure came out of. You and that damned old ragman can lie at the bottom of it and look at each other till somebody comes to rescue you."

Meldon received a good many bruises and scratches, but he retained his consciousness. He knew where he was. Below him was the end of the bohieren and the door of the hut. His mind was filled with a vehement rage against Sir Giles. He was totally indifferent to anything that might happen to himself. He desired intensely to do something which would obstruct, annoy, and, if possible, injure the man whom he regarded as a personal enemy. He hit upon a plan which seemed hopeful.

He writhed to and fro until he succeeded in rolling down the bank to the bohieren. By much wriggling he arranged himself across the path. His head was on the grass at one side, his feet on the grass at the other. He lay on his side with his face towards the door of the hut. He was extremely uncomfortable. A stream of water was running down the stony track. His body dammed it, and it mounted up against him, soaking him through. The wind blew more water against the part of his clothes which the stream did not reach. A sharp-pointed stone stuck into his right shoulder. His face was cut and plastered with mud. His body seemed to be bruised all over. His head ached violently. But all this mattered nothing to him for the moment. His faculties were absorbed in watching the door of the hut.

To Be Continued.

Inside the Shell

Continued from Page 25.

tapped the precious papers reposing next his chest.

He took one last look at the man who had been *friend* to him, and, wiping a tear from his eye, Private Yorke glanced down on the veldt. The firing had ceased; he had not noticed it before, so busy had he been with his thoughts. But, over the plain, scattered in skirmishing order they were coming towards the kopje.

For a moment he stood irresolute. He hated to go. The soldier in him, his loyalty to the dead, urged him to stay and combat each step. But duty now was plain. With a sigh he turned and began clambering up the slope, behind which the remaining horse was tied. Someone saw him from below and a bullet, singing on its ill-spent errand struck him fair between the shoulders.

He stopped suddenly, keeping his feet, however, and a surprised, unbelievable expression filled his pinched, homely face. Through all the fight he had never once thought of death in connection with himself.

The blood soaked his shirt, and a feeling of weakness possessed him. Another bullet flattened against the rock behind him and with a muttered curse he grasped

his rifle and stumbled back beside the dead. With unsteady hand he pumped cartridge after cartridge into the breach and emptied it at the men below. He could see their eyes, and their long beards through the mist that enveloped him as they stumbled up the hillside, and he swore again, strange, grim, ungodly oaths.

Fate was against him and the dead, and the knowledge lent him redoubled vitality. He was going to die. He knew that, but he wished that he might have accomplished the wish of his master. "It's a shyme," he cried hoarsely, "A bloomin', blarsted shyme!"

A dozen big forms loomed up only a few yards away. They looked uncanny, like creatures of a dream, and he remembered a strange vision he had had years before on a bed of fever, where, great, uncouth giants surrounded his straw pallet and gibbered and danced and mocked him.

His rifle was empty. He drew his revolver and fired until the clicking of hammer on unresponsive shells awakened him to the fact that it, too, was exhausted. With a fury he grasped the heated barrel and flung the heavy missile with all his wounded strength at the huge goblin who

was endeavoring to gain a foothold on the ledge, then, swinging the short carbine he stood at bay.

A heroic figure he was—despite his diminutive form; an uncanny sight, standing there over his dead; his forehead bound about with a dirty kerchief; his face blood covered; his scrawny, narrow chest and throat bare, fighting with a berserker rage; one man alone, against fifty. Suddenly, clear and sweet, music that thrilled his wounded soul and raised a hoarse cheer from his parched throat, came a bugle call, then another and yet another. It was the old baptismal hymn of his partial regeneration. Through the mist a body of lancers were spurring to his succor. The enemy melted away as if by magic. Everything was magic now—the boiling sun that swirled in mighty gyrations before his gaze, the veldt that surged and heaved and seemed to touch the sky with waves of brown and gold, carrying on their mighty crests the forms of his friends and casting them at his very feet.

The glory of the Empire of which he was a part—such a little part—forced itself on his imagination and his cracked lips faltered out the opening lines of "Rule Britannia."

A sergeant, followed by his men, scrambled up the hillside to where he stood. Arriving, he stared in dumb wonderment at the object confronting him.

The glassy, pale blue eyes shone with uncanny earnestness. The lips ceased mouthing the well-known words. With an air, almost magnificent, Yorke brought forth from his tunic the bundle of charred dispatches, drew himself to the utmost of his five-foot-seven and, bringing his hand to the salute, without a word toppled over across the body of his master.

"Ah yes, I remember him well," said the sergeant slowly. "Poor Lumley, there, tried to reform him. Quixotic fellow, Lumley—didn't have much success. Yorke was a sort of renegade—everybody's hand against him. Still, he loved Lumley and," glancing down at the poor little battle-scarred soldier, "after all, you can't tell what the meat's like till you prick the shell."

The sergeant was unconscious of coining an epigram.

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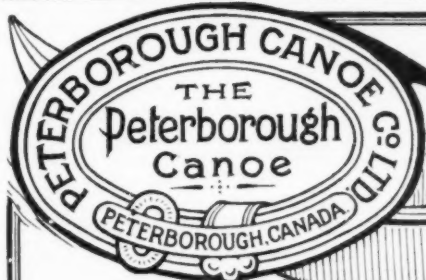
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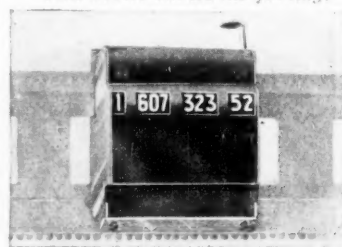
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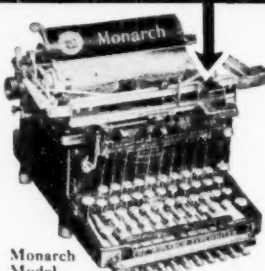
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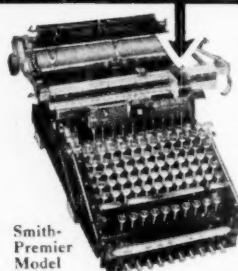
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The Business Situation

Improvement Waits Upon Crops—Changes for the Better Will Follow In the United States—Money Easier

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of Financial Post of Canada

Mr. Appleton does not look for any decided change until the season's crop is assured. He says that Canada can hope for better business following improvement already manifest in the United States. The domestic situation depends very largely upon Western Canada, where business has fallen off more acutely than in other parts of the Dominion, as shown by bank clearing returns. Mr. Appleton is of the opinion that the decline in railway earnings is due also to business declining in the West, but he has confidence in the quick recuperative powers of that territory. Parliament's delay in rounding out the railway policy of the Dominion is a deterrent to the return of confidence.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE in his recent Budget speech said that he did not look for so good a year in trade, having reference to the current period, as the United Kingdom experienced in 1913. He has earned his spurs as a prophet. Some two years ago, in the face of experts, he was optimistic. Perhaps his aggressive radicalism turned the accepted prophets against him. Trade actually exceeded his most optimistic expectations. When, therefore, he says that trade will be somewhat quieter in Great Britain during the present year, it would be as well for Canadians to take heed of his attitude. Canadian business moves in very close sympathy with that of the homeland and of the United States. If in the mother kingdom and the land of our cousins there is prosperity, we will share in it. Actually in the former trade is healthy, and in the United States there are unmistakable signs of an improvement. Crops there, as in Canada, are the basis upon which we can best judge the ups and downs of trade and what conditions of trade are likely to prevail. All reports appear to indicate that the weather for crop growth and development has been, generally speaking, favorable, so much so that the captains of industry are prophesying with confidence that in the fall there will be more active trade.

WHAT UNITED STATES LEADERS SAY.

It may interest business men to know just what the leading steel men of the Republic say with regard to the outlook. The industry they direct is a basic one and feels first the return of confidence. At the close of May they gathered together at the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute in New York and reviewed the outlook very fully. Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, said:

"There are some favorable things to be considered in the present situation. In the first place I would point to the crops. They are something which can't be taken away, even by politicians. The crops are growing and we are going to have an abundance. They will have a big influence on business. I believe we will see an improvement soon. The country is as big as it ever was, it is growing and I think the depression is only temporary. If we husband our resources, have patience, courage and persistency everything will come out all right."

Another opinion, from Mr. W. S. Thomas, president of the Briar Hill Steel Co., Ohio, is of particular interest, be-

cause in a very large measure it applies as much to Canadian conditions as those in the United States. Here it is:

"The condition may be summarized by the statement that depression is based in the ratio of 25 per cent. on real causes and 75 per cent. on a falsely based sentiment. The warehouses of the railroads, jobbers, manufacturers and retailers are down almost to rockbottom in stocks. They cannot continue to refrain from buying in extensive quantities on all hands within the next few months. We are in the swing now and may shortly expect a remarkable period of expansion."

"It may be true that tariff changes have seriously affected the iron and steel industry, that continuous agitation of business by anti-trust actions and legislation have also contributed to the depression, but I say that with the pendulum on the swing the leaders in all lines will soon recognize they are on the wrong track. Fundamental conditions, such as crops, monetary situation and depleted stocks are the best contradictions to the pessimistic views in the East."

Other equally authoritative opinions could be quoted, but they would be a repetition of those given. We might set against them the opinion of Mr. J. H. Plummer, the president of the Dominion Steel Corporation of Canada. He is hopeful as to the immediate future. At any rate, he does not expect business to become worse. Rather, he anticipates that with a good crop in sight, for the whole Dominion, trade in the steel business should improve. Insofar as the Canadian steel trade is concerned, one hopeful sign is the advance in the price of nails, which have during the past few years been put on the market at a price at which no profit could be made. Mr. Plummer, however, bases his hopeful opinion upon the fact that the railways are starving their roads for necessary material, and just as soon as conditions become slightly more settled, the orders for the needed material will be placed. We might add that it is quite true that many warehouse men find their stocks diminishing as a result of normal demands. By normal we mean the demand for material that is actually necessary for day-to-day consumption. This applies to certain warehouses only, as some are still in the throes of a struggle to bring down big stocks without sacrificing them.

Mr. C. R. Hosmer, who has just returned from the United Kingdom, says that trade there is excellent. He shares with Mr. Lloyd George the view that no one need look for depression. Bankers

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WINDOW LETTERS

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and manufacturers in the United States (representatives of the latter we have already quoted) are of the opinion that trade is feeling steadily improving confidence. As the third of the greater Anglo-Saxon communities whose trade relationships are growing to be more intimate, Canada can look for an improvement in business during the next few months. No pronounced movement, however, in an upward trend will be felt until the crop is fully assured, and normal confidence will not, in our opinion, be restored until the early months of 1915.

PRESENT TRADE.

It has been stated quite frequently, and we offer no excuse for reiteration in this respect, that during the past few years Canada has enjoyed more than normal activity. Tremendous sums of new capital, in proportion to her population, have been expended, and this has had a tendency to make the average manufacturer and business man mistake the abnormal for the normal. Railway building, factory erection, and public improvements were made on an extraordinary scale—a scale that it is impossible to keep up. It is now down to a more normal (now sub-normal) point, and we have not got used to it. At the present time there is as much railway construction proceeding as we can expect in a normal way. When Parliament is through wrangling over terms, and the securities forming the bone of contention are indorsed by it, there will probably be a slight increase in the amount of construction, which will bring up the mileage in course of construction to a point that might be considered normal in Canada for at least another decade. New lines are very much needed, and colonization and settlement will make new mileage imperative. There are districts into which settlement has already gone that will have to be served by railroads if the settlers are to be held on the land. These demands will be met with reasonable promptness if this year's rate of construction proceeds.

This new mileage will require to be served with rolling stock, for which there will be no urgent demand. At present there are enough idle engines and cars to keep the purchasing agents' pen from the order form. Meanwhile, however, there is nothing can keep back the natural progress of the country. For some years the West has been known as the home of real estate boosters. Its reputation in this respect is as great as that it gained for the production of wheat. However, the West is no longer guilty of devoting more than a decorous amount of attention to town lot selling, but is giving more thorough attention to the business of raising live stock as an auxiliary to wheat and other grain raising. It may be safely said that the West is now down to a basis that pays best—pays the farmer as well as the country best. Sticking to the line of business now adopted will in the course of time develop the need of more rolling stock, locomotives, and other equipment that will set to work the available plant in the Dominion.

There appears to be an awakening of agriculture in other parts of the Dominion. Quebec farmers, a week or so ago re-

ceived a compliment from the manager of the Imperial Bank, Mr. D. R. Wilkie. Possibly that eminent banker's attention was drawn to them by the fact that during the past year or so more new bank branches have been opened in that province than in the comparatively new territory—Saskatchewan. He said the farmers were prosperous. We know they were able to meet their payments on the average better than the farmers of other provinces. One eminent manufacturer who sells to the farmers articles of prime necessity said to the writer that the Quebecers met their paper to the extent of 92 per cent. as compared with 82 in Ontario and 40 in the West. After a few years, when settlers in new territories equip themselves with more capital, payments will average as well as the older Maritimes and the two premier provinces. The West is now on the way to improvement, and, given another good crop and steady prices, approximating those at present, for live stock, they will constitute a purchasing power that will bring activity back to Canadian business.

It is in the West that business has fallen off most acutely, and until it picks up, or becomes more normal, the whole of Canada will feel the effects. "There's a bread line at Winnipeg and other Western cities," said a prominent railway man, "when every able-bodied man should be at work." At other cities in Canada there are also more than the usual number of men unemployed. It is only in the manufacturing cities that this condition prevails, and in the West the unemployment is correctly attributed to the decline in the volume of railroad construction. In the agricultural districts men are wanted. It is a good sign when the chief and primary sources of wealth are calling for men and the call is being met. Seeding all over the Dominion has been effected under favorable weather conditions, and these conditions continued up to the time of writing. In the Maritime provinces there has been a little delay and in Western Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta the rainfall has not been as heavy as desired, but generally speaking, the outlook is excellent. It is the West to which all Canada looks for lifting the present depression, and these indications point to her being able to do all that is expected of her.

During the last few months Western trade has contracted very markedly. We might put it to the test by looking over the record of bank clearings. It will be noticed that at the clearing points situate west of the great lakes the decline for the first five months of the present year was 19.6 per cent. and at points in the East the decline was 2.9. Here are the monthly figures:

Bank Clearings at Canadian Points West of Great Lakes.				
Month	1914.	1913.	Changes.	%
January	\$ 230,699,560	\$ 281,991,549	—	\$ 51,291,989 18.1
February	173,677,902	239,131,395	—	65,453,493 27.3
March	197,924,864	231,000,270	—	33,075,406 14.5
April	207,232,035	262,239,392	—	55,007,357 20.9
May	214,601,117	258,733,603	—	44,132,486 17.3
Total	\$1,023,535,478	\$1,273,506,179	—	\$249,970,701 19.6
Cities in East of Great Lakes.				
Month	1914.	1913.	Changes.	%
January	\$ 479,841,159	\$ 522,462,601	—	\$ 42,621,422 8.1
February	432,939,202	435,771,318	—	2,832,116 0.6
March	444,765,237	442,965,093	+	1,800,144 .4
April	475,784,670	494,439,344	—	18,654,674 3.7
May	448,727,429	455,914,542	—	7,187,113 1.5
Total	\$2,281,067,097	\$2,351,552,898	—	\$ 70,485,201 2.9

United States bank clearings are about at the same level as a year ago, and in no part of the Republic have they shown so great a decrease as in Western Canada.

In railroad earnings the decrease attributed to Western business has also been marked, as evidenced by the returns, of which the following is a summary:

Railway Gross Earnings.			
C. P. R.		Change	
	Gross.	1913.	%
Jan.	\$7,916,216	\$ 9,679,607	—18
Feb.	7,594,173	9,747,685	—22
March	9,447,461	11,111,892	—14
April	9,720,462	11,750,913	—17
C. N. R.		Change	
	Gross.	1913.	%
Jan.	\$1,570,000	\$ 1,513,400	+ 3
Feb.	1,324,000	1,398,700	— 5
March	1,533,400	1,685,900	— 9
April	1,610,000	1,745,300	— 7

For a turn in the trend which is so graphically illustrated by the figures quoted, Canada looks to the West. In the Eastern provinces commerce has moved along quietly in practically all centres, except those that come strictly under the head of industrial. Some time ago I was informed on what appeared to be very reliable authority that I was mistaken in my views that factories were very quiet. Oshawa was quoted as an active point, and so was Hamilton. To get at the facts I obtained a special report and found that at both points industries as a whole were quiet. At the former, however, a piano factory and an automobile factory were busy. It would appear that some buying of luxuries is proceeding. At Winnipeg and in Saskatchewan it is understood that as many automobiles are being sold this year as in any other; but at Oshawa, as elsewhere, the industries as a whole are quiet. They will not be active until the West is again in the market with orders. It is but a few months ago that Western furniture factories paid scant attention to the smaller orders from their near-by towns, preferring to handle the car-load lots asked for by the West. Now their wheels are turning slowly, but are kept moving by orders from the more stable, but more careful-buying easterners. When the West recovers, its car-load demands will have to take their turn with the smaller orders. It is the latter that keep many factory doors open at the present time, and in future they are likely to be cultivated and treated with the same regard as the larger orders.

Undoubtedly the West, together with the holders of the money bags, share control of the key to greater trade activity. The fertile prairies are being tilled more intensively, and its meadows are being used to better purposes at the present time than hitherto. Meanwhile the money-bags are filling to the brim and the con-

tents will soon have to seek employment. Some of the leading loan companies are finding a stronger demand for their debentures in the United Kingdom and Europe, and during May rates for loans on centrally located business property eased slightly. Fundamentally, therefore, conditions are sound. The Dominion Parliament has not yet, at the close of May, given its stamp of approval to legislation that will round out Canada's railway policy. That is a big factor in business. Until the Parliamentary wrangling ceases, confidence will not take deep root. It is quite obvious, however, that the Government will eventually succeed in bringing to a successful end the work of a very trying session. When legislators cease to disturb the country, the factors in establishing confidence will be more effective.

The Education of the Camp

Continued from page 9.

this in the history of the world's warfare. At two in the morning, responding to softly spoken orders, the men formed up in long, silent ranks. Fires were left blazing and a few men were told off to make themselves conspicuous in their vicinity. Then, led by a trooper on a bicycle, with a red lamp hung from his saddle, the whole Blue army marched silently away without giving the alarm to the enemy's outposts. A side road brought them seven miles to the right flank of the Red army and daylight saw them between London and its defenders.

Here a small detachment of Red cavalry finally met them, and by agreement a battle was fought near the village of Mount Brydges, some fifteen miles from London. The engagement lasted three hours and was fought in a drizzling rain. It reproduced the actual conditions of war down to the last detail, with the single difference that blank ammunition was used.

Hospital bases had been established before the fight. Umpires designated the number of men who were supposed to be killed and wounded in the various attacks, cases of disadvantage or position, inferior numbers opposed to superior ones, and other factors, enabling this to be done with some approach to accuracy. Those who had suffered casualties were picked up by the surgeons, who graphically portrayed various injuries through the medium of outlines chalked on the men's uniforms. The "wounded" were then placed in ambulances, galloped to the hospital bases and there treated as the marks upon them indicated.

No decision was given at the conclusion of the battle, but it was generally agreed that the Red commander, though placed in a most critical position by the night march of the investing forces, had most creditably extricated himself from his predicament by the manner in which he handled his men in actual conflict.

What is the effect of it all on the recruit? It is such as to make the brevity

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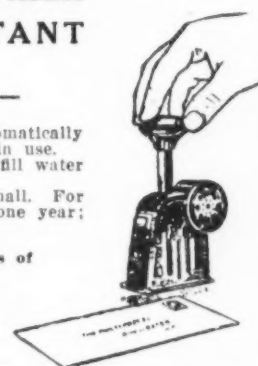
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of the training period a cause for heart-burning to any officer. The recruit comes to camp, pale from a desk in the city, raw and awkward from the farm. He goes back in a fair way to being a soldier, bronzed where he was pale, erect where he was awkward. He has found himself. His morning drills have taught him to hold his head up and his chin in and what to do with his hands. Musketry practice has sowed the seeds of accuracy, coolness and control. The orderly routine of camp—a little world in itself—has shown him

something of the correlation of the various activities necessary in all communities, large or small, and taught a lesson of co-operation not to be drawn from the larger exemplification afforded by his ordinary surroundings.

The extent to which the militiaman shares these benefits is, of course—and that unfortunately—limited by the duration of his training. Sixteen days is woefully short for the work to be done, twelve days is—shorter still, and eight days a rather hopeless allowance. A longer period

would more nearly satisfy the desires of those who have Canada's militia system in hand. The trouble, of course, is to educate the employer of labor to the point where patriotism and the desire to obtain the full amount of working time from his employees do not clash. They would clash to-day, I fear, at a longer period, but it should not be a vain hope that since in certain European countries every adult male is required to serve three years of military service, Canadian industry will not begrudge the time for military camps.

Adventures of Madelyn Mack

Continued from page 16.

it was the pipe that held my glance. Of all incongruities, a pipe in the hand of a dead man!

Maybe it was something of the same thought that brought Madelyn of a sudden across the room. She stooped, straightened the cold fingers, and rose with the pipe in her hand.

A new stem had obviously been added to it, of a substance which I judged to be jessamine. At its end, teeth-marks had bitten nearly through. The stone bowl was filled with the cold ashes of half-consumed tobacco. Madelyn balanced it musingly.

"Curious, isn't it, Sheriff, that a man engaged in a life-or-death struggle should cling to a heavy pipe?"

"Why—I suppose so. But the question, Miss Mack, is what became of that there other man? It isn't natural as how Mr. Marsh could have fought with himself."

"The other man?" Madelyn repeated mechanically. She was stirring the rim of the dead ashes.

"And how in tarnation was Mr. Marsh killed?"

Madelyn contemplated a dust-covered finger.

"Will you do me a favor, Sheriff?"

"Why, er—of course."

"Kindly find out from the butler if Mr. Marsh had cherry pie for dinner last night!"

The sheriff gulped.

"Cherry pie?"

Madelyn glanced up impatiently.

"I believe he was very fond of it."

The sheriff shuffled across to the door uncertainly. Madelyn's eyes flashed to me.

"You might go, too, Nora."

For a moment I was tempted to flat rebellion. But Madelyn affected not to notice the fact. She is always so aggravatingly sure of her own way!—With what I tried to make a mood of aggrieved silence, I followed the sheriff's blue-coated figure. As the door closed, I saw that Madelyn was still balancing Raleigh's pipe.

From the top of the stairs, Sheriff Peddicord glanced across at me suspiciously.

"I say, what I would like to know is what became of that there other man!"

IV.

A WISP of a black-gowned figure, peering through a dormer window at the end of the second-floor hall, turned suddenly as we reached the landing. A white, drawn face, suggesting a tired child, stared at us from under a frame of dull-gold hair, drawn low from a careless part. I knew at once it was Muriel Jansen, for the time, at least, mistress of the house of death.

"Has the coroner come yet, Sheriff?"

She spoke with one of the most liquid voices I have ever heard. Had it not been for her bronze hair, I would have fancied her at once of Latin descent. The fact of my presence she seemed scarcely to notice, not with any suggestion of aloofness, but rather as though she had been drained even of the emotion of curiosity.

"Not yet. Miss Jansen. He should be here now."

She stepped closer to the window, and then turned slightly.

"I told Peters to telegraph to New York for Dr. Dench when he summoned you. He was one of Uncle's oldest friends. I—I would like him to be here when—the coroner makes his examination."

The sheriff bowed awkwardly.

"Miss Mack is upstairs now."

The pale face was staring at us again with raised eyebrows.

"Miss Mack? I don't understand." Her eyes shifted to me.

"She had a letter from Mr. Marsh by this morning's early post," I explained. "I am Miss Noraker. Mr. Marsh wanted her to come down at once. She didn't know, of course—couldn't know—that—that he was—dead!"

"A letter from—uncle?" A puzzled line gathered in her face.

I nodded.

"A distinctly curious letter. But—Miss Mack would perhaps prefer to give you the details."

The puzzled line deepened. I could feel her eyes searching mine intently.

"I presume Miss Mack will be down soon," I volunteered. "If you wish, however, I will tell her—"

"That will hardly be necessary. But—you are quite sure—a letter?"

"Quite sure," I returned, somewhat impatiently.

And then, without warning, her hands darted to her head, and she swayed forward. I caught her in my arms with a side-view of Sheriff Peddicord staring, open-mouthed.

"Get her maid!" I gasped.

The sheriff roused into belated action. As he took a cumbersome step toward the nearest door, it opened suddenly. A gaunt, middle-aged woman, in a crisp white apron, digested the situation with cold, grey eyes. Without a word, she caught Muriel Jansen in her arms.

"She has fainted," I said rather vaguely. "Can I help you?"

The other paused with her burden.

"When I need you, I'll ask you!" she snapped, and banged the door in our faces.

In the wake of Sheriff Peddicord, I descended the stairs. A dozen question-marks were spinning through my brain. Why had Muriel Jansen fainted? Why had the mention of Wendell Marsh's letter left such an atmosphere of bewildered doubt? Why had the dragon-like maid—for such I divined her to be—faced us with such hostility? The undercurrent of hidden secrets in the dim, silent house seemed suddenly intensified.

With a vague wish for fresh air and the sun on the grass, I sought the front veranda, leaving the sheriff in the hall, mopping his face with his red handkerchief.

A carefully tended yard of generous distances stretched an inviting expanse of graded lawn before me. Evidently Wendell Marsh had provided a discreet distance between himself and his neighbors. The advance guard of a morbid crowd was already shuffling about the gate. I knew that it would not be long, too, before the press-siege would begin.

I could picture frantic city editors pitchforking their star men New Jerseyward. I smiled at the thought. The Bugle, the slave-driver that presided over my own financial destinies,—was assured of a generous "beat" in advance. The next train from New York was not due until late afternoon.

From the staring line about the gate, the figure of a well-set-up young man in

blue serge detached itself with swinging step.

"A reporter?" I breathed, incredulous.

With a glance at me, he ascended the steps, and paused at the door, awaiting an answer to his bell. My stealthy glances failed to place him among the "stars" of New York newspaperdom. Perhaps he was a local correspondent. With smug expectancy, I waited his discomfiture when Peters received his card. And then I rubbed my eyes. Peters was stepping back from the door, and the other was following him with every suggestion of assurance.

I was still gasping when a maid, broom in hand, zigzagged toward my end of the veranda. She smiled at me with a pair of friendly black eyes.

"Are you a detective?"

"Why?" I parried.

She drew her broom idly across the floor.

"I—I always thought detectives different from other people."

She sent a rivulet of dust through the railing, with a side glance still in my direction.

"Oh, you will find them human enough," I laughed, "outside of detective stories!"

She pondered my reply doubtfully.

"I thought it about time Mr. Truxton was appearing!" she ventured suddenly.

"Mr. Truxton?"

"He's the man that just came—Mr. Homer Truxton. Miss Jansen is going to marry him!"

A light broke through my fog.

"Then he is not a reporter?"

"Mr. Truxton? He's a lawyer." The broom continued its dilatory course. "Mr. Marsh didn't like him—so they say!"

I stepped back, smoothing my skirts. I have learned the cardinal rule of Madelyn never to pretend too great an interest in the gossip of a servant.

The maid was mechanically shaking out a rug.

"For my part, I always thought Mr. Truxton far and away the pick of Miss Jansen's two steadies. I never could understand what she could see in Dr. Dench! Why, he's old enough to be her—"

In the doorway, Sheriff Peddicord's bulky figure beckoned.

"Don't you reckon as how it's about time we were going back to Miss Mack?" he whispered.

"Perhaps," I assented, rather reluctantly.

From the shadows of the hall, the sheriff's sound eye fixed itself on me belligerently.

"I say, what I would like to know is what became of that there other man!"

As we paused on the second landing the well-set-up figure of Mr. Homer Truxton was bending toward a partially opened door. Beyond his shoulder, I caught a fleeting glimpse of a pale face under a border of rumpled dull-gold hair. Evidently Muriel Jansen had recovered from her faint.

The door closed abruptly, but not before I had seen that her eyes were red with weeping.

* * * * *

Madelyn was sunk into a red-backed

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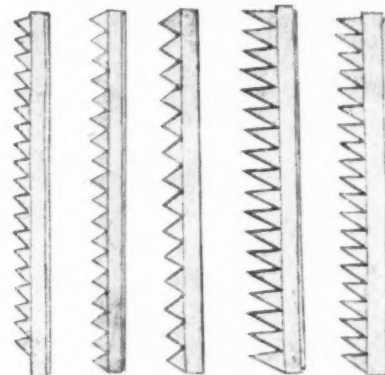
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chair before a huge, flat-top desk in the corner of the library, a stack of Wendell Marsh's red-bound books, from a wheel-cabinet at her side, bulked before her. She finished the page she was reading—a page marked with a broad blue pencil—without a hint that she had heard us enter.

Sheriff Peddicord stared across at her with a disappointment that was almost ludicrous. Evidently Madelyn was falling short of his conception of the approved attitudes for a celebrated detective!

"Are you a student of Elizabethan literature, Sheriff?" she asked suddenly. The sheriff gurgled weakly.

"If you are, I am quite sure you will be interested in Mr. Marsh's collection. It is the most thorough on the subject that I have ever seen. For instance, here is a volume on the inner court life of Elizabeth—perhaps you would like me to read you this random passage?"

The sheriff drew himself up with more dignity than I thought he possessed.

"We are investigating a crime, Miss Mack!"

Madelyn closed the book with a sigh. "So we are! May I ask what is your report from the butler?"

"Mr. Marsh did not have cherry pie for dinner last night!" the sheriff snapped.

"You are quite confident?"

And then abruptly the purport of the question flashed to me.

"Why, Mr. Marsh, himself mentioned the fact in his letter!" I burst out.

Madelyn's eyes turned to me reprovingly.

"You must be mistaken, Nora."

With a lingering glance at the books on the desk, she rose. Sheriff Peddicord moved toward the door, opened it, and faced about with an abrupt clearing of his throat.

"Begging your pardon, Miss Mack, have—have you found any clues in the case?"

Madelyn had paused again at the ribboned curtains.

"Clues? The man who made Mr. Marsh's death possible, Chief, was an expert chemist, of Italian origin, living for some time in London—and he died three hundred years ago!"

From the hall we had a fleeting view of Sheriff Peddicord's face, flushed as red as his handkerchief, and then it and the handkerchief disappeared.

I whirled on Madelyn sternly.

"You are carrying your absurd joke, Miss Mack, altogether too—"

I paused, gulping in my turn. It was as though I had stumbled from the shadows into an electric glare.

Madelyn had crossed to the desk, and was gently shifting the dead ashes of Raleigh's pipe into an envelope. A moment she sniffed at its bowl, peering down at the crumpled body at her feet.

"The pipe!" I gasped. "Wendell Marsh was poisoned with the pipe!"

Madelyn sealed the envelope slowly.

"Is that fact just dawning on you, Nora?"

"But the rest of it—what you told the—"

Madelyn thrummed on the bulky volume of Elizabethan history.

"Some day, Nora, if you will remind me, I will give you the material for what you call a Sunday 'feature' on the historic side of murder as a fine art!"

V.

IN a curtain-shadowed nook of the side veranda Muriel Jansen was awaiting us, pillowed back against a bronze-draped chair, whose colors almost startlingly matched the gold of her hair. Her resemblance to a tired child was even more pronounced than when I had last seen her.

I found myself glancing furtively for signs of Homer Truxton, but he had disappeared.

Miss Jansen took the initiative in our interview with a nervous abruptness, contrasting oddly with her hesitancy at our last meeting.

"I understand, Miss Mack, that you received a letter from my uncle asking your presence here. May I see it?"

The eagerness of her tones could not be mistaken.

From her wrist-bag Madelyn extended the square envelope of the morning post, with its remarkable message. Twice Muriel Jansen's eyes swept slowly through its contents. Madelyn watched her with a little frown. A sudden tenseness had crept into the air, as though we were all keying ourselves for an unexpected climax. And then, like a thunder-clap, it came.

"A curious communication," Madelyn suggested. "I had hoped you might be able to add to it?"

The tired face in the bronze-draped chair stared across the lawn.

"I can. The most curious fact of your communication, Miss Mack, is that *Wendell Marsh did not write it!*"

Never have I admired more keenly Madelyn's remarkable poise. Save for an almost imperceptible indrawing of her breath, she gave no hint of the shock which must have stunned her as it did me. I was staring with mouth agape. But, then, I presume you have discovered by this time that I was not designed for a detective!

Strangely enough, Muriel Jansen gave no trace of wonder in her announcement. Her attitude suggested a sense of detachment from the subject as though suddenly it had lost its interest. And yet, less than an hour ago, it had prostrated her in a swoon.

"You mean the letter is a forgery?" asked Madelyn quietly.

"Quite obviously."

"And the attempts on Mr. Marsh's life to which it refers?"

"There have been none. I have been with my uncle continuously for six months. I can speak definitely."

Miss Jansen fumbled in a white crocheted bag.

"Here are several specimens of Mr. Marsh's writing. I think they should be sufficient to convince you of what I say. If you desire others—"

I was gulping like a truant school-girl as Madelyn spread on her lap the three notes extended to her. Casual

business and personal references they were, none of more than half a dozen lines. Quite enough, however, to complete the sudden chasm at our feet—quite enough to emphasize a bold, aggressive penmanship, almost perpendicular, without the slightest resemblance to the cramped, shadowy writing of the morning's astonishing communication.

Madelyn rose from her chair, smoothing her skirts thoughtfully. For a moment she stood at the railing, gazing down upon a trellis of yellow roses, her face turned from us. For the first time in our curious friendship, I was actually conscious of a feeling of pity for her! The blank wall which she faced seemed so abrupt—so final!

Muriel Jansen shifted her position slightly.

"Are you satisfied, Miss Mack?"

"Quite." Madelyn turned, and handed back the three notes. "I presume this means that you do not care for me to continue the case?"

I whirled in dismay. I had never thought of this possibility.

"On the contrary, Miss Mack, it seems to me an additional reason why you should continue!"

I breathed freely again. At least we were not to be dismissed with the abruptness that Miss Jansen's maid had shown! Madelyn bowed rather absently.

"Then if you will give me another interview, perhaps this afternoon—"

Miss Jansen fumbled with the lock of her bag. For the first time her voice lost something of its directness.

"Have—have you any explanation of this astonishing—forgery?"

Madelyn was staring out toward the increasing crowd at the gate. A sudden ripple had swept through it.

"Have you ever heard of a man by the name of Orlando Julio, Miss Jansen?"

My own eyes, following the direction of Madelyn's gaze, were brought back sharply to the veranda. For the second time, Muriel Jansen had crumpled back in a faint.

As I darted toward the servants' bell Madelyn checked me. Striding up the walk were two men with the unmistakable air of physicians. At Madelyn's motioning hand they turned toward us.

The foremost of the two quickened his pace as he caught sight of the figure in the chair. Instinctively I knew that he was Dr. Dench—and it needed no profound analysis to place his companion as the local coroner.

With a deft hand on Miss Jansen's heart-beats, Dr. Dench raised a ruddy, brown-whiskered face inquiringly toward us.

"Shock!" Madelyn explained. "Is it serious?"

The hand on the wavering breast darted toward a medicine case, and selected a vial of brownish liquid. The gaze above it continued its scrutiny of Madelyn's slender figure.

Dr. Dench was of the rugged, Gernan type, steel-eyed, confidently sure of movement, with the physique of a splendidly muscled animal. If the servant's tattle was to be credited, Muriel Jansen could not have attracted more opposite extremes in her suitors.

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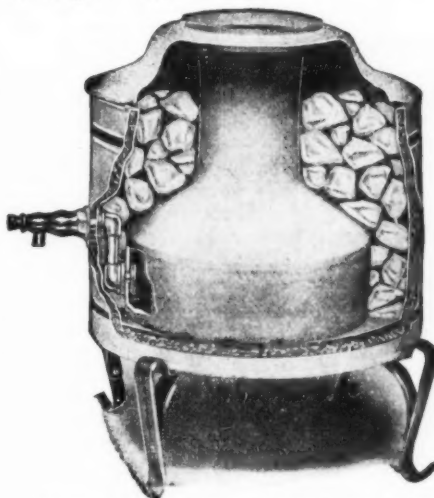
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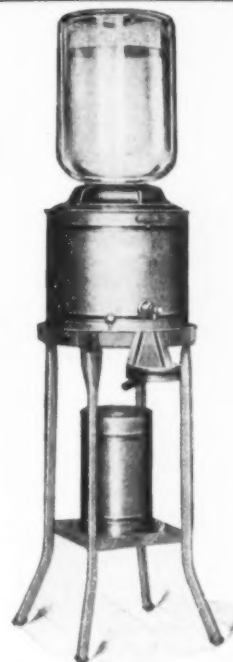
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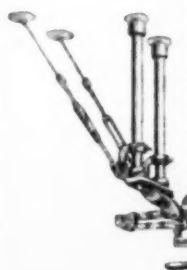
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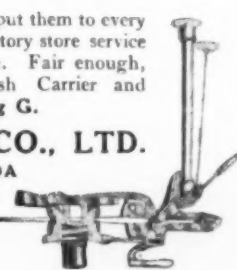
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The coroner—a rusty-suited man of middle age, in quite obvious professional awe of his companion—extended a glass of water. Miss Jansen wearily opened her eyes before it reached her lips.

Dr. Dench restrained her sudden effort to rise.

"Drink this, please!" There was nothing but professional command in his voice. If he loved the grey-palored girl in the chair, his emotions were under superb control.

Madelyn stepped to the background, motioning me quietly.

"I fancy I can leave now safely. I am going back to town."

"Town?" I echoed.

"I should be back the latter part of the afternoon. Would it inconvenience you to wait here?"

"But, why on earth—" I began.

"Will you tell the butler to send around the car? Thanks!"

When Madelyn doesn't choose to answer questions she ignores them. I subsided as gracefully as possible. As her machine whirled under the porte-cochere, however, my curiosity again overflowed my restraint.

"At least, who is Orlando Julio?" I demanded.

Madelyn carefully adjusted her veil.

"The man who provided the means for the death of Wendell Marsh!" And she was gone.

I swept another glance at the trio on the side veranda, and with what I tried to convince myself was a philosophical shrug, although I knew perfectly well it was merely a pettish fling, sought a retired corner of the rear drawing room, with my pad and pencil.

After all, I was a newspaper woman, and it needed no elastic imagination to picture the scene in the city room of the *Bugle*, if I failed to send a proper accounting of myself.

A few minutes later a tread of feet, advancing to the stairs, told me that the coroner and Dr. Dench were ascending for the belated examination of Wendell Marsh's body. Miss Jansen had evidently recovered, or been assigned to the ministrations of her maid. Once Peters, the wooden-faced butler, entered ghostily to inform me that luncheon would be served at one, but effaced himself almost before my glance returned to my writing.

I partook of the meal in the distinguished company of Sheriff Peddicord. Apparently Dr. Dench was still busied in his grewsome task upstairs, and it was not surprising that Miss Jansen preferred her own apartments.

However much the sheriff's professional poise might have been jarred by the events of the morning, his appetite had not been affected. His attention was too absorbed in the effort to do justice to the Marsh hospitality to waste time in table talk.

He finished his last spoonful of strawberry ice-cream with a heavy sigh of contentment, removed the napkin, which he had tucked under his collar, and, as though mindful of the family's laundry bills, folded it carefully and wiped his lips with his red handkerchief. It was not until then that our silence was interrupted.

Glancing cautiously about the room, and observing that the butler had been called kitchenward, to my amazement he essayed a confidential wink.

"I say," he ventured enticingly, leaning his elbow on the table, "what I would like to know is what became of that there other man!"

"Are you familiar with the Fourth Dimension, Sheriff?" I returned solemnly. I rose from my chair, and stepped toward him confidentially in my turn. "I believe that a thorough study of that subject would answer your question."

It was three o'clock when I stretched myself in my corner of the drawing-room, and stuffed the last sheets of my copy paper into a special-delivery-stamped envelope.

My story was done. And Madelyn was not there to blue-pencil Park Row adjectives! I smiled rather gleefully as I patted my hair, and leisurely addressed the envelope. The city editor would be satisfied, if Madelyn wasn't!

As I stepped into the hall, Dr. Dench, the coroner, and Sheriff Peddicord were descending the stairs. Evidently the medical examination had been completed. Under other circumstances the three expressions before me would have afforded an interesting study in contrasts—Dr. Dench trimming his nails with professional stoicism, the coroner endeavoring desperately to copy the other's *sang froid*, and the sheriff buried in an owl-like solemnity.

Dr. Dench restored his knife to his pocket.

"You are Miss Mack's assistant, I understand?"

I bowed.

"Miss Mack has been called away. She should be back, however, shortly."

I could feel the doctor's appraising glance dissecting me with much the deliberateness of a surgical operation. I raised my eyes suddenly, and returned his stare. It was a virile, masterful face—and, I had to admit, coldly handsome!

Dr. Dench snapped open his watch.

"Very well then, Miss, Miss—"

"Noraker!" I supplied crisply.

The blond beard inclined the fraction of an inch.

"We will wait."

"The autopsy?" I ventured. "Has it—"

"The result of the autopsy I will explain to—Miss Mack!"

I bit my lip, felt my face flush as I saw that Sheriff Peddicord was trying to smother a grin, and turned with a rather unsuccessful shrug.

Now, if I had been of a vindictive nature, I would have opened my envelope and inserted a retaliating paragraph that would have returned the snub of Dr. Dench with interest. I flatter myself that I consigned the envelope to the Three Forks post-office, in the rear of the Elite Dry Goods Emporium, with its contents unchanged.

As a part recompense, I paused at a corner drug store, and permitted a young man with a gorgeous pink shirt to make me a chocolate ice-cream soda. I was bent over an asthmatic straw when,

through the window, I saw Madelyn's car skirt the curb.

I rushed out to the sidewalk, while the young man stared dazedly after me. The chauffeur swerved the machine as I tossed a dime to the Adonis of the fountain.

Madelyn shifted to the end of the seat as I clambered to her side. One glance was quite enough to show that her town-mission, whatever it was, had ended in failure. Perhaps it was the consciousness of this fact that brought my eyes next to her blue turquoise locket. It was open. I glared accusingly.

"So you have fallen back on the cola stimulant again, Miss Mack?"

She nodded glumly, and perversely slipped into her mouth another of the dark, brown berries, on which I have known her to keep up for forty-eight hours without sleep, and almost without food.

For a moment I forgot even my curiosity as to her errand.

"I wish the duty would be raised so high you couldn't get those things into the country!"

She closed her locket, without deigning a response. The more volcanic my outburst, the more glacial Madelyn's coldness—particularly on the cola topic. I shrugged in resignation. I might as well have done so in the first place!

I straightened my hat, drew my handkerchief over my flushed face, and coughed questioningly. Continued silence. I turned in desperation.

"Well?" I surrendered.

"Don't you know enough, Nora Noraker, to hold your tongue?"

My pent-up emotions snapped.

"Look here, Miss Mack, I have been snubbed by Dr. Dench and the coroner, grinned at by Sheriff Peddicord, and I am not going to be crushed by you! What is your report—good, bad, or indifferent?"

Madelyn turned from her stare into the dust-yellow road.

"I have been a fool, Nora—a blind, bigoted, self-important fool!"

I drew a deep breath.

"Which means—"

From her bag Madelyn drew the envelope of dead tobacco ashes from the Marsh library, and tossed it over the side of the car. I sank back against the cushions.

"Then the tobacco after all—"

"Is nothing but tobacco—harmless tobacco!"

"But the pipe—I thought the pipe—"

"That's just it! The pipe, my dear girl, killed Wendell Marsh! But I don't know how! I don't know how!"

"Madelyn," I said severely, "you are a woman, even if you are making your living at a man's profession! What you need is a good cry!"

VI.

D R. DENCH, pacing back and forth across the veranda, knocked the ashes from an amber-stemmed meerschaum, and advanced to meet us as we alighted. The coroner and Sheriff Peddicord were craning their necks from wicker chairs in the background. It was

easy enough to surmise that Dr. Dench had parted from them abruptly in the desire for a quiet smoke to marshal his thoughts.

"Fill your pipe again if you wish," said Madelyn. "I don't mind."

Dr. Dench inclined his head, and dug the mouth of his meerschaum into a fat leather pouch. A spiral of blue smoke soon curled around his face. He was one of that type of men to whom a pipe lends a distinction of studious thoughtfulness.

With a slight gesture he beckoned in the direction of the coroner.

"It is proper, perhaps, that Dr. Williams in his official capacity should be heard first."

Through the smoke of his meerschaum, his eyes were searching Madelyn's face. It struck me that he was rather puzzled as to just how seriously to take her.

The coroner shuffled nervously. At his elbow, Sheriff Peddicord fumbled for his red handkerchief.

"We have made a thorough examination of Mr. Marsh's body, Miss Mack, a most thorough examination—"

"Of course he was not shot, nor stabbed, nor strangled, nor sand-bagged?" interrupted Madelyn crisply.

The coroner glanced at Dr. Dench uncertainly. The latter was smoking with inscrutable face.

"Nor poisoned!" finished the coroner with a quick breath.

A blue smoke curl from Dr. Dench's meerschaum vanished against the sun. The coroner jingled a handful of coins in his pocket. The sound jarred on my nerves oddly. Not poisoned! Then Madelyn's theory of the pipe—

My glance swerved in her direction. Another blank wall—the blankest in this riddle of blank walls!

But the bewilderment I had expected in her face I did not find. The black dejection I had noticed in the car had dropped like a whisked-off cloak. The tired lines had been erased as by a sponge. Her eyes shone with that tense glint which I knew came only when she saw a befogged way swept clear before her.

"You mean that you found no trace of poison?" she corrected.

The coroner drew himself up.

"Under the supervision of Dr. Dench, we have made a most complete probe of the various organs—lungs, stomach, heart—"

"And brain, I presume?"

"Brain? Certainly not!"

"And you?" Madelyn turned toward Dr. Dench. "You subscribe to Dr. Williams' opinion?"

Dr. Dench removed his meerschaum.

"From our examination of Mr. Marsh's body, I am prepared to state emphatically that there is no trace of toxic condition of any kind!"

"Am I to infer then that you will return a verdict of—natural death?"

Dr. Dench stirred his pipe-ashes.

"I was always under the impression, Miss Mack, that the verdict in a case of this kind must come from the coroner's jury."

Madelyn pinned back her veil, and removed her gloves.



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"There is no objection to my seeing the body again?"

The coroner stared.

"Why, er—the undertaker has it now. I don't see why he should object, if you wish—"

Madelyn stepped to the door. Behind her, Sheriff Peddicord stirred suddenly.

"I say, what I would like to know, gents, is what became of that there other man!"

It was not until six o'clock that I saw Madelyn again, and then I found her in Wendell Marsh's red library. She was seated at its late tenant's huge desk. Before her were a vial of whitish-grey powder, a small, rubber, inked roller, a half a dozen sheets of paper, covered with what looked like smudges of black ink, and Raleigh's pipe. I stopped short, staring.

She rose with a shrug.

"Finger-prints," she explained laconically. "This sheet belongs to Miss Jansen; the next to her maid; the third to the butler, Peters; the fourth to Dr. Dench; the fifth to Wendell Marsh, himself. It was my first experiment in taking the 'prints' of a dead man. It was—interesting."

"But what has that to do with a case of this kind?" I demanded.

Madelyn picked up the sixth sheet of smudged paper.

"We have here the finger-prints of Wendell Marsh's murderer!"

I did not even cry my amazement. I suppose the kaleidoscope of the day had dulled my normal emotions. I remember that I readjusted a loose pin in my waist before I spoke.

"The murderer of Wendell Marsh!" I repeated mechanically. "Then he was poisoned?"

Madelyn's eyes opened and closed without answer.

I reached over to the desk and picked up Mr. Marsh's letter of the morning post at Madelyn's elbow.

"You have found the man who forged this?"

"It was *not* forged!"

In my daze I dropped the letter to the floor.

"You have discovered then the other man in the death-struggle that wrecked the library?"

"There was no other man!"

Madelyn gathered up her possessions from the desk. From the edge of the row of books she lifted a small, red-bound volume, perhaps four inches in width, and then with a second thought laid it back.

"By the way, Nora. I wish you would come back here at eight o'clock. If this book is still where I am leaving it, please bring it to me! I think that will be all for the present."

"All?" I gasped. "Do you realize that—"

Madelyn moved toward the door.

"I think eight o'clock will be late enough for your errand," she said without turning.

The late June twilight had deepened into somber darkness when, my watch showing ten minutes past the hour of my instructions, I entered the room on the second floor that had been assigned to

Miss Mack and myself. Madelyn at the window was staring into the shadow-blanketed yard.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Your book is no longer in the library!" I said crossly.

Madelyn whirled with a smile.

"Good! And now if you will be so obliging as to tell Peters to ask Miss Jansen to meet me in the rear drawing-room, with any of the friends of the family she desires to be present, I think we can clear up our little puzzle."

VII.

IT was a curious group that the graceful Swiss clock in the bronze drawing-room of the Marsh house stared down upon as it ticked its way past the half hour after eight. With grave, rather insistent bow, Miss Mack had seated the other occupants of the room as they answered her summons. She was the only one of us that remained standing.

Before her were Sheriff Peddicord, Homer Truxton, Dr. Dench, and Muriel Jansen. Madelyn's eyes swept our faces for a moment in silence, and then she crossed the room and closed the door.

"I have called you here," she began, "to explain the mystery of Mr. Marsh's death." Again her glance swept our faces. "In many respects it has provided us with a peculiar, almost an unique problem.

"We find a man, in apparently normal health, dead. The observer argues at once foul play; and yet on his body is no hint of wound or bruise. The medical examination discovers no trace of poison. The autopsy shows no evidence of crime. Apparently we have eliminated all forms of unnatural death.

"I have called you here because the finding of the autopsy is incorrect, or rather incomplete. We are not confronted by natural death—but by a crime. And I may say at the outset that I am not the only person to know this fact. My knowledge is shared by one other in this room."

Sheriff Peddicord rose to his feet and rather ostentatiously stepped to the door and stood with his back against it. Madelyn smiled faintly at the movement.

"I scarcely think there will be an effort at escape, Sheriff," she said quietly.

Muriel Jansen was crumpled back into her chair, staring. Dr. Dench was studying Miss Mack with the professional frown he might have directed at an abnormality on the operating table. It was Truxton who spoke first in the fashion of the impulsive boy.

"If we are not dealing with natural death, how on earth then was Mr. Marsh killed?"

Madelyn whisked aside a light covering from a stand at her side, and raised to view Raleigh's red sand-stone pipe. For a moment she balanced it musingly.

"The three-hundred-year-old death tool of Orlando Julio," she explained. "It was this that killed Wendell Marsh!"

She pressed the bowl of the pipe into the palm of her hand. "As an instrument of death, it is almost beyond detection. We examined the ashes, and found nothing but harmless tobacco. The or-



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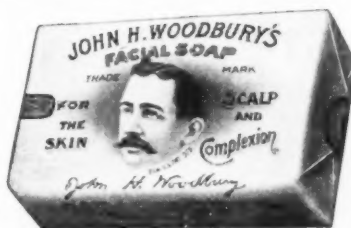
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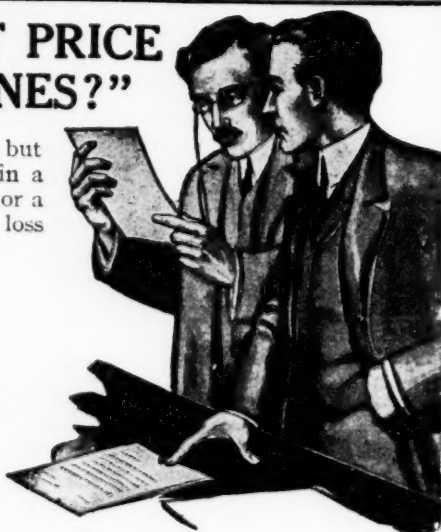
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gans of the victim showed no trace of foul play."

She tapped the long stem gravely.

"But the examination of the organs did not include the brain. And it is through the brain that the pipe strikes, killing first the mind in a nightmare of insanity, and then the body. That accounts for the wreckage that we found—the evidences apparently of two men engaged in a desperate struggle. The wreckage was the work of only one man—a maniac in the moment before death. The drug with which we are dealing drives its victim into an insane fury before his body succumbs. I believe such cases are fairly common in India."

"Then Mr. Marsh was poisoned after all?" cried Truxton. He was the only one of Miss Mack's auditors to speak.

"No, not poisoned! You will understand as I proceed. The pipe, you will find, contains apparently but one bowl and one channel, and at a superficial glance is filled only with tobacco. In reality, there is a lower chamber concealed beneath the upper bowl, to which extends a second channel. This secret chamber is charged with a certain compound of Indian hemp and dhatura leaves, one of the most powerful brain stimulants known to science—and one of the most dangerous if used above a certain strength. From the lower chamber it would leave no trace, of course, in the ashes above.

"Between the two compartments of the pipe is a slight connecting opening, sufficient to allow the hemp beneath to be ignited gradually by the burning tobacco. When a small quantity of the compound is used, the smoker is stimulated as by no other drug, not even opium. Increase the quantity above the danger point, and mark the result. The victim is not poisoned in the strict sense of the word, but literally smothered to death by the fumes."

In Miss Mack's voice was the throb of the student before the creation of the master.

"I should like this pipe, Miss Jansen, if you ever care to dispose of it!"

The girl was still staring woodenly.

"It was Orlando Julio, the medieval poisoner," she gasped, "that Uncle described—"

"In his seventeenth chapter of 'The World's Great Cynics,'" finished Madelyn. "I have taken the liberty of reading the chapter in manuscript form. Julio, however, was not the discoverer of the drug. He merely introduced it to the English public. As a matter of fact, it is one of the oldest stimulants of the East. It is easy to assume that it was not as a stimulant that Julio used it, but as a baffling instrument of murder. The mechanism of the pipe was his own invention, of course. The smoker, if not in the secret, would be completely oblivious to his danger. He might even use the pipe in perfect safety—until its lower chamber was loaded!"

Sheriff Peddicord, against the door, mopped his face with his red handkerchief, like a man in a daze. Dr. Dench was still studying Miss Mack with his in-

tent frown. Madelyn swerved her angle abruptly.

"Last night was not the first time the hempchamber of Wendell Marsh's pipe had been charged. We can trace the effect of the drug on his brain for several months—hallucinations, imaginative enemies seeking his life, incipient insanity. That explains his astonishing letter to me. Wendell Marsh was not a man of nine lives, but only one. The perils which he described were merely fantastic figments of the drug. For instance, the episode of the poisoned cherry pie. There was no pie at all served at the table yesterday.

"The letter to me was not a forgery, Miss Jansen, although you were sincere enough when you pronounced it such. The complete change in your uncle's handwriting was only another effect of the drug. It was this fact, in the end, which led me to the truth. You did not perceive that the dates of your notes and mine were *six months apart!* I knew that some terrific mental shock must have occurred in the meantime.

"And then, too, the ravages of a drug-crazed victim were at once suggested by the curtains of the library. They were not simply torn, but fairly *chewed* to pieces!"

A sudden tension fell over the room. We shifted nervously, rather avoiding one another's eyes. Madelyn laid the pipe back on the stand. She was quite evidently in no hurry to continue. It was Truxton again who put the leading question of the moment.

"If Mr. Marsh was killed as you describe, Miss Mack, *who* killed him?"

Madelyn glanced across at Dr. Dench.

"Will you kindly let me have the red leather book that you took from Mr. Marsh's desk this evening, Doctor?"

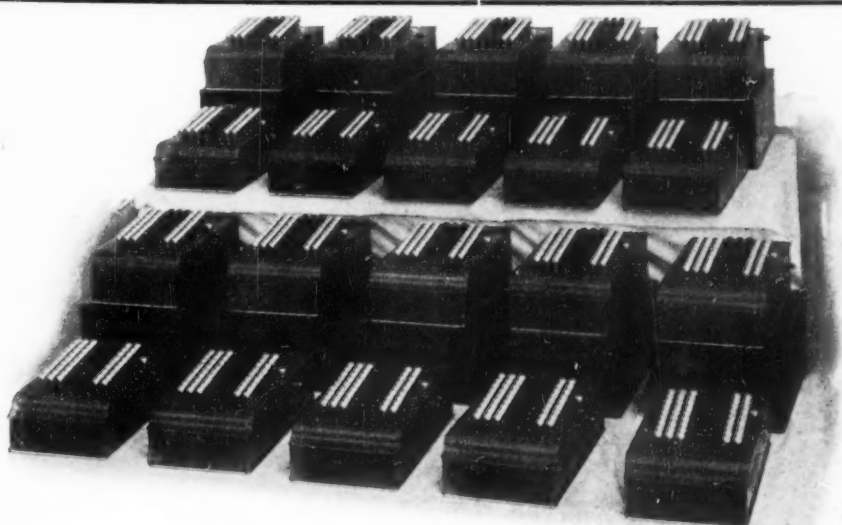
The physician met her glance steadily.

"You think it—necessary?"

"I am afraid I must insist."

For an instant Dr. Dench hesitated. Then with a shrug, he reached into a coat-pocket and extended the red-bound volume, for which Miss Mack had dispatched me on the fruitless errand to the library. As Madelyn opened it we saw that it was not a printed volume, but filled with several hundred pages of close, cramped writing. Dr. Dench's gaze swerved to Muriel Jansen as Miss Mack spoke.

"I have here the diary of Wendell Marsh, which shows us that he had been in the habit of seeking the stimulant of Indian hemp, or 'hasheesh' for some time, possibly as a result of his retired, sedentary life and his close application to his books. Until his purchase of the Bainford relics, however, he had taken the stimulant in the comparatively harmless form of powdered leaves or 'bhang,' as it is termed in the Orient. His acquisition of Julio's drug-pipe, and an accidental discovery of its mechanism, led him to adopt the compound of hemp and dhatura, prepared for smoking—in India called 'charas.' No less an authority than Captain E. N. Windsor, bacteriologist of the Burmese Government, states that it is directly responsible for a large percentage of the lunacy of the Orient. Wendell Marsh, however, did not realize his danger, nor how much stronger the latter



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compound is than the form of the drug to which he had been accustomed.

"Dr. Dench endeavored desperately to warn him of his peril, and free him from the bondage of the habit as the diary records, but the victim was too thoroughly enslaved. In fact, the situation had reached a point just before the final climax when it could no longer be concealed. The truth was already being suspected by the older servants. I assume this was why you feared my investigations in the case, Miss Jansen."

Muriel Jansen was staring at Madelyn in a sort of dumb appeal.

"I can understand and admire Dr. Dench's efforts to conceal the fact from the public—first, in his supervision of the inquest, which might have stumbled on the truth, and then in his removal of the betraying diary, which I left purposely exposed in the hope that it might inspire such an action. Had it *not* been removed, I might have suspected another explanation of the case—in spite of certain evidence to the contrary!"

Dr. Dench's face had gone white.

"God! Miss Mack, do you mean that after all it was not suicide?"

"It was not suicide," said Madelyn quietly. She stepped across toward the opposite door.

"When I stated that my knowledge that we are not dealing with natural death was shared by another person in this room, I might have added that it was shared by still a third person—not in the room!"

With a sudden movement she threw open the door before her. From the adjoining ante-room lurched the figure of Peters, the butler. He stared at us with a face grey with terror, and then crumpled to his knees. Madelyn drew away sharply as he tried to catch her skirts.

"You may arrest the murderer of Wendell Marsh, Sheriff!" she said gravely. "And I think perhaps you had better take him outside."

She faced our bewildered stares as the drawing-room door closed behind Mr. Peddicord and his prisoner. From her stand she again took Raleigh's sand-stone pipe, and with it two sheets of paper, smudged with the prints of a human thumb and fingers.

"It was the pipe in the end which led me to the truth, not only as to the method but the identity of the assassin," she explained. "The hand, which placed the fatal charge in the concealed chamber, left its imprint on the surface of the bowl. The fingers, grimed with the dust of the drug, made an impression which I would have at once detected had I not been so occupied with what I might find *inside* that I forgot what I might find *outside*! I am very much afraid that I permitted myself the great blunder of the modern detective—lack of thoroughness.

"Comparison with the finger-prints of the various agents in the case, of course, made the next step a mere detail of mathematical comparison. To make my identity sure, I found that my suspect possessed not only the opportunity and the knowledge for the crime, but the motive.

"In his younger days Peters was a chemist's apprentice; a fact which he utilized in his master's behalf in obtaining the drugs which had become so necessary a part of Mr. Marsh's life. Had Wendell Marsh appeared in person for so continuous a supply, his identity would soon have made the fact a matter of common gossip. He relied on his servant for his agent, a detail which he mentions several times in his diary, promising Peters a generous bequest in his will as a reward. I fancy that it was the dream of this bequest, which would have meant a small fortune to a man in his position, that set the butler's brain to work on his treacherous plan of murder."

* * * * *

Miss Mack's dull gold hair covered the shoulders of her white *peignoir* in a great, thick braid. She was propped in a nest of pillows, with her favorite romance, "The Three Musketeers," open at the historic siege of Porthos in the wine cellar. We had elected to spend the night at the Marsh house.

Madelyn glanced up as I appeared in the door-way of our room.

"Allow me to present a problem to your analytical skill, Miss Mack," I said humbly. "Which man does your knowledge of feminine psychology say Muriel Jansen will reward—the gravely protecting physician, or the boyishly admiring Truxton?"

"If she were thirty," retorted Madelyn, yawning, "she would be wise enough to choose Dr. Dench. But as she is only twenty-two, it will be Truxton."

With a sigh, she turned again to the swashbuckling exploits of the gallant Porthos.

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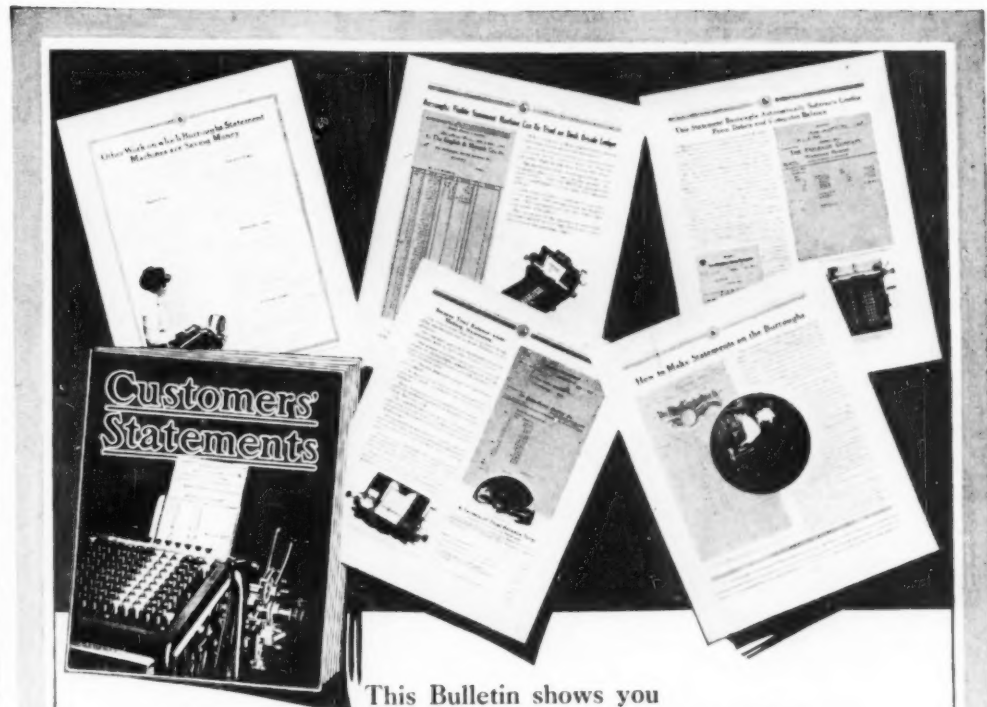
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Peaceful and calm, there it lies,
Quiet and still at the noon-day,
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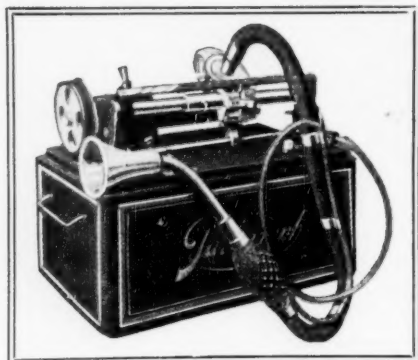
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